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INTRODUCTION

NO MAN should consider himself truly cultured unless he has studied, assimilated, and made his own the great mythologies and legends of the world. It is not enough that he remembers the bare outlines of a few of the better-known Greek and Roman stories, such, for instance, as that of Perseus and Andromeda, of Venus and Adonis, of Athene and Poseidon. That he should know these is a matter of course, for the characters who figure in them are a part of the common stock-in-trade of artists and *littérateurs*; but to know mythology is quite another matter. That knowledge involves comparison between one myth system and another; it necessitates, so to speak, an intimate acquaintance with the various gods and goddesses themselves.

The purpose of this volume is to present, in clear language and logical sequence, the best of the world's immortal stories, from the simple fairy-tales of the peasantry of many countries, to the rich and complicated legends and myths that have inspired the poetry of Homer, Valmiki, and others; and to so present them that they shall carry their own meaning, in some degree at least, to every reader. There are stories for people of all ages and all degrees of mental development; though one who has never tried the interesting experiment of reading the great myths to children would be surprised to see their avidity for those legends that are supposedly above their heads. It is a great mistake, and one too often made by well-meaning parents, teachers, and writers, to talk and write *down* to children. The very directness, simplicity, and sincerity of their minds demand the highest art in the presentation of truth to them. Few grown persons are so quick as a child to detect insincerity or absurdity, either in a story or in a human character. They are nearer to nature than we are, and they know many things that we have forgotten. The child's intuitive love of stories corresponds to the same tendency in the childhood of the race. It is a healthy appetite and one that should be gratified.

Granted, then, that the minds of children need the story pabulum, the most important question that remains is, "What kind of stories shall we give to them?" If left to themselves and allowed to make their own selections, they will take the fairy-tales, in almost every instance, in preference to all other reading matter. Mystery is the very breath of life to most children. Hungry little animals though they are, they will leave their dinner any day at the prospect of a story, always preferably of fairies, brownies, angels, or the half-fabulous red-man, so dear to the heart of Young America.

The writer will never forget her feelings on the day when she "discovered" the fairy realm. She was about the age of seven, the period when, as the East Indians tell us, the soul of the child gets full possession of its

body. She was on a visit to the little daughter of a wealthy and widely-traveled neighbor, in whose rich library was a shelf devoted to the fairy-lore of many countries. From that day the face of the universe was changed for her. The little girl who came down at supper-time from the "tower-room," where several of the fairy books had been taken, was as one re-born; she had found at last the world where she belonged—the mystic realm of the imagination. Thereafter every cornfield had its colony of brownies, which one might see if one only got up early enough in the morning; every rose secreted somewhere among its pink or white or crimson petals a tiny creature with gauzy wings and green and silver draperies; every breath of night wind that murmured among the leaves was musical with the low songs and laughter of the "little people," while the dark shadow of every tree at night held deeper and more awesome mysteries. It is possible that the experience of this child-soul was exceptional; but almost every child has the heart of a poet.

Of all the faculties of the mind, the greatest is that of imagination. It is the creative power, and without it all the other mental faculties would be paralyzed and useless. At the first thought, this may seem to be a sweeping assertion; but the briefest analysis will show its truth. Before anything can be created, a picture of that thing must exist in the mind of the creator of it. This picture-making faculty is the imagination, and on the strength or vividness of the pictorial faculty depends, as a rule, the ability to clothe in material—and more or less imperishable—form the outline that first existed in the mind alone. Everything in the world, from a chair or a table to a great dramatic poem or a masterpiece of painting, has been patiently built around such a picture-pattern in the imagination of its creator. Hence, everything that tends to develop the imagination of the child tends also to strengthen its creative faculty, which is the very crown of the intellect. That the imagination is the highest of all the mental qualities is tacitly agreed to by the world that heaps its greatest honors on those who have created—on poets, painters, architects, inventors, and nation-builders. Shakespeare, Raphael, Washington, Napoleon, and Charlemagne, though each differed widely from the others in almost every quality save this one, were all masters of the creative imagination. They had the power to clothe in tangible form their thought-pictures respectively of great dramas, paintings, republics, or empires,—the power that is identical in kind, though not in degree, with the carpenter's ability to make a door or the child's ability to make a rag-doll.

It is no rarer than genius itself that the childish imagination fed on fairy-lore, myths, legends, and history (which latter Macaulay himself calls a fairy-tale) develops in time into the creative power of the great master in art, literature, or music; though it is doubtful if, without this diet of genius at some stage of the mental development, that power would ever become sufficiently active to make a deep or a lasting impression upon the forgetful world.

It is a subject for wonder that the modern newspaper editor, with his passion for symposia, has not chanced upon this interesting and suggestive

question—how great a part have fairy-tales, legends, and other folk-fancies played in the mental growth of great men and women. A series of letters on this subject from the famous ones themselves would be of true value.

As said above, some degree of discrimination should be exercised in the selection of stories for very young children; though as the child grows older it should be given the full liberty of the library. There are a few of the old fairy-tales—none of which have been included in this collection—that are distinctly immoral, in the sense that they show the triumph of evil over good. If the powers depicted and personified in these stories are regarded simply as the powers of nature, which are of necessity pitiless and impartial, the stories become mere nature studies; but as the minds of children do not discriminate between the ethical and the merely natural, all stories of doubtful moral effect have been carefully excluded from this volume. Special care has also been taken not to present stories that could foster the feelings of fear that always lurk in the undeveloped minds of the young—those vague, half-formed perceptions of the mysterious, dark side of things. One story in the Fairy Department is especially recommended for children who have a tendency to be afraid of the dark and of everything they do not understand. This story, from the Austrian Tyrol, is called "Ottilia and the Death's Head," and its basic idea is the inability of fearful objects to hurt the person who is not afraid of them. The awesome death's head, the lonely castle, and the midnight lady not only do not hurt Ottilia when she faces them, but each brings her some kind of blessing, including the spirit of forgiveness and love to the cruel stepmother who has persecuted her. The value of this story cannot be overestimated; it is a gem among gems.

There exists in the minds of many people a prejudice against fairy-stories, on the ground that they are not "true." This kind of reasoning is very superficial, because none of the masterpieces of imaginative literature is true in the sense of presenting fact in all of its details. The "Midsummer Night's Dream" of Shakespeare is no truer, in this sense, than "The Sleeping Beauty," which is a lovely allegory of the winter sleep of the world and its spring awakening under the kisses of the sun—the Phoebus of the fairy-tale. This story is really true, in the highest sense, for it presents in the alluring form of fiction a great truth of nature; though there never existed in the material world the identical palace where the Sleeping Beauty, a real maiden, awaited the vivifying kiss of a flesh and blood lover to rouse her from an enchanted sleep. Verily, truth is one thing, and mere fact is quite another. These stories could not have persisted century after century, through all their changing forms of structure and language, had there not been within them the seed of the Eternal Verity. It is a seed of universal truth, of a wisdom deeper than mere knowledge of facts, that has given immortality to these folk-tales, some of which antedate the building of Rome,—in fact, they are so old that no one knows where they originated. It is interesting to trace a story on its journey from people to people and from land to land, and to study the changes it undergoes in the transformation from one language to another. In the various versions of "Little Red Riding-

Hood," for instance, may be found traces of the national mental characteristics of the different peoples who have made it their own; in one version, which found favor with an optimistic people, "Little Red Riding-Hood" comes to life again after being eaten by the wolf, and probably "lived happily ever afterward." One who has an inclination toward the study of ethnology will find a mine of suggestion in the journeyings from land to land of "Little Red Riding-Hood" and her fabulous sisters and brothers.

Another mine of treasure is the literature of fable. Though less interesting, in some ways, than the fairy-stories, the best fables are more direct and certain in bringing moral truths home to the mind. Some of the brightest fables have had a political inspiration; but these have not so good a chance for life, other conditions being equal, as those based on the virtues, weaknesses, and other truths of human nature, which vary but little from generation to generation. The Sanskrit *Hitopadesa*, or "Book of Good Counsels," of which a few pages are given, has been called by Sir Edwin Arnold, whose translation we have used, "the father of all fables," and it should have a place in any book purporting to give a general view of that field of literature. The fables that accompany it have been carefully selected with a view to their literary, moral, individual, and ethnological significance, though, on account of limited space, an attempt to cover this rich field has not been made.

No book of the world's immortal stories would be complete without reference to the Bible. But as there is a Bible in every American home, its stories are so well known as not to need retelling. Then, too, the Bible language is so beautiful that a recasting of the old tales into modern forms would seem almost a sacrilege, or, at least, an unwarranted presumption. We have, therefore, taken our Old Testament legends from the Arabic.

Following the Old Testament in Arabic Legends, comes the Department of Mythology,— "heathen," so called. And, by the way, the word heathen so used is not without a certain beauty and fitness; for a reference to the dictionary shows this definition of the word, among others: "Heathen, a dweller on the heath, or open country." The greatest poetry of all ages has been inspired by myths. Without myths we should have no Homer, no Virgil, no Dante, and no Milton — for but a small part of the "Paradise Lost" rests on facts stated in the Bible itself. Neither the "King Lear" and "Midsummer Night's Dream" of Shakespeare, nor the "Idylls of the King" of Tennyson, would ever have been written if their authors had possessed no knowledge of Celtic mythology. In this department, which has received the editor's especial and painstaking attention, those myth systems have been selected which are richest and most beautiful; those which, in the tangled chain of myth development, have given birth to other systems, and those on which hang the greatest amount of poetry and other literature.

There is the *Hindoo*, that marvelously rich polytheism which has grown up about the ancient Aryan conception of "The Unknown God"—*Brahm*, and which has given birth to the Vedas, the oldest books in the world, the Mahabharata and the Ramayana, called the "Iliads of the East," the Puranas, etc., all of which are daily becoming better known among the cultivated

classes in Europe and America; there is the *Chinese*, with its three divisions of Ancestor-worship, Taoism, and Buddhism; there is the *Assyro-Chaldean*, whose Magi have been called the fathers of modern astronomy; there is the *Egyptian*, ancient beyond belief; there is the *Phœnician*, from which the Greeks borrowed so much; the *Greek* itself, richest and most beautiful of all, which with the *Roman* (largely borrowed from the Greek) has inspired the greater mass of European poetry for more than two thousand years; there is the *Norse*, whose Asgard and Valhalla provided Wagner with the subjects for many of his immortal music-dramas; and there is the *American Indian*, which has yet to find the bard to adequately sing its beauties. The reader will at once recognize the points of resemblance and of difference between these ancient cosmogonies, theogonies, etc., and will seek for their causes in history, ethnology, and elsewhere.

Following the Mythologies, and growing naturally out of them, are the Legends. These are all epical, save two, the Koran and the Zoroaster legends,—that is, if we regard the *Morte d'Arthur* of Malory as a prose epic. Hindoo religion and poetry are represented by the *Mahabharata* and the *Ramayana*; Buddhistic imagination and philosophy by the story of their great prophet Siddhartha Gautama, called Buddha; Persian dualism and purity of aspiration by the legend of Zoroaster; Mohammedan materialistic faith by stories from the Koran; Finnish melancholy and imaginative beauty by their great national epic, the *Kalevala*; early Anglo-Saxon poetry by the legend of Beowulf; ancient British romance by the legend of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table; German Mythology, largely borrowed from the Norse, by the old German epic the *Nibelungenlied*, which is based upon the Eddas; and the mythology and poetry of the Greeks by the stories of Homer's "*Iliad*" and "*Odyssey*." There are several other important national epics which would have been added had the space available admitted more than the foregoing. But, as the aim of the volume is rather to inspire its readers with an interest in the great world-stories than to cover a practically boundless field, the material given will serve as a nucleus for future study.

It was this idea that led to the preparation of the numerous brief bibliographies, which are a special feature of the volume. At the end of each important chapter, except the epic legends, which did not seem to require it, is a short bibliography of the books that have been consulted in its preparation, and other books the material of which is along the lines followed in the particular chapter. These bibliographies are for the use of students who wish to pursue further any subject of study touched upon in these papers. All that is attempted here is the presentation of the *spirit* of the great legends and myths, with such elaboration of detail as shall entertain the casual reader and stimulate the interest of the student to dig further into the rich mines from which these treasures of the intellect have been taken.

ELSA BARKER.

HOW TO TELL A STORY

By G. STANLEY HALL

ONE of the best tendencies of our day is the universal interest in stories and story-telling. Our already vast literature on folk-lore, legends, sages, myths, traditions, etc., was never growing so rapidly as now. The stories of the heroes of Olympia and Asgard, the lore of the early Aryans and Semites, of the American aborigines, of the illiterate and ignorant in every primitive land, and of savage races, are now slowly revealing and enriching the world in which childhood may almost be said to live, move, and have its being. All literature, philosophy, religion, art, and even history, once existed only as a story, and from this mother lye all these have been evolved. Here, too, in the youthful mind they begin, and their foundations can only be laid deeply and securely in the young by reviving in their education the old environment. For a long period all this lore was subjected to a severe struggle for survival. There was no print to give a pallid, artificial book-life to matter that under other circumstances probably would have sunk to oblivion in the stream of time. The entire material of culture in that ancient day lived only in the form of traditions told, heard, and remembered. Its life was on what we may now call the short circuit from ear to mouth, which is we know not how much older in the past ages of evolution than the new and long circuit from the eye that reads to the fingers that write. This later pathway of knowledge has its advantages, but these are so vaunted nowadays that we forget that it also has grave disadvantages. We wag the eye from line to line across the printed page till the muscles of the eye are prematurely overtaxed, strained, and often weakened in childhood. We get everything possible off the old and upon the new circuit, and we make children both read and write too early and too much. To this error I ascribe the defective knowledge of the mother tongue, now so generally observed and so bitterly lamented. If we would defer writing at least two years in school, and would lay less stress upon both it and reading, and would let the traffic of teaching and learning go back to its old channels of ear and mouth by more oral work, English would live a more vigorous and healthful life.

In view of all this, I plead for going back, while children are in the early stage of development, to the method which the races used for such countless ages, and for a very vigorous revival of the art of story-telling. I desire to see this made a new profession, in which women may find useful and lucrative careers along the lines in which their sex greatly excels ours. Women are by nature, as the success of so many female novelists has shown, story-tellers in the best sense of that term. Their sympathies and their love of children are an inspiration when they turn this talent to

the retelling of the choicest tales of the past to minds in the most receptive stages of childhood.

I am coming to feel, at least in some moods, that books are in a sense the enemies of childhood and dangerous to some of the best things in it. The printed page is so prone to get between the child and the fresh face of nature. I pity bookish children; the knowledge books give, especially to the young, is second-hand, distant, pallid in comparison to individual experience and direct envisagement by perception. Books have impaired the eyes of the race; they have created a form of fetichism called bibliolatry, which has many types and degrees; they have made a disease called bibliomania, the victims of which are book-worms who have read too much for their powers of assimilation; they have bred a factitious kind of parrot-like education; they have engendered the morbidity of literalism where the spirit and meaning are strangled by the letter, and have preserved and even dignified a vast amount of inferior, trivial, and sometimes pernicious matter which, if natural selection had been given a fair chance, would have utterly perished and have been forgotten. Books have bred the scholiasts, pedants, and *femmes savantes*, and have magnified mere learning at the expense of real knowledge. Print still tends to give things an artificial value and to compel us, by the penalty of loss of precious time, to choose at every step between the best, the second, third, and hundredth best, without giving us any effective criterion; hence it comes that we are constantly reading beneath our level instead of above it, and that there are many who in my opinion would be better, not only in morals but in every essential quality of intellect, had they never learned to read.

I would, of course, by no means banish books or forbid them to the young. On the contrary, judicious reading should be always commended; but I insist that the public school has no right to teach reading without more effective measures than it now takes to guarantee that reading shall make youth better and not worse. Like doles to beggars, even the power to read may do harm without agencies to prevent its bad and increase its good uses. So conscious was Plato of the danger of reading that which was unsuitable, that he hesitated to publish his "Dialogues" lest they might fall into the hands of those unfitted for their perusal, and thus do harm.

It is from this standpoint that I hail every effort to make more prominent the rôle of the story in modern education. But here, too, there are dangers, the chief of which is failure to discriminate quality. Folk-lore, in its broad sense, includes almost every error and superstition of the past, to have escaped from which is the triumph of modern culture. Much of it is actively anti-educational, or, if I may coin a word, de-educational. Dark ages are marked and largely caused by the growing power of superstition. Science is an island in the midst of a foggy, restless sea, where every outgrown error and folly of the past can still be found. At the other extreme, however, are the great mythic roots and epic cycles—the mother lye out of which all science, religion, literature, and art have grown—which have lain warmest about the heart and have been most of all effective in performing the mind in its plastic stages. Here belong many of the tales from ancient

India, some from China, far more from Greece, Rome, and Scandinavia, the cycle of Arthur, the great mythopœsis of Dante, the story roots of many of Shakespeare's plays, of the Greek dramatists, the ethnic bibles, and many more. Hardly any race is entirely without useful story-lore; but it has best abounded in the childish and juvenescent stages of the great races that have made history. Rightly applied, it now gives to the young the same individual momentum that it gave to races in their youth.

I doubt if the great orators wield more power or feel greater charm than is possible to the real story-teller. To know how to wield this hypnotic power ought to be almost the supreme pedagogic art, and it should be cultivated by every parent and teacher. The magic formula "once upon a time" cuts the mind loose from any and every special place or age, and evokes the whole power of the soul to disport itself in the domain of imagination and fancy. The body and mind settle themselves *omni intentione ora tenebant*. The lapse of moments is unheeded. The mind brings all of its powers and a vast body of details to a concentrative focus that the much vaunted methods of coördination and correlation know not. The attention is disciplined and strengthened. Morals are insidiously but most effectively instilled; every sentiment is appealed to, and typical personalities, often the embodiment of all the virtues and vices, are made part of the moral repertory of the soul. History, science, art, literature, and religion, are all planted, watered, or cross-fertilized with the wisdom of the race. The hedonic narcosis, or the moments of ecstasy, which the pessimist Schopenhauer thought the only surcease of pain in this wretched world, are now fully experienced. The child is living with his ancestors of old and reaping, so far as he can, all of the best fruits of their experience, and is thus becoming in a sense incorporate with them, a student of all times and a participant in all events.

I confess with sadness to a great fear, namely, that the methods of our rhetorical, elocutionary, and so-called Delsartian rhapsodists have done much to lead us astray; that they have introduced a body of distracting inflections, gestures, and dramatic and scenic effects, that are spurious and factitious; and that the simple old way was far better. Theirs are better than nothing; but there is here a lost art, the secret of which lies buried deep at the bottom of the great flood of ink that has submerged the modern world. Not only the art but the sense of good story-telling is in danger.

We have among us occasionally the literalists who would tell to the child nothing not strictly true. Their Gradgrind philosophy assumes that the best things have actually happened, and not that they are yet to come, and live as yet only in the realm of imagination. For them man is complete, and there is no transcendent or ideal world. The soul of a child under their regimen starves for lack of the story pabulum. This is well illustrated by the recent and widely-told case of the little girl in New York who had been carefully reared thus on a mental diet of facts. One night she told her mother that she had seen President McKinley in New York, which was true; that his wife had beckoned her to the hotel; asked her to play and sing; promised her a trip to Washington; and finally

confided that her husband had gone away and forgotten to leave her carfare to go home. The parents of the girl, who had never known what a lie was, drew money from their bank and told her to hasten to the Fifth Avenue Hotel with it. Later, the President again visited New York and the tale grew, and the credulous parents at last almost wiped out their small bank-account before they realized that their child was simply starving for what Plato calls the holy lies of the imagination, and had made them to satisfy a real need.

Others, usually mothers of "only" children, or maiden aunts, would forbid to the young all tales of blood; but this again outrages nature, which impels young children to love to wade in gore and thus to vent atavistic propensities and to immune themselves against cruelty ever after. Monsters biologically impossible, Münchhausen adventures, Swift's tales, Mother Goose, and Lear's nonsense rhymes, with plenty of gibberish, alliteration and repetition, quicken the speech sense and the feeling for poetry, rouse the fancy, and stimulate the sense of the sublime and the ridiculous. All of these have their place and constitute an integral, if not a central, part of all that can be called a truly liberal education for the young. For both grading and selection, we have, alas! as yet no good standards but the instinct of those adults who best preserve their childhood in mature years.

A third objection to proper story-telling is still sometimes raised by learned men who assume that Plato in his myths, Shakespeare, Dante, the Greek dramatists, and others, found the most perfect form for their ideas, and that to divorce these — so happily married to each other — by retelling the stories in simpler or child language, is a kind of profanation. This spirit is sometimes seen in regard to the Bible in opponents of the new translations or versions; but children and youth must be served. It is better to have the matter of these things in abridgments and paraphrases than to lose both form and matter. Just as children's toys mimic animals, machines, etc., so the Japanese insist that everything of importance should be made in small form for children, and we insist that everything thoroughly good that can be brought within the range of their comprehension and sentiments should be thus brought to bear upon their education. These objectors are hardly less priggish than those who insist that we have no right to read classical authors except in the original; but if so, what about the Bible in the vernacular?

The ideal story cannot be ideally told by day. The lamps must be lit, and the twilight fever must have spent its course and brought its mild languor. It cannot be told properly except before a fire with flames which tickle the faculty of revery and in which everything can be seen. It is best told in the country, where there is a dim sense of nature, reinforced perhaps by storm or wind, the light of the moon or stars, the sound of water or moving leaves, and by vague perfumes. Some story-tellers need a camp-fire and either apertured walls or no walls between them and nature, that shadows of fear may lurk in the background and work their reinforcements. The group of listeners must not be too large. Its members must be close together, perhaps the younger ones holding hands, or sitting in laps, or leaning against the teller, for physical contact in a circle or group may have a powerful effect. The voice of the

speaker must be, above all things, sympathetic and flexible. Perfect art is the seeming absence of all art and every phase of the story must be felt and expressed in unforced cadences. Pathos may make the voice unsteady; but it is most effective if the hearer feels that the speaker struggles not to betray emotion and is under the illusion that he or she does not do so.

For myself, I think I can really tell three — or possibly five — stories; but I have told them many times and have almost unconsciously drifted to exact phrases for every step, because I have noticed that these were effective. Any one who would make this a vocation should choose first but a few of the very best stories, and tell and retell them many times; have the children retell or write them to see what sank deepest; and thus gradually learn for just what age and in what form each story is best. In this way one may slowly extend one's repertory.

While the best ancient ethnic matter is infinitely superior to much of the cheap and diluted material devised nowadays by teachers and others who lack all qualifications for this work, it should always be borne in mind that the environment of every child contains abundant points of departure for storiology, one of the chief objects of which is to arouse a sympathy with nature. The child, like the savage, is by nature strongly animistic, and personifies stones, sticks, clouds, heavenly bodies, trees, flowers, streams, wind, etc. The vast majority of myths are transformed nature stories. It has been estimated that there are more than a thousand solar heroes who have glorious births, are strongest at noon, shoot unerring arrows, are of light and radiant complexion, die glorious deaths, and often have but one eye. Hercules, William Tell, and Phœbus Apollo, are the sun as it appeared to primitive man.

The whole problem of science and religion, as the psychologist sees it, is in the two ways of regarding, for instance, the moon. For sentiment, it is a glorious orb, an object of worship to which many fanes have been built; and moon-lore and poetry show how it has been personified and how love would be impoverished without it. Yet for science it is a dead cinder of a world, with a temperature which sinks to two hundred degrees below zero in the long lunar night, without a cloud, with no atmosphere, water, or vegetation, — the dismal prophecy of what our world is to become.

The wise teacher will know how by stories to prevent the heart from losing its world, and how to maintain sentiment and reason in such equipoise that each strengthens rather than weakens the other. The biography of many a scientist shows that real interest in the animistic aspect of the different departments of nature has been the mainspring of his life work. Thus the wise story-teller may cadence the soul and keep the heart warm for God's first revelation to man in His works.

Believing profoundly, as I do, that nothing else can so mold the soul of the young, and convinced, as I am, that every child has an inalienable right before high-school age — when the education of most children ends after fulfilling the legal requirements of attendance — to have heard most of the best great story roots of the world, as a safeguard against bad habits in reading and low ideals in life, I plead for a new profession; and I hope that this volume, may prove to contain just the material needed for this art.

PART I

FAIRY-TALES

SELECTED AND EDITED BY
CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

INTRODUCTION

FAIRY-TALES are the oldest stories in the world. They were told in Egypt thousands of years ago; and in Homer we find the familiar figures of the foolish giants and the witch who puts out men's eyes.

Before books were made or men had learned to write, they handed down from mouth to mouth the beautiful myths to which we trace our own tales in wonderland. The Märchen, the Eddas, and the nursery-tales of all tongues, are believed to have their sources, or at least their correspondences, in the Aryan sun-myths. Our own story of Cinderella is the ancient myth of Ushas, the dawn-maiden of the Aryans, pursued by the morning sun. The envious sisters are the clouds, and the stepmother is the night, ever striving to keep sun and dawn apart. The dawn remains ashen and cold until kissed by the morning sun as he claims her for his bride.

There is an Aryan or Hindoo myth which tells of a dragon that sought to devour the sun on its way to brighten and warm the earth. Our familiar story of "Little Red Riding-Hood" is the modern version of this ancient tale. Little Red Riding-Hood is the glorious evening sun, who sets out to comfort old grandmother earth. The wolf, which in mythology is one of the representations of clouds and darkness, corresponds to the dragon who swallows up the earth and the evening sun. In the German version, the hunter comes by in the night, and, hearing the wolf snoring, kills him and revives the old grandmother and Little Red Riding-Hood. This corresponds to the Aryan original, in which the dragon is killed by Mitra, the sun-god, and earth and sun are rescued from darkness. To these same Eastern originals do we trace the romances of the Middle Ages, the great legends of all the different countries as told by their ancient folk, from the tales of the Greeks and Romans to those of "King Arthur and His Round Table."

From all this we perceive that fairy-tales have a deeper significance than is usually attached to them, an interest beyond that of merely amusing children. Not only do they express the philosophies of the various races, but in their origins is the birth of religion. The story of Urvashi and Pururavas is the source of many fairy-tales; and to like origins may we trace almost all those which we have learned to love in childhood.

When the Aryans migrated from Asia and peopled the northern and western worlds, they brought their legends with them. Their descendants have spread over all the earth, and their imagery still endures. These poetic presentations of sun and earth, of light and darkness, are repeated, under various disguises, in the tales of to-day. Their eternal conflict is the story our Aryan forefathers saw written in the heavens. The jinn of Arabia, as well as the rushing Woden of German folk-lore, are personifications of the winds. Through unknown ages and changes of country and people, these mythical forms from Central Asia, have been transformed into the

giants and trolls of the Norse, into ogres and demons, and into the mischievous English elves that people fairyland.

The master-poet of our English tongue wrote of Queen Mab, and of those

Fairies black, gray, green and white
Yon moonshine revelers and shades of night,

because there was once a people whose imagery and poetic fancies have outlived races and religions.

All people are given to the telling of fairy-tales, from the Chinese and Hindoos to the Red Indians of America. The meaning of the tales is similar in the beginning; and this explains why our familiar tales are told in all tongues and countries, varying according to the manner of thought of each people.

Cinderella has been found to have no fewer than three hundred and forty-five variants. Among the Hindoos the story is thus told:—

A rajah had an only daughter. About her neck when she was born was a golden necklace. If the princess were to lose this necklace, she would die, for it contained her soul. She had the most beautiful feet in the world; and the rajah, who loved her better than all his treasures, gave her a pair of slippers embroidered with gold and precious stones. One day the princess went out upon the mountain-side to pick flowers. A vine across the path tore the slipper from her foot, and it fell over the precipice to the forest far below. A prince, while hunting, found the slipper, and determined to make its owner his wife. He sent word over all his kingdom, but no one came to the palace to claim the lost slipper. When he had grown very unhappy, some one told him of the rajah's beautiful daughter. He went in haste to her father's country, and when he saw that the slipper belonged of a surety to the wonderful princess, he asked her hand in marriage and took her to his own kingdom.

The prince had another wife, who learned the secret of the golden necklace. Being jealous, she stole the necklace while the princess slept, and put it on her own neck. The princess died, but she remained as lovely as in life, and the sorrowing prince would not leave her. At last he chanced to learn of the stolen necklace which held his dead wife's soul. He found it, and placed it around her neck. Then the rajah's daughter came to life again; and she and the prince, of course, lived happily ever after.

The ancient Greeks had a legend of a woman so beautiful that all who saw her loved her. She was called Rhodope, because her cheeks were the color of the rose. One day, while she was bathing in a stream, an eagle came to the bank and carried off one of her little slippers. He flew with it to Egypt, and dropped it in the lap of the king, who became enamored of its beauty. The king sought the owner of the slipper far and near, and when at last he found her he made her his queen.

In these legends we at once recognize our little cinder-wench, whom the cruel stepmother illtreated, and whose fairy slipper was the means of leading the prince to her feet.

The tale of Psyche, who looked upon Eros while he slept, causing him to flee from her side; the poetic story of Orpheus, whose sweet music drew Eurydice back from the Land of Death, only to lose her when he disobeyed the god and looked upon her face,—these again are the old Aryan myths of sun and dawn. The beautiful Scandinavian story, "East of the Sun and West of the Moon," which William Morris has retold in "The Earthly Paradise," has the same origin. The wife is forbidden to look upon the face of the man who sleeps by her side at night. She disobeys and a drop of tallow, like the oil from Psyche's lamp, falls upon him, and he leaves her. We find many variations of this story. That of "Jack and the Beanstalk" retains much of the original nature-worship. The sun climbing to the sky is the magic bean that climbs to the ogre's land; the harp that plays of itself is the music of the winds; the bags of gold are the clouds, dropping shining rain upon the earth; and the red dawn from which the sun is born is the hen that every day lays the golden egg. The same stories are told in all countries, but so differently as to show that they are not copied from one another, but that their origins are identical.

The Chinese have a legend of Wang Chih, who went to the mountains to gather firewood. There he found some aged men playing chess, who gave him a strange fruit to eat. He watched the game until it ended, and then remembered the firewood for which he had come. "It is long since you came here," the aged men told him. Wang Chih picked up his ax, and the handle crumbled to dust. When he reached home, he found that centuries had passed since he left it, and no one lived who had ever heard his name. The Japanese story of Uraschimataro, who dwelt for three hundred years with the sea-god's daughter in her palace at the bottom of the sea, and who, when he returned to his home, found his kinsmen dead and forgotten, is a variation of the same theme. These stories of the supernatural lapse of time recall similar tales told in Germany, and, perhaps, the weirdest and most attractive of them all, our own legend of Rip Van Winkle.

The good-folk who steal children from their mothers and leave in their places their own wise imps are not confined to the traditions of Scotland and Wales. The Red Indian mother guards her young infant from the wicked spirit, as does the Celtic woman from the green-skirted fairies. In China, where the belief in changelings also exists, the dried skin of bananas burnt to ashes is supposed to be potent against these nursing demons.

The etymology of "fairy," "elf," and other words of fairy phraseology, has long been a subject of dispute. Folk-lore societies have been formed in Europe and America, and many books have been written to elucidate the origins and meanings of fairy-tales. Erudite research occupies the students of folk-lore, and authorities contend bitterly over childlike fairy-tales. But to children their charm and meaning rest ever the same. "Once upon a time" takes the child to that beautiful land where courage overcomes giants and demons, and where youth and beauty are everlasting; where riches and happiness await the valiant; and where the true princess comes to her own. That good overcomes evil is the lesson taught, and this lesson is as old as the Aryan myths.

GINEVRA INGERSOLL.

HINDOO SECTION

CHUNDUN RAJAH

ONCE upon a time, a rajah and ranee had seven sons and one daughter. When the sons had all married and brought their wives to the palace to live, the rajah and ranee died. The wife of the seventh brother loved the little princess and treated her kindly; but all the others were envious of her beauty, and by their cruel conduct made her very unhappy. In time they succeeded in turning their husbands against the princess, and she was driven from home. As she was leaving, the wife of the seventh brother, who had always shielded her as much as possible from the malice of the others, gave her some food to take with her; but the six cruel women taunted her and cried after her: —

“Until you have married Chundun Rajah,* we never want to see your face again. When at your wedding, we sit on six wooden chairs, while our seventh sister is placed in an emerald chair, we will believe you are innocent.”

The princess knew they were mocking her, for Chundun Rajah, who had been the powerful rajah of a neighboring country, had but recently died. The wretched princess fled from their jeers; and when she stopped and looked about her, she found herself in the thickest part of the jungle with no living thing in sight. She wandered on and on, through the tangled forest, and after several days, when the food which the seventh brother's kind wife had given her was nearly exhausted, she came to the great house of a rakshas.† Being very tired, she sat down on the edge of a tank, outside the rakshas's house, and began eating some of the parched rice. The rakshas, who happened to be away, had for servants a cat and a dog. The cat, spying the princess, came out and asked her for some of the rice.

“What will you give me in exchange?” asked the princess.

“Some of the antimony with which my master blackens his eyelids,” replied the cat.

Seeing her give the rice to the cat, the dog also came out and asked for a share.

* King Sandlewood.

† A monstrous ogre.

JAPANESE SECTION

URASCHIMATARO AND THE TURTLE

[From *Japanische Märchen und Sagen*]

URASCHIMATARO, which means in Japanese "Son of the Island," was the only and dearly beloved son of an old fisherman and his wife.

He was a fine, strong youth, who could manage a boat more cleverly than any one else on the neighboring coast. He often ventured so far out to sea that neighbors warned his parents that he would sometime go too far and never return.

His parents knew, however, that he understood his boat and the sea very well, and they were never much concerned about him. Even when he failed to come back as soon as he was expected, they awaited his return without anxiety. They loved him better than their own lives, and were proud that he was braver and stronger than their neighbors' sons.

Early one morning, Uraschimataro went to haul in his nets, which had been set the night before. In one of them, among some fishes, he found a small turtle. This he placed in the boat, by itself, where it would safely keep, until he could take it home. To his amazement, the turtle begged for its life in most pitiful tones. "Of what use am I to you?" it asked. "I am too small to eat, and so young that it will take me a long time to grow. Have mercy and put me back into the sea, for I do not want to die." Uraschimataro had a very kind heart and could not bear to see anything that was small and helpless suffer; so he did as the turtle asked him.

Several years after this, when Uraschimataro was one day far out at sea, a terrible whirlwind struck his boat and shattered it. He was a good swimmer, and managed for a long time to make progress toward the land; but as he was so far from shore in the rough sea, his strength at last gave out and he felt himself sinking. Just as he had given up hope, and thought that he would never see his dear parents again, he heard his name called and saw a large turtle swimming toward him.

"Climb on my back," shouted the turtle, "and I will carry you to land." When Uraschimataro was safely sitting on the turtle's back it continued, "I am the turtle whose life you saved when you found me, little and helpless, in your net, and I am glad of this opportunity to show that I am not ungrateful."

Before they reached the shore, the turtle asked Uraschimataro how he would like to be shown some of the wonderful beauties hidden under the

sea. The young fisherman replied that the experience would please him. In a moment they were shooting down through the green water. He clung to the turtle's back, who carried him many, many fathoms below. After three nights they reached the bottom of the sea, and came to a wonderful palace of gold and crystal. Coral and pearls and precious stones dazzled his eyes; but inside the palace was more beautiful still, and blazing fish scales lighted it.

"This," said the turtle, "is the palace of the sea-god. I am a waiting-maid to his lovely daughter, the princess."

The turtle went to announce the arrival of Uraschimataro to the princess, and soon returning, led him to her presence. She was so beautiful that when she asked him to remain in the palace he gladly consented.

"Do not leave me, and you shall always be as handsome as you are now, and old age cannot come to you," she said.

So it happened that Uraschimataro lived in the marvelous palace at the bottom of the sea with the daughter of the sea-god. He was so happy that the time passed by unheeded. How long he dwelt there he could not have told. But one day he thought of his parents; then he remembered that they must be troubled by his absence. The thought of them kept coming to him continually, and the longing to see them grew so strong that at last he told the princess he must go to visit them. She begged him not to leave her and wept bitterly.

"If you go, I shall never see you again," she sobbed.

But he told her that he must see his father and mother once again; then he would return to the palace in the sea, to be with her always. When she found that she could not persuade him to remain, she gave him a small gold box, which, she told him, he must on no account open.

"If you heed my words," said she, "you may come back to me. When you are ready, the turtle will be there to bring you; but if you forget what I have told you, I shall never see you again."

Uraschimataro fondly assured her that nothing in the world should keep him from her, and bade her farewell. Mounting the turtle's back, he soon left the palace far below. For three days and three nights they swam, and then the turtle left him on the familiar sands near his old home.

He eagerly ran to the village and looked about for some of his comrades. All of the faces were strange, and even the houses seemed different. The children, playing in the street where he had lived, he had never seen before. Stopping in front of his own house, he regarded it with a sinking heart. There was the sound of music from a window above, and a strange woman opened the door to him. She

could tell him nothing of his parents, and had never heard their names. Every one whom he questioned looked at him curiously. At last he wandered from the village and came to the burying ground. Searching about among the graves, he soon found himself beside a stone bearing the dear names he sought. The date showed him that his father and mother had died soon after he left them; and then he discovered that he had been away from his home three hundred years. Bowed with sorrow, he went back to the city. At each step he hoped to wake and find it all a dream, but the people and streets were real.

He thought of the princess, and remembered the gold box she had given to him. It might be that he was under some cruel enchantment, and that this box contained the charm to break the spell. He eagerly raised the cover, and a purple vapor escaped and left the box empty. To his alarm, he noticed that the hand that held it had shriveled and grown suddenly old. Trembling with horror, he ran to a stream of water which ran down from the mountain, and saw reflected in its waters the face of a mummy.

He crawled fearfully back to the village, and no one recognized him as the strong youth who had entered it a few hours before. Nearly exhausted, he finally reached the shore, where he sat wearily on a rock and cried to the turtle. But he called to it in vain; the turtle never came, and soon his quavering voice was hushed in death.

Before he died, the people of the village gathered about him and listened to his strange story. Long afterward they told their children of the young man who, for the love of his parents, left a marvelous palace in the sea, and a princess more beautiful than the day.

THE BADGER'S MONEY

IN A place called Namekata, in Hitachi, there once lived an aged priest. He dwelt in a lonely hut where he prepared his own food, and night and morning recited the ancient prayer of Namu Amida Butsu, which, being translated, means "Save us, Eternal Buddha!" He took no thought of the things of this world, so intent was he in preparing his soul for the next. His neighbors often brought food to him, and when the rain beat into his miserable hut, they came and mended his roof. Thus lived the devout priest of Namekata in the olden days.

One bitter cold night his pious meditation was disturbed by a voice outside of his hut. "Your Reverence! Your Reverence!" it plaintively called to him. He hastened to open the door, expecting to find some poor human being in distress; but to his surprise there was no one to be seen. He was about to return to his devotions when the voice again

called to him, and at his side he discovered an old badger. This apparition would have frightened a man less brave and holy than the old priest. Being without fear, however, he asked the badger what brought it to his hut, and the creature replied:—

“I am, as you see, very old, and can no longer endure the cold and frost. The bitter night has driven me from the mountain-side to seek shelter in your hut. I pray your reverence to let me warm myself by your fire, or I shall perish.”

The good priest, who had compassion on beasts and people alike, bade the badger come in and share his warmth. Pleased with this kind reception, the badger squatted comfortably before the fire; while the priest struck the bell before the image of Buddha, and, looking straight before him, resumed his prayers. After a time, the badger said it had been greatly cheered by the warmth, and thanking the priest for his kindness to a poor old animal, took leave.

The next night the badger came again, and the same hospitality was shown toward it. After this it brought dried branches and dead leaves from the mountain for firewood, and almost every night sat with the good priest watching them crackle and burn. In time, the priest and the badger became great friends; and if, when night came, the animal failed to make its appearance, the priest missed his agreeable companion and feared something had happened to it. At last the winter passed, and the badger came no more to the hut; but when the snow again covered the mountain, and the fire glowed in the grate, the priest heard the familiar voice call his name. Thus ten winters passed, when one night the badger said to the priest:—

“You have so long been generous to me that, while I live and after I am dead, I shall not forget it. If there is anything that you wish for pray tell me, that I may in some way repay you.”

The priest smiled at the words of the badger and replied: “Being a priest I have no needs and no desires. I am glad to know that you have found comfort in my poor hut; as long as I live you are welcome to share it with me.” The badger only the more felt its debt of gratitude, and it asked the priest to tell how it might requite his kindness, until one day he replied:—

“I have shaved my head, and no longer do I covet the pleasures and vanities of this world. The good people of Namekata furnish me with food and raiment, and if I were to die and attain the reward of being born again into the next world they would bury my body. As you see, there is nothing which I need; and yet, since you have urged me, I will confide to you that I often wish I had three *riyos* to offer up at some holy shrine, so that, when I am dead, prayers may be said for my salvation. But as there is no means by which I can obtain so great a sum, I try to

content myself without it, and daily offer a prayer for the sin of desiring posthumous honors."

When the priest had finished speaking, the badger bent its head in perplexity; and the priest regretted that he had distressed the grateful animal by confessing to a desire which was unattainable. "Think no more of my words," said he, "and continue to warm yourself at my fire when you wish."

The badger pretended to agree to this, and soon after took its leave. The next night it did not come back, nor the next, and the winter passed without its again claiming the proffered hospitality. Fearing the poor beast might be in distress in the mountains, the priest at last went forth to succor it. His search was in vain, and he returned, filled with anxiety and regret.

When three years had passed and he had long believed the badger dead, the priest one night heard its voice outside the door. "Your Reverence! Your Reverence!" it called to him, as of old; and, delighted, the priest ran out to greet it.

"Why have you so long remained away? Where have you been all this time?" he anxiously inquired.

When the badger had entered, and had comfortably squatted in its favorite place before the fire, it explained: "You said that you required three *riyos* to content you, and I have sought to prove my gratitude for your long years of kindness to me. I have brought you the three *riyos* and it is but a small return for the shelter you have afforded me during the winter nights, and for having saved me from a cruel death in the mountains."

When the priest's astonishment would permit him to speak, he asked the badger where it had obtained so much money.

"Had you not required it for the sacred purpose of procuring prayers for your soul, I could easily have obtained a much larger sum. Knowing that it must not be polluted by the sin of ill-gotten possession, I at last thought of the famous mines of Sado. I went there, and from the earth which had been thrown aside as worthless by the miners, I gathered and fused the gold you required. That is why I have remained away from you for three years."

The priest saw that the gold was new and shining, and raised it with an expression of gratitude above his head. "My foolish remark sent you away from me and caused you all this toil; yet my heart's desire has been attained, and I am truly thankful," he said.

"Then I am repaid, and I only ask that you will never tell to any one what I have done for you," the badger modestly requested.

To this the priest could not assent. "If I keep the money in my hut, thieves will rob me of it, and if I at once offer it at the shrine

for my future salvation, people will wonder where a poor old priest obtained so much gold."

At length it was arranged that the treasure should be guarded for the priest by some faithful friend; and as long as he lived the badger came down from the mountain side and spent the bleak winter nights in the warmth of the priest's humble hut.

ARABIAN SECTION

ALADDIN AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP

ALADDIN was the only child of a poor widow. His father, before he died, begged Aladdin to work for his mother and care for her; but Aladdin was idle and spent his time playing with other boys, while his mother spun and toiled that they might eat. One day a stranger met him in the street and asked him whose son he was.

"My father was Mustapha, the tailor," replied Aladdin; "but he is dead."

"Thou art like him," said the stranger, and kissed Aladdin. "I am thine uncle."

Thereupon, Aladdin led the stranger, who was really a magician, to his mother. "My husband had a brother," said the widow, "but we always thought him dead."

"I have been out of my country forty years," explained the magician; then with a show of great emotion he kissed the place where Mustapha used to sit. He partook of their simple supper, during which he asked Aladdin what trade he had learned. The lazy boy hung his head in shame, and his mother looked very sad.

"No trade!" exclaimed the magician. "We will see what can be done for thee."

The next day he purchased new clothes for Aladdin, and brought a present of wine and fine fruit to his mother. This kindness so overcame the widow that she never suspected the magician to be an impostor, but gladly gave her consent when he asked that Aladdin might accompany him on a walk into the country.

The day was very fine, and they soon left the city gates behind them. After a time they came to some beautiful gardens, where birds sang and fountains played. Here they sat down and ate some cakes, and when they were rested, continued their journey. Their way led through a charming country where fields were green and flowers bloomed, so that

Aladdin did not notice how far he had traveled from his home until finally he became very tired; then he suggested that they return.

The magician diverted him with wonderful tales and lured him further on, until at last they came to a valley between two mountains. "Here we will stop," said the magician. He then ordered Aladdin to build a fire of sticks that were scattered about, upon which he threw some powder, at the same time uttering strange words that Aladdin did not understand. Suddenly a peculiar smoke filled all the valley. Then a strange rumbling stirred the earth beneath them, which opened and disclosed a large stone with a brass ring in its center.

Aladdin was very much frightened and started to run away, but the magician rudely caught and restrained him. "Underneath this stone," said he, "is a great treasure, which I wish you to procure for me. Lift the stone and follow where the path leads, until you come to a niche in the wall, where is placed a shining lamp. This is the treasure I wish you to bring to me." With these words he put a ring upon the boy's finger.

Aladdin now comprehended that he had been tricked and that he was in the magician's power. But the thought of the treasure emboldened him to the adventure, so he took hold of the brass ring and lifted the stone. Tremblingly he followed some steps that led him far down into the earth, until he found himself in a spacious room. Through that he passed into another more splendid, and thence to a third, that opened into a garden where luscious fruits were growing. Just beyond, in a niche on a terrace, allured the shining lamp. First gathering some of the fruits, Aladdin secured the lamp and retraced his steps. When he arrived at the foot of the steps, the magician demanded that he should give him the lamp.

"Not until I am safely on the earth again," declared the boy, who had grown distrustful of the pretended uncle.

When the magician's threats and importunities failed, he flew into a rage, and uttered a curse so dreadful that the stone flew back, and poor Aladdin was imprisoned with his treasure. The darkness filled him with terror. After two days of hopeless wandering, he wept and wrung his hands in despair. Then he happened to rub the ring which the magician had placed upon his finger, and a frightful genius appeared beside him.

"I am the slave of the ring," said he. "What can I do for thee?"

"Take me from this place," cried Aladdin; and immediately he found himself once more on the green earth.

He hastened to his home, where he fell fainting at the door. On recovering, he related to his frightened mother the strange experience. Showing her the ring and the lamp, he told her he had brought her a

present of some marvelous fruit; and then he discovered that the fruits which he had plucked in the garden were precious jewels. Then his mother arose, saying, "Thou art hungry, my son. I have nothing in the house to eat but I will sell some new cotton and soon bring thee food."

"Keep the cotton, mother. We will sell the lamp," said Aladdin.

Thereupon the widow began to polish the lamp, for it had become tarnished; and straightway a genius appeared. The widow was so frightened that she fell to the floor unconscious.

"I am the slave of the lamp," said the genius. "What wilt thou?"

Aladdin replied that, at that moment, he most desired something to eat. Immediately the genius returned with delicious meats, served in silver dishes, and rare wine in silver cups. The widow opened her eyes and asked how this wonder had occurred.

"More will occur in the same way," said Aladdin. "Let us eat." And they feasted as they had never feasted before, until at last the widow, growing uneasy, said, "Sell the lamp Aladdin. It is evil."

But this mode of procuring food and riches being much more to Aladdin's taste than work, he could not be persuaded to part with a treasure so valuable. When they were again hungry, he sold some of the silver. When the last piece was gone, he again summoned the genius to his aid. And so want was forgotten in the cottage.

All now went well with Aladdin, until one day he saw the face of the sultan's daughter. As she was entering her bath, the princess had raised her veil, disclosing a face of such beauty that Aladdin, who was standing near, fell violently in love with her. He went home and told his mother that he must marry the sultan's daughter. The widow thought her son had gone mad; but his importunities were so great that at last she yielded, and went to seek an interview with the princess's father. She took with her the enchanted fruit to present to the sultan, and after much trouble gained access to the chamber wherein he and his nobles were assembled. The sultan, however, took no notice of her, and she was obliged to return to Aladdin and tell him that she had failed. "Go again," said he; "he may listen to thee at last." So the widow went every day with her jewels to the chamber of the sultan, until one day he noticed her and asked his vizier who she was.

The widow fell at his feet and told her errand. "Forgive him and me, your majesty," she implored. "He loves the princess so madly that I fear he will die. He sends these jewels, which he begs you will accept." Unfolding the cloth in which she had brought them, she laid before the sultan the largest and most beautiful stones that he had ever seen. The sultan, astonished and delighted, immediately consented to give the princess to Aladdin; but his vizier, who desired her for his own son, per-

suaded the sultan to postpone the wedding for three months. "Tell your son," said the sultan, "to present himself to me at the end of that time."

Aladdin awaited, as patiently as he could, the time when he might claim the princess. After two months had elapsed, his mother happened one day to be in the city, where great preparations were being made as for a festival. "The princess and the son of the grand vizier are to be married to-night," the people told her. She hastened home with the unhappy tidings to Aladdin. His despair was great until he remembered the lamp. Snatching it up he rubbed it furiously, and the genius appeared in haste.

"Go to the palace of the faithless sultan at midnight and bring hither the princess and the bridegroom."

"Master, I obey," said the genius, and disappeared.

As the hour of midnight struck the genius returned, bearing the bed containing the bride and bridegroom. Then Aladdin commanded the genius to put the vizier's son out in the cold, and to bring him back at sunrise. When Aladdin was left alone with the frightened princess, he assured her that no harm would come to her. Then he lay down in the bridegroom's place and went to sleep.

In the morning the genius transported the bed back to the palace. When the sultan came to wish the princess good morning, she wept and would not speak to him, and the bridegroom hid himself. To her mother the princess told all that had occurred during the night, but her mother said it was a foolish dream.

The following night, the experience was repeated. The princess and the vizier's son appeared so unhappy that the sultan demanded to know the cause. The bridegroom declared that he could not again pass such a fearful night, and begged to be released from the marriage. His wishes were immediately granted, and the merrymaking ceased.

When the three months had elapsed, the widow presented herself to the sultan to remind him of his promise. She was poorly dressed, and he thought to put her off. "Tell your son I want forty gold basins filled with jewels, carried by as many black slaves, and led by forty white ones." The widow sadly conveyed the message to her son.

"I would do more than that to win the princess," said he. He rubbed the lamp, and in a moment the faithful genius was before him. In a short time the eighty slaves, handsomely dressed and bearing the basins of gold on their heads, were before the sultan. The widow, kneeling at the foot of the throne, presented her son's gift.

The delighted sultan told the widow that he awaited Aladdin with open arms. Before presenting himself at the palace, however, Aladdin summoned the genius and ordered a scented bath, a richly embroidered habit, a handsome horse, twenty slaves to attend him, and six

to escort his mother. He also took ten thousand pieces of gold, which the slaves scattered among the people as he passed.

The sultan came down to meet him, and led him in to a princely banquet. Then he told him he might marry the princess that very day; but Aladdin said that he would first build a palace worthy of her. On reaching home he bade the genius build him a palace of marble and jasper. In the center he ordered a hall whose walls should be of gold and silver; and in this hall six windows, of which one should be left unfinished, while the others should be studded with diamonds and rubies. On the following day, the palace was completed,—the most wonderful palace ever seen. There were fountains and gardens, and so many flowers that the air was filled with fragrance. There were stables almost as large as the palace itself, with horses and slaves in attendance. Then Aladdin and his mother departed in regal state to claim the princess. The sultan and a great company met them with music, and escorted them to the palace.

That night the princess bade her father good-bye and was conducted to her new home by Aladdin's mother, with a retinue of a hundred slaves. A rich carpet had been laid for her to walk upon all the way. When she beheld Aladdin, she said that she would gladly obey her father and marry him. Immediately after the wedding, they went to the great hall, where there was dancing and feasting until midnight.

The next day Aladdin welcomed the sultan to his palace. After showing him its many beautiful rooms, he at last led him to the hall with its windows set with precious stones.

"Why," asked the sultan, "is one window left unfinished?"

"That you might have the pleasure of completing the palace," replied Aladdin.

The sultan was greatly pleased at the honor shown him by Aladdin, and sent at once for his jewelers. "Make it exactly like the others," he commanded.

"We cannot obtain enough jewels," the workmen told him. So the sultan sent all of his own.

At the end of a month they were obliged to confess that they could not make a window like those in the great hall of Aladdin's wonderful palace. The genius was summoned. The sultan's jewels were returned to him; and when he visited Aladdin to learn why this had been done, he was shown the window finished like the others. Thereupon he made Aladdin captain of all his armies; and in this office he won great fame.

Now the wicked magician, after shutting Aladdin in the cave, had gone to Africa. By the aid of his magic art he presently discovered that Aladdin, instead of perishing in the cave, was married to the daughter of the sultan, and living in the most beautiful palace in the world.

He knew that the magic lamp had enabled the tailor's idle son to accomplish these wonders, and at once he set out to gain possession of the treasure. Before reaching the palace, he provided himself with twelve new copper lamps which he carried in a basket.

Unfortunately, Aladdin had gone from home for eight days to hunt. One morning the princess was sitting in the hall of the jeweled windows when she heard a disturbance outside. A servant informed her that an old man wanted to sell new lamps for old, and added, laughing, that there was an old one behind a cornice in the hall. The princess, not knowing that this was the magic lamp, bade the slave to take it to the old man, who gave them their choice of those in his basket, and hurried away.

After securing the precious lamp, the magician waited outside the city gates until evening. As soon as darkness fell, he rubbed the lamp; and when the genius appeared, he commanded that he and the palace, and the princess be transported at once to a secluded place in Africa.

The next morning, when the sultan looked out of his window, he was astonished to discover that the palace was gone. The vizier, when called in to explain the wonder, said it was undoubtedly some enchantment, for which Aladdin was responsible. The sultan at once sent for Aladdin, and had him brought in chains. At the sultan's command, the executioner was about to strike off the young man's head, when the people, who loved him dearly, interfered. When the crowd surrounded the palace and threatened violence, the sultan commanded that Aladdin should be unbound.

"What have I done to offend your majesty?" asked Aladdin.

The sultan took him to the window and pointed to the empty space where his palace had been. "Where is my daughter?" he demanded.

At first Aladdin was so astounded that he could not speak. Then he asked for forty days in which to find her. "If I fail," said he, "I will gladly submit to any punishment." Sadly he left the sultan's presence and started forth in search of the princess and his palace. After wandering for three days, he lost hope and determined to die. Coming to a river, he knelt to pray before throwing himself in. As he clasped his hands in prayer, he chanced to rub the ring, which he still wore, but whose virtues he had forgotten. The genius of the cave at once appeared.

"Oh, Genius, give me back my princess and my palace!" he cried.

"Only the slave of the lamp can restore them to you," replied the genius.

"Then take me to them," he commanded. And straightway Aladdin found himself underneath the windows of his palace, where, being wearied, he fell asleep. He was awakened by the princess calling to

him from the window above. He rushed into the palace, and the lovers embraced and wept for joy.

"Before anything else," said Aladdin, "do you know if a certain old lamp is in the cornice, where I left it when I went hunting?"

The princess told him what had become of it, and that the magician carried it about with him. "He comes here every day," she said, "and begs me to forget you and to marry him."

After Aladdin had comforted the princess, he left her, and went to the neighboring town, where he purchased a powder. Returning to the princess, he bade her array herself in her finest raiment and jewels, and to ask the magician to sup with her.

"Ask him for some of the wine of the country," said Aladdin, and while he goes for it, I will instruct you what to do."

The princess did as she was bidden, and when the magician arrived, she received him with a smile. She was so beautiful that when she asked him for the wine he hastened gladly to fetch it. As soon as he was gone, the princess emptied into her cup the powder that Aladdin had given her. The magician soon returned and poured out wine for each. The princess gave him her cup, as a sign that she no longer repulsed him. He drank it to the dregs, and fell dead at her feet. Then Aladdin rushed in, and took the lamp from the pocket of the dead magician. He at once summoned the genius, and before the princess knew it she was back at home in China.

In the morning the sultan went to the window to gaze sadly at the place where his daughter's palace had been, when, lo, to his astonishment, its marble walls arose again before him in their beauty. Joyfully he hastened to discover if his daughter also had returned; and she and Aladdin met him in the hall of beautiful windows. Then there was feasting and rejoicing that lasted for ten days.

"Now," said the sultan, "your enemy being dead, you may live in peace."

But it was not to be so. It chanced that the dead magician had a young brother, who presently came to China to avenge his brother's death. First he visited a holy woman named Fatima. After murdering her, he put on her clothes and veil and sought Aladdin's palace. The people whom he passed on the way besought his blessing, thinking him to be the pious woman. When he reached the palace the princess received him with honor, and begged him to live there always. After giving him food and receiving his blessing, she showed him the hall of the beautiful windows.

"It needs but one thing to be perfect," said the false Fatima; "if only a roc's egg were hung from the center of the dome, it would be the wonder of the world."

When Aladdin returned the princess declared to him that she could never be happy unless a roc's egg were hung from the middle of the dome of the great hall. Aladdin, who could refuse the princess nothing, at once called the genius to his aid. Instead of obeying his command, however, the genius flew into a terrible rage.

"You are demanding that I should leave my master hanging in the middle of your dome!" said he. "This is the work of the brother of the magician. He is with you, dressed in the holy Fatima's clothes. Beware of him!" And with that the genius disappeared.

Aladdin went at once to the princess and complained of a headache. She sent for the holy woman to cure him of the pain. As soon as the false Fatima came in, Aladdin seized and slew him, and then told the trembling princess whom she had been sheltering.

This ended the troubles of Aladdin and the princess. When the sultan died, Aladdin ascended the throne, and he reigned long and wisely.

THE STORY OF CALIPH STORK

CALIPH CHARID, of Bagdad, was reclining on his divan one pleasant afternoon, smoking his long pipe and sipping coffee from a handsome dish which a slave was holding for him, when his grand vizier, Mansor, entered and told him of a peddler in the court below whose wares might interest him. The caliph, being in an affable state of mind, summoned the peddler, who, delighted with the opportunity, displayed all the treasures of his pack. There were pearls, rings, silks, and many other rich things. The caliph selected something for himself, a handsome present for the vizier, and another for the vizier's wife.

Just as the peddler was putting the things back into his box, the caliph noticed a small drawer and asked what it contained.

"Only something of no value, which I picked up in the street of Mecca," the peddler replied. He thereupon opened the drawer and showed the caliph a small box, containing a black powder and a scroll written in characters which neither the caliph nor his grand vizier could make out. The caliph immediately decided that he wanted this strange scroll, and the peddler was persuaded to part with it for a trifle. Then the vizier was asked to find some one to decipher its meaning.

Near the mosque lived a man called Selim, who was so learned that he knew every language in the world. When the vizier brought him to interpret the scroll, the caliph said to him:—

"They tell me that you are a scholar and can read all languages. If you can decipher what is written here, I shall know that it is true, and

will give you a robe of honor; but if you fail, I shall have you punished with many strokes, because you are falsely named."

Selim prostrated himself at the feet of the caliph, and then took the scroll. He had not looked at it long when he exclaimed:—

"My lord and master, I hope to die if this is not Latin."

"Well, if so, let us hear what it says," the caliph impatiently answered. Selim at once began:—

"Let him who finds this box praise Allah. If he snuffs the powder it contains, at the same time pronouncing the word 'Matabor,' he will be transformed into any creature that he desires, and will understand the language of all animals. When he wishes to return to his own form, let him bow to the east three times, repeating the word 'Matabor.' But remember if, while he is bird or beast, he should laugh, the magic word would be forgotten, and the enchantment would be on him forever."

The caliph was delighted with the knowledge of Selim. He made him a splendid present, and told him to keep the secret. When he had dismissed the learned man, he turned to the grand vizier, and expressed a wish to try the powder.

"Come to-morrow morning early," said he, "and we will go together to the country and learn what the animals are talking about."

The vizier came as he was ordered, and they left the palace without attendants. Beyond the town was a large pond where some handsome storks were often seen, and to this place they presently came. A grave and stately stork was hunting for frogs, while another flew about and kept him company.

"Most gracious lord," said the vizier, "what think you of these dignified long legs, and how would you like to know their chatter?"

The caliph replied that the stork had always interested him, and he would very much like a more intimate acquaintance. Taking the box from his girdle, he helped himself to a pinch of snuff and offered it to the vizier, who followed his example.

Together they cried "Matabor," and instantly their beards disappeared, and feathers covered their bodies; their necks stretched out long and slender, and their legs shriveled into red and shapeless sticks. The caliph lifted up his foot to stroke his beard in astonishment, but found a long bill in its place.

"By the beard of the Prophet, since I have not one of my own to swear by, but we are a pretty pair of birds, Mansor!"

"If I may say so, your highness, you are equally handsome as a stork as when you were a caliph," replied the vizier. "I see our two relations are conversing over there; shall we join them?"

When they came near to where the storks were smoothing their feathers and touching bills in the most friendly manner, this was the

conversation they overheard, "Will you have some of my frog's leg for breakfast, Dame Yellowlegs?" "No, thank you; I am obliged to practise a dance for my father's guests, and cannot eat." Thereupon Dame Yellowlegs stepped out, and began to pose most gracefully. The caliph and the vizier watched her, until she stood on one foot and spread her wings; then they both, at the same time, burst into such peals of laughter that the two storks flew away.

Suddenly, however, the vizier ceased his mirth, and commenced bowing to the east. The caliph recovered himself and did the same, but neither could think of the magic word.

"Mansor, just recall that unholy word, and I will become caliph once more, and you my grand vizier. I have had enough of being a bird for one day."

"Most gracious lord, that dancing stork has undone us, for, since laughing at her antics, I cannot remember the word that will restore us to human shape."

So at last, in despair, the two unhappy birds wandered through the meadows. They appeased their hunger with fruits, for they could not bring themselves to eat frogs and lizards. As they dared not return to Bagdad and tell the people their chagrin, they flew over the city, and had the satisfaction of seeing signs of mourning and confusion. In a few days, however, while sitting on the roof of a house, they saw a splendid procession coming up the street, and the people welcoming the new ruler. "Hail! Hail Mirza, ruler of Bagdad!" they shouted.

The procession came nearer. At the head of it the caliph saw a man dressed in scarlet and gold, riding a handsome horse. He at once recognized the new ruler as the son of his worst enemy.

"Behold," said he, "the explanation of our enchantment! This is the son of Kaschnur, the magician, who is my great enemy, who seeks revenge. Let us not lose hope, but fly to the sacred grave of the Prophet and pray to be released from the spell."

They at once spread their wings and soared away toward Medina, but not being accustomed to such long flights, they soon became fatigued and descended to a ruin which stood in a valley below. The two enchanted birds decided to remain there for the night; then wandered through the deserted rooms and corridors, which gave evidence of former splendor. Suddenly the vizier stopped and remarked that if it were not ridiculous for a stork to be afraid of ghosts, he would feel decidedly nervous. The caliph listened, and heard a low moaning and sobbing, which seemed to come from a room down the passage. He started to rush toward it, but the vizier held him fast by a wing. He had retained the brave heart that he had possessed when a caliph, however, and freeing himself from the vizier's bill, he hurried to the room whence came the pitiful sounds. The

moon shone through a barred window and showed him a screech owl sitting on the floor of the ruined chamber, lamenting in a hoarse voice. The vizier had cautiously stolen up beside the caliph; and at sight of the two storks, the screech owl uttered a cry of pleasure. To their astonishment it addressed them in Arabic, in the following words:—

“I have abandoned myself to despair, but I believe my deliverance is near, for it was prophesied in my youth that a stork would bring me good fortune.”

The caliph, thus appealed to, arched his neck most gracefully and replied:—

“Alas! Screech Owl, I fear we are unable to aid you, as you will understand when you have heard our miserable story.”

He then related how the magician, Kaschnur, had changed them into storks and made his own son ruler of Bagdad. The screech owl became very much excited and exclaimed:—

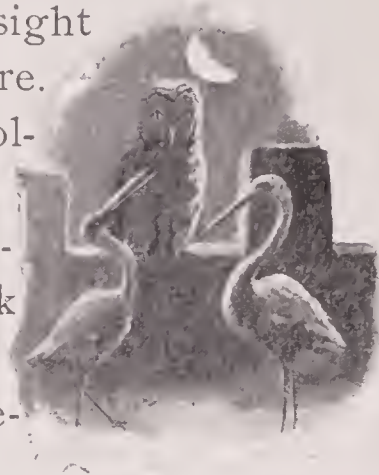
“How strange that misfortune should have come to us through the same man! I am Tusa, the daughter of the King of the Indies. The magician, Kaschnur, came one day to my father, to ask my hand in marriage for his son Mirza. My father ordered him thrown down stairs, and in revenge he managed to have me given a powder which changed me into this hideous shape. He then conveyed me to this lonely castle, and swore I should remain here until some one asked me to be his wife, and so freed me from the enchantment.”

At the conclusion of her story, the screech owl wept anew and would not be consoled. Suddenly, however, she wiped her eyes on her wing and said:—

“I have an idea that may lead to our deliverance. Once every month the magician, Kaschnur, and his companions meet in a large hall at this castle, where they feast and relate their evil deeds. We will listen outside the door, and perhaps you may hear the forgotten word. Then, when you have resumed human form, one of you can ask to marry me, that I too may be freed from this wretched enchantment; and the prophecy that a stork would bring me happiness would be fulfilled.”

The caliph and the vizier withdrew and consulted over the situation. “It is unfortunate,” said the caliph, “but if we are to meet again, I think you will have to ask the screech owl to marry you.”

“Not so, your Highness, I already have a wife, and would rather remain a stork forever than take another; besides, I am an old man, while you are young and unmarried, and much better suited to a beautiful princess.”



"That is it," said the caliph. "How do I know that she will not prove to be some old fright?" As the vizier was firm, the caliph at last said he would take the chances and do as the screech owl required.

That very night it so happened that the magicians met at the ruined castle. The screech owl led the two storks through difficult passages till they came to a hole in the wall, through which they could plainly see all that transpired in the lighted hall. Handsomely carved pillars adorned the room, and a table was spread with many dishes. About the table sat eight men, among whom was their enemy, the magician. He entertained the company with many stories, and at last came to his latest—that of turning the caliph and vizier into storks—in relating which he pronounced the magic word. The storks did not wait to hear more, but ran to the door of the castle. The screech owl followed as fast as she could, and when the caliph saw her he exclaimed:

"To prove my gratitude, O our deliverer! I beg you to take me for your husband."

Then the two storks faced the rising sun, and bowed their long necks three times. "Matabor!" they solemnly cried, together; and in an instant they were no longer storks, but stood before each other in their natural forms. In their joy they fell on each other's necks and forgot all about the screech owl, until they heard a sweet voice beside them, and turning beheld a beautiful princess. When the caliph recovered from his astonishment he said that he was now, indeed, enchanted and hoped to remain so always.

They then started at once for the gate of Bagdad; and when they arrived, the people were overjoyed, for they had believed their ruler dead. The magician was taken to the ruined castle and hanged, and his son was given the choice of the black powder or death. Choosing the powder, he was changed into a stork, and was kept in the palace gardens.

Caliph Charid and the princess were married; and when their children grew old enough, the caliph often amused them with imitations of the grand vizier when he was a stork,—while Vizier Mansor sat smiling and pulling his long beard.

AUSTRALIAN SECTION

DEEREERE, THE WAGTAIL AND THE RAINBOW

THERE was once a widow named Deereere who had four little girls. Although she and her children were alone in the little camp, she was never afraid until Bibbee came to live near her. Then she could not sleep for fear of him; and all night long her cry, "Deereere! Wyah, wyah, Deereere!" could be heard.

One day Bibbee came and asked her why she cried out so in the night. She told him that she heard something moving outside, and feared some harm might come to her four little girls. Bibbee replied that, his camp being so near, he would be sure to hear her if she called, so she might sleep in peace. This she was unable to do, however, and night after night he heard her plaintive cry. "Wyah, wyah, Deereere! Deereere!" she wailed from dark until dawn, and Bibbee was much distressed that she should suffer.

One night when this had been going on for some time, he lay in his camp, listening to her sad cries. Suddenly he thought of a plan whereby he might protect her. In the morning he hastened to the widow's camp and said: "Since you are so much afraid, marry me, and bring your four little girls to live in my camp." But Deereere would not consent to be his wife, and Bibbee went home sad and disappointed.

That night she cried as usual, "Deereere! Wyah, wyah, Deereere!" and the next morning he went again to the camp to see if she had not changed her mind. She told him that she did not wish to marry; and although he besought her day after day, she remained firm in her resolve. Her obstinate refusal only made Bibbee the more anxious to marry her, and he continued to press his suit.

But when at last he saw that his prayers were of no avail, he decided to try another plan. He went to work and made a beautiful arch that reached from the earth up into the sky. Its dazzling colors shone out brighter than the sun, and Bibbee called it Euloowirrie. When he had finished this wonderful arch, which reached across the earth, he set it against the sky, and went into his camp to wait. Soon afterward Deereere came out of her camp and saw the brilliant pathway leading from the earth into the stars. She was so terribly frightened that she called her children to her, and ran crying to Bibbee's camp.

"Wyah, wyah!" she screamed in her terror, and ran to him for protection.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

She told him that some strange thing had fallen out of the sky, and she feared they would all be killed. Bibbee reassured her by saying that he had made this lovely arch to please her, and to prove to her that he could protect her. He added that, if he wished, he could also cause terrible things to burst from the earth and destroy all in their path; but that if she would marry him, he would never use this fearful power, but would let the arch remain, as an emblem of his love for her and to show how safe she would be in his care. If the bright colors of the arch faded away, he promised to paint them in again, to remind her of his strength.

Deereeree at once consented to marry Bibbee, for she not only feared the terrible things he might do if she refused, but she admired his wonderful skill. They lived happily many years; and when they died, Deereeree was changed into the little willy wagtail, and her plaintive cry of "Deereeree! Wyah, wyah, Deereeree!" is still heard. Bibbee was changed into a woodpecker, who is always climbing to the tops of the tallest trees.

The beautiful Euloowirrie, by which Bibbee won his wife, is still in the sky. It can often be seen after a rain, and people call it the rainbow.

NEW ZEALAND SECTION

MATARIKA, OR THE LITTLE EYES

(THE PLEIADES*)

[*From Clark's Maori Tales and Legends*]

THERE was once a star which shone brighter than all the others in the sky. Its brilliancy made even the moon appear cold and pale, so that she remained at a distance. But Tani, the god of light and of the forests, was more envious of the radiant star than any of his neighbors.

"The beauty of this one star is so great that the eyes of men are drawn to it, and my cool, green forests are unnoticed," he complained. At length Tani resolved to destroy the dazzling gem of the skies that so

* This story is interesting as illustrating the imaginative faculty of the Maori people; but its astronomical data should not be taken too seriously by children. There are many stars in the Pleiades besides the six visible to ordinary sight. This group was said by the Ancients to have consisted originally of seven stars, or sisters, the seventh—the one now missing—having hidden herself from shame for having loved a mortal, Sisyphus.—EDITOR.

dimmed the luster of its rivals. He asked the aid of Aldebaran and Sirius, who were delighted to assist in the downfall of the object of their envy.

Far down on the earth was a little lake which so loved the star that on still summer nights it reflected its beauty. The lake smiled up at the star, whose rays streamed down and kissed its fair bosom. The lake learned of the danger threatened to the beloved star, and wishing to give it warning, asked the wind to carry a message. But the wind replied that it could not travel so far.

"Ask Rangi, the god of the heaven, to help you," it advised. "The stars are the jewels in Rangi's robe of night, and he would not wish to lose his most splendid gem."

So the next morning the lake told its tale to Rangi. The god of the heavens was very angry at the plot, and promised to help the little lake to save its friend.

"I will send my heat to warm thee, so that thy waters shall rise in clouds and bear the message of warning to the skies."

When the sun, the fierce eye of Rangi, turned its burning gaze upon the little lake, soft white clouds arose from its surface and crept above the hills. The wind lifted them on their journey, and in time they reached the heavens. They gave the lake's message to the star, then fell back upon the earth in drops of sparkling rain.

One night, soon after, the lovely star saw Tani and his followers approaching, and knew its danger. It fled from its pursuers, and sought protection in the waters of the tender lake. "Save me, dear lake, from my enemies," it cried, as it sank in the clear depths. The wind ruffled the surface of the water to conceal its hiding place, but Sirius saw it shining under the waves and drank the lake dry.

Driven forth by its pursuers, the star fled toward the dawn, thinking Tani's bright highway would be its safest refuge. On and on it sped, and when Tani could not overtake it, he angrily seized Aldebaran, and hurled him after the fugitive. The star was shattered into six shining pieces, which Tani triumphantly threw into the sky. They are there to this day, and men call them The Little Eyes.

When Rangi learned what had happened to his brightest jewel, he decreed that The Little Eyes should remain forever a symbol of gladness to the world.

RUSSIAN SECTION

KING KOJATA

KING KOJATA ruled over a mighty kingdom, and was beloved by his subjects; but because he had no heir to his crown, both he and the queen lamented. Once, while traveling through his territories, he came to a well that was filled to the brim with clear cold water; and being very thirsty, he stopped to drink. On the top of the water floated a golden vessel, which the king attempted to seize; but just as his hand touched it, away it floated to the other side of the well. He went around to where the vessel rested and tried again, with the same result. Every time the king touched the basin it glided from his grasp. At last, losing patience, he gave up trying to seize the vessel, and bending over the well, he began to drink. His long beard had fallen into the water, and when he had slaked his thirst and attempted to rise, he found himself held fast by it. After vainly pulling and jerking for some time, he looked down into the water and saw a hideous face grinning at him. Its eyes were green and shining, its teeth showed from ear to ear, and it held him by the beard with two bony claws. In horror, the king tried to extricate himself, but a terrible voice came from the depths of the well:—

“You cannot get away, King Kojata, so do not make me pull your beard too hard. There is something at the palace of which you do not know; promise to give it to me, and I will release you.”

The king did not know of anything that could have arrived at the palace during his absence worth the discomfort he was experiencing; so he very readily gave his promise, and was freed. When he had shaken the water from his beard, he looked in the well for the ugly monster which had held him captive, but he was nowhere to be seen. Summoning his attendants, he at once set out for home, where he arrived in a few days. The people along the way hailed him with delight; and when he reached the palace, the queen led him to the royal chamber and showed him a beautiful son that had been born during his absence. His joy was so great that he forgot all else; but after a time he recalled with horror his compact with the monster of the well, and the meaning was all plain to him. The thought of what he had promised haunted him day and night, and the fear that something would happen to his little son tortured him. But as days and months passed, and the little prince grew more beautiful all the time, the king at last forgot his fears and became happy once more.

Years went by without anything happening to disturb his peace of mind, and the prince grew to be a beautiful youth, who was the joy and pride of the king and queen. One day he went with the hunters to the forest, and while pursuing a wild boar, became separated from them. He got farther and farther away from his companions, and at last found himself alone in a dark part of the wood where he never before had been. Not knowing in which direction his path lay, he called again and again to the hunters. At last a hoarse voice answered him, and from the hollow trunk of a lime-tree appeared a hideous man with green eyes and terrible teeth.

"I've waited for you a long time, Prince Milan," said he.

"Who on earth may you be?" asked the prince.

"Your father will tell you who I am. Just give my greetings to his majesty, and tell him that I am ready to claim the debt he owes me."

The green-eyed man then disappeared into the hollow tree from which he came; and when the prince reached home, he related his experience to his father. The king turned white, and cried:—

"At last, it has come!" Then he explained to the prince what had occurred at the well, and added, "Now my happiness is at an end, for you, my son, will be taken from me."

The prince told the king not to despair, for though he might go away, he was certain to return to him. His father provided him with a handsome horse with golden stirrups, and the queen gave him a cross to wear about his neck. When he had said farewell to his unhappy parents, he mounted his horse and rode for two days without stopping.

On the third day he came to a lake on whose smooth surface thirty ducks were swimming, while spread about upon the grass were thirty white garments. The prince dismounted, and taking up one of the garments, seated himself behind a bush and waited to see what would happen. The ducks dived under the water and disported themselves for a time, then came ashore and putting on the little white garments, they became beautiful maidens, and disappeared. But there was one little duck that remained on the lake and swam about in the most distracted manner, uttering piteous cries. The prince came from behind the bush and the little duck begged him to give back her garment. He had no sooner done so than before him stood the loveliest maiden he had ever seen.

"Thank you, Prince Milan, for restoring my garment," said she. "My name is Hyacinthia, and I am one of the thirty daughters of a King of the Underworld, to whose castle I will lead you, for he has waited long for you. Approach him on your knees and do not fear him, for I will be there to help you, whatever happens."

She tapped her little foot on the ground, which opened; and they were immediately transported to the palace of her father in the Underworld,

which was carved from a single carbuncle. When his eyes became accustomed to the radiant light, the prince saw the magician of the lime-tree sitting on a dazzling throne. His green eyes looked out from under a golden crown, and his hideous claws clutched the air with rage when he saw the prince. Remembering what the maiden had told him, Prince Milan walked boldly up to the throne and knelt at the feet of the magician, who cursed in a voice that shook the Underworld. As the youth was not at all frightened, the magician at last stopped swearing. Laughing at his courage, he welcomed him to his palace, and showed him to a beautiful chamber which he was to occupy. On the following day he sent for him and said:—

“You are very brave, Prince Milan, but you must pay the penalty for keeping me waiting so long for you. To-night build me a palace of gold and marble, with windows of crystal, and about it the most beautiful gardens in the world, or to-morrow I shall cut off your head.”

The prince went back to his chamber and sadly awaited his doom. That evening a small bee flew in through his window, and as soon as it entered the room it became Hyacinthia. “Why are you sad, Prince Milan?” she asked. He told her of her father’s impossible command and added, “Naturally, I am not happy at the thought of losing my head.”

“Do not be distressed about that,” said she, “but trust to me.” In the morning he looked out of the window and saw a wonderful marble palace, with a roof of gold.

When the magician beheld it, he exclaimed, “You have accomplished a great wonder, but I cannot let you off so easily. To-morrow I will place my thirty daughters in a row, and if you cannot tell me which one is the youngest, you will lose your head.”

The prince, however, was not cast down at this, for he thought he would have no trouble in recognizing Hyacinthia. That evening the little bee entered the room and told him that this task was quite as difficult as the first, because the sisters were all exactly alike. “But you will know me,” said she, “by a little fly which you will discover on my cheek.”

The next day the magician summoned him to his presence, and showed him the thirty daughters standing in a row. The prince passed before them twice, without daring to choose; but he saw the little fly on the pink cheek of one of the maidens.

“This is Hyacinthia!” exclaimed he. The magician was greatly astonished; but not yet satisfied, he required of the prince still another task.

“If, before this candle burns to the bottom,” said he, “you make me a pair of boots reaching to my knees, I will let you go; but if you fail, you will lose your head.”

"Then we must fly, for I love you dearly," said Hyacinthia, when the prince had told her of this new task. She breathed on the window-pane, and straightway it was covered with frost; then, leading Prince Milan from the chamber, she locked the door, and they fled through the passage by which they had entered the Underworld. Beside the smooth lake his horse was still grazing, and mounting it, they were borne swiftly away.

When the magician sent for the prince to come to him, the frozen breath replied to the messengers, and so delayed the discovery of his escape. At last the magician lost patience and ordered the door burst open. The frozen breath mocked at him, and he hastened in pursuit of the fugitives.

"I hear the sound of horses' feet behind us," said Hyacinthia. The prince dismounted, and putting his ear to the ground, answered, "Yes, they are near." Hyacinthia thereupon changed herself into a river, and the prince became a bridge, and his horse a blackbird. Their pursuers, no longer finding their footprints, were obliged to return to the magician, who cursed them, and again sent them forth.

"I hear the sound of horses' feet behind us," again said Hyacinthia. The prince put his ear to the earth and said, "Yes, they are nearly upon us." Thereupon Hyacinthia changed herself, the prince and the horse, all into a dense forest in which many paths crossed, so that the followers were bewildered; and they again returned to the magician.

"I hear horses' feet behind us," said Hyacinthia a third time; and this time it was the magician himself. Hyacinthia took the little cross from the neck of the prince, and changed herself into a church, the prince into a monk, and the horse into the belfry; so that when the magician came up he lost all trace of them, and was obliged to return to the Underworld in great chagrin.

When he had departed, the prince and Hyacinthia mounted the horse and rode till they came to a beautiful town.

"We must not enter," said she, "for we may not come out again." But the prince would not take her advice, and insisted upon passing through the gates.

"Then," sadly replied the maiden, "when the king and queen of the town come out to meet you, do not kiss the little child which they will lead by the hand, or you will forget me and never come back. As for me, I will become a milestone and wait for you here."

It was all as Hyacinthia had said. The king and queen came out to greet him, and when the lovely little child ran up to him for a caress, he kissed its pretty face and forgot Hyacinthia.

The first and second day went by; and when the third day came, Hyacinthia wept, and became a little blue flower growing by the roadside.

An old man came along, and digging up the flower carried it home with him and planted it in his garden. He watered and tended it carefully, and one day the little flower became a beautiful maiden.

"Why did you not leave me to die by the roadside?" she asked, and told the old man her story.

"To-morrow is Prince Milan's wedding day," said the old man.

Hyacinthia at once dried her tears, and presented herself at the palace, dressed like a peasant. She went to the cook and asked to be allowed to make the wedding cake. The cook was so struck with her beauty that he could not refuse the request. When the guests were all seated about the table, Prince Milan was called upon to cut the cake. As soon as he had done so, out flew two beautiful white doves, which circled about his head.

"Dear mate," cried one of the doves, "do not leave me as Prince Milan left Hyacinthia."

The prince, who suddenly recollected all he had forgotten, ran from the room and at the door found Hyacinthia and his horse awaiting him. They mounted and rode swiftly away to the kingdom of King Kojata, where the king and queen received them with tears of joy, and they all lived in happiness to the end of their days.

THE STORY OF KING FROST

A SHREWISH peasant woman had a daughter on whom she lavished everything she could get, and a stepdaughter whom she neglected and ill treated. In the mother's eyes the daughter had no faults, while the stepdaughter was always blamed, and, try as she might, the poor girl never could please. So unhappy was she made that her eyes were often red from weeping. The sight of her tear-stained face only angered the stepmother the more, and caused her to say to the girl's father:—

"Send her away, old man. My eyes are tired of the sight of her, and my ears of the sound of her voice. Send her out of the house."

The father begged to have his daughter remain, but the shrew was determined to be rid of her, and gave him no peace. At last, when he could gainsay her no longer, he placed his daughter in a sledge and drove her to the open fields. Here he left her, with nothing to shield her from the bitter cold. Kissing her good-bye, he drove away, not daring to look back at her.

Left alone by her father, the girl wandered across the bleak fields to the edge of the forest, where she sat down under a fir-tree and wept. A crackling sound caused her to look up, and she saw King Frost springing

from one tree to another. When he reached the fir-tree he jumped down beside her with a bound. Snapping his fingers in her lovely face, he asked:—

“Do you know who I am? I will tell you. I am King Frost.”

“Hail to you, great King!” smiled the maiden. “Have you come for me?”

“Are you warm, fair maiden?” he asked in answer.

“Yes, quite warm, King Frost,” the maiden replied, although she was shivering.

King Frost bent over her and snapped his fingers about her, until the air seemed full of needles. Again he asked, “Are you still warm, dear maiden?”

Her lips could scarcely move to utter the words, “Quite warm, King Frost.”

He snapped his teeth and cracked his fingers, till all the air was filled with stinging things. His eyes glistened and for the last time he asked, “Are you warm, now, beautiful maiden? Are you still warm, my dear?”

She was now scarcely able to speak, but managed to gasp, “Still warm, King Frost.”

The gentle girl's patience and uncomplaining endurance caused King Frost to take pity on her suffering. He arrayed her in a robe, embroidered in silver and gold, and decked her with sparkling diamonds. She glittered and shone, and was dazzling to behold. Then placing her in his sleigh, he wrapped her in furs; and six white horses bore them swiftly away.

The stepmother, at home, was baking pancakes for the girl's funeral feast. “Go into the field,” she said to her husband, “and bring your daughter's body home, so we can bury her.” The old man rose to obey, when the little dog barked:—

“Your daughter shall not die;
Her's cold and stiff shall lie.”

The woman kicked the dog, then tried to coax it with a pancake, telling it to say:—

“Her daughter shall have gold;
His be frozen stiff and cold.”

When the little dog had swallowed the pancake, he barked:—

“His daughter shall be wed;
Her's shall be frozen dead.”

The woman beat the dog, then coaxed it with more pancakes; but the blows could not terrify it nor the food persuade. It barked always the same. Suddenly the door opened, and a huge chest was thrust into

the room, followed by the radiant stepdaughter, in a dress that dazzled them with its beauty.

As soon as the stepmother recovered from her astonishment, she ordered her husband to yoke the horses to the sledge, and take her own daughter to the field. "Take care you leave her in the same place," the old woman cautioned. The father left the girl as he was bidden; and returned to his home.

She was not long alone when King Frost came by.

"Are you warm, maiden?" he asked.

"You must be a fool not to see that my hands and feet are nearly frozen," she angrily replied.

The king danced in front of her, and cracked his fingers.

"Are you warm, maiden?" he asked her, over and over. She cried with rage, and called him rude names, until he froze the words on her lips, and she was dead.

The mother waited for her daughter's return until she became impatient; then she told her husband to take the sledge and go for her. "But don't lose the chest," she added.

The dog under the table, barked:—

"Your daughter, frozen cold,
Will never need a chest of gold."

The old woman was scolding the dog for telling lies, when the door opened. Rushing out to welcome her daughter and her treasures, she clasped the frozen body in her arms; and the chill of it killed her.

POLISH SECTION

THE CROW

ONCE upon a time there were three princesses, all so beautiful that it would have been difficult to decide which one was fairest.

The youngest, however, was by far the gentlest and most amiable.

Some distance from the palace where they lived was a ruined castle. It had long been uninhabited and had fallen into decay, but the neglected garden was a mass of blooming flowers. To this garden the youngest princess often came. One day when she was walking through its tangled paths, a black crow hopped from a yew-tree down beside her. Noticing that it had been hurt, she stopped, and was distressed at the sight of blood upon its feathers. The crow, seeing the solicitude of the kind princess, said:—

"If you really wish to help me, you can save me. I am not what I seem, but a prince, doomed to this cruel enchantment, which you can break if you will come and dwell with me in this deserted castle. In one of the rooms there is a golden bed for you to lie on. Strange and terrifying things will happen in the night, and a single cry of fear from you will add to the sufferings I endure. But if you are brave enough to leave your home and face these terrors, and live in this place alone, you will save me."

The kind-hearted princess did not hesitate. She bade farewell to her family, and took up her abode in the crumbling castle. When night came, she lay down in the golden bed, but she could not sleep. At midnight she was alarmed by sounds of thronging feet in the passage, but remembering the injunction of the crow, she did not cry out. Then her door was flung suddenly open, and hideous monsters swarmed into the room. In the fireplace they hung a huge caldron of boiling water. Then with yells they rushed upon her and dragged her from the bed. Although she was numb with fright, she uttered not a word; and just as they were about to thrust her into the caldron the cock crew, and the evil things fled.

No sooner had they vanished than the crow hopped joyfully into the room. It thanked the princess, and declared that her courage had already lessened its torments.

One of the elder sisters of the princess, learning the secret of her visit to the deserted castle, came to see her. She implored the princess to permit her to spend the night with her in the golden bed. The princess at last consented; but when midnight came and the evil spirits appeared, her sister shrieked with fright. So after this the princess lived alone. Her days were spent in solitude, and at night she lay in the golden bed in agonies of fear. But the crow came every morning to thank her and to praise her endurance.

When two years had passed in this manner, the crow came to her one morning and said:—

"In another year the seven years of my enchantment will be at an end. Before I can be restored to my natural form and to the possession of my estate, it is necessary that you should leave the castle and serve as a maid-servant."

Again the princess did his bidding without hesitation. She went forth into the world as a servant, where she suffered many unkindnesses and terrible toil. Her beauty brought upon her many cruel indignities, harder to bear than the terrors of the ruined castle. Her white hands grew stained and rough; her little feet could hardly support her, for weariness.

One evening she sat sorrowfully spinning flax. The task had been unusually long, and her tired hands were aching. Suddenly a beautiful

youth knelt beside her with a cry of joy. He took the tired hands in his and kissed them.

"I am the prince," said he, "for whose sake you have endured terrors and miseries. Your goodness has freed me from my enchantment, and I have come to take you to my castle, where we will live in happiness."

So the princess returned with the handsome prince to the castle, and found that the ruin had been restored, and the garden made a paradise of beauty; and they lived in peace for a hundred happy years.

SERVIAN SECTION

LAUGHING EYE AND WEEPING EYE

THERE once lived a man whose right eye was always smiling while his left eye was always weeping. He had two sons who were very clever, and a third so stupid that his brothers often teased him for being a simpleton.

One day they were all three wondering why their father's eyes were unlike other people's, and as they could find no explanation, they determined to make bold and ask him the cause of his peculiarity. The eldest of the three brothers went to the father, and asked him the question. The man was so angry that, without replying, he seized a knife and sprang at his son. The boy had never seen his father like this before, and was so terribly frightened that he rushed out of the room. When he returned to where his brothers were waiting for him, he would tell them nothing of what had happened. To all of their questions he replied that if they wanted to know the secret of their father's eyes they might go and ask, as he had done. So at last the second brother took courage and went to the father, with the same result. In a few moments he came back and told the youngest brother that it was now his turn to make the venture. The youngest son thereupon went fearlessly to his father and said:—

"My brothers refuse to tell me your answer to their questions, so I have come to ask for myself. Will you not tell me why your right eye always laughs and your left eye always weeps?"

The father became angrier than he had yet been, and rushed furiously at him with the knife. But instead of running away, terrified, as his brothers had done, the youngest son stood where he was without evidence of fear. Seeing his courage, the father's rage subsided and he embraced him, saying:—

"My son, since you are not a coward, I will tell you what you ask. My right eye laughs because I have a brave son, such as you; and my left eye weeps for the loss of a precious treasure. In my garden grew a vine which yielded a ton of wine every hour. Some thief crept in and robbed me of it, and I grieve that it cannot be found."

The simpleton returned to his brothers and told them the cause of their father's grief, and they all agreed to go in search of the stolen vine. They at once started on the quest, and when they had traveled together for some distance, they came to a crossroad. The two elder brothers parted from the simpleton, they taking one road together, while he followed the other alone. No sooner were the two brothers freed from the company of the simpleton than they expressed their satisfaction and sat by the roadside to eat. While they were thus engaged, a lame fox came up to them and begged a portion of their breakfast. Instead of granting his request, they threw sticks and stones at the poor animal and drove him limping back to the wood.

While running from the cruel brothers, the fox came to the place where the simpleton sat by a tree, eating his lunch. He asked for some food, and while the younger brother had very little for himself, he generously shared his meager portion with the hungry fox. When they had finished, the fox asked him where he was journeying. The simpleton thereupon told him of his quest for his father's stolen vine.

"I know where it is," said the fox. "Follow me, brother, and I will take you to it."

The simpleton gladly followed the fox, who led him to a gate opening into a garden. Here the fox stopped and said: "In this garden you will find your father's vine; but you must closely follow my instructions or you will get into trouble. To reach the vine you must pass twelve outposts of two guards each. If the guards' eyes are open, pass on quietly, for they are asleep and will not hear you; but if their eyes are shut, do not venture, for they are awake. When you reach the vine you will find two shovels, one of wood and the other of iron. Do not touch the iron one, for its noise will awaken the guards and you will be discovered."

The simpleton passed the guards safely and came to the wonderful vine. Thinking he could more quickly secure the treasure with the iron shovel, he disobeyed the fox's commands and used it. The noise of the iron on the hard earth aroused the guards. They came upon him and carried him to their master.

"How did you manage to get into my garden?" demanded the man; "and why did you attempt to rob me of my vine?"

The simpleton told him that the vine had been stolen from his father, and if it were not given to him at once, he would return at another time.

and take it. The man replied that he would give up the vine only in exchange for an apple from the golden apple-tree, which blossomed every twenty-four hours and bore fruit of gold. Then the boy was permitted to take his leave; and he immediately went to the fox for advice.

"You have failed," said the fox, "because you did not heed my warning. I will help you to get the golden apple, however, if you will more carefully follow my directions. The golden apple-tree grows in a garden to which I will guide you. As in the other garden, there are guards to pass; and when you have reached the tree, you will find near it two poles, one of gold, the other of wood. Be sure to take the wooden pole, which will enable you to reach the apple."

The simpleton entered the garden of the wonderful fruit, and passed the guards without being detected. When he reached the tree, the marvelous sight filled him with joy. In his eagerness to obtain the apple, he seized the golden pole and struck the tree. The noise awakened the guards, who rushed upon him and made him prisoner. When he had explained to the master how he came into his garden, the man said:—

"I will give you your liberty and the golden apple if you will bring me the horse that can travel around the earth in a day and a night."

The young man again sought the fox, who rebuked him for his heedlessness, and said that his advice was of little good to him if he would not follow it. At length, however, he said:—

"In a certain forest to which I will guide you, you will find the horse. About his neck will be two halters, one of gold, the other of hempen; lead him by the hempen halter, or his neighing will bring his keepers, and you will be punished."

The young man entered the forest, and searched till he found the horse. It was so handsome that the simpleton scorned to lead it by the hempen halter. But no sooner had he seized the golden halter than the animal's loud neighing brought its keepers to it. They bound the simpleton and conducted him to the owner of the horse, who listened to his story. When he had finished, the man said:—

"I desire a certain golden maiden who has never yet seen sun nor moon. Bring her to me, and you may keep the horse."

"I might find her," replied the young man, "if I were permitted to seek her on the golden horse."

The man asked what warrant he had that he would ever return. The simpleton vowed by the head of his father that though he did not find the maiden, he would bring back the animal.

The fox, being very patient, was persuaded to aid the youth once more. He again forgave his disobedience and guided him to the grotto where the maiden stood. She was all of shining gold and so beautiful that the young man stood enchanted before her.

"How can you," asked the fox, "surrender such a lovely maiden for a horse?" The young man replied that he had sworn by his father's head to do so. The fox then said that he thought he knew a way out of the difficulty, and he thereupon changed himself into a golden maiden so like the other that they could scarcely be told apart. The owner of the horse gladly made the exchange as he had agreed. He never knew the difference and was delighted with his treasure.

So the young man carried the wonderful vine back to his father, and the *real* golden maiden he made his wife.

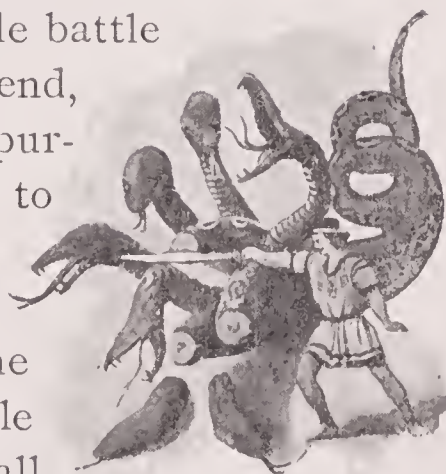
GREEK SECTION

THE SEVEN-HEADED SERPENT

THERE was once a king who was a great traveler. He delighted to fit out ships and to venture into unknown seas. Once, when the voyage had been longer than usual, he saw a beautiful island growing out of the water, and gave orders to land. When he and his men had gone ashore, they found under each of the tall trees which covered the island, ferocious lions, ready to attack them. A terrible battle ensued, in which the king lost many of his men, but in the end, all of the lions were killed. Then the king and his men pursued their way unmolested. Rich perfumes were wafted to them through the trees; and, hastening on, they soon came to a garden where every kind of flower in the world was blooming. A spring, flowing with gold, bubbled out of the earth; and a little farther on there was one of silver; while a third poured out pearls. When the men had gathered all of these treasures that they could carry, they wandered on through the lovely garden to its center, where they came to a clear lake. To their astonishment the lake spoke to them, and asked them if they knew their danger.

"Our king will devour you, if he sees you; and, as he has seven heads, you cannot hope to escape him. He is now asleep; but when he wakes he will come to me for his bath. If you will take off your clothes and put them on the ground for him to glide over, he may spare your lives, for he is very amiable when his path is made soft and comfortable."

The men hastened to disrobe, and strewed their garments from the lake to the castle where the seven-headed king was sleeping. After they



had waited several hours, the earth shook and opened in many places, and out of every opening came lions and wild beasts of various sorts. When they had all assembled about the castle, the king appeared and glided over the garments to the lake.

When he inquired how those soft things came there, the lake explained that some men had come from a strange country to do him homage. He ordered them brought to his presence; and when they were before him he asked if they did not know that he allowed no strangers on his island.

"But, because you have shown me unusual courtesy," said he, "I will permit you to depart, on condition that you send to me, each year, twelve youths and twelve maidens, whom I will eat in your stead. If you fail me, I will go to your country and devour all of the people."

Then he bade one of the beasts lead the men out of the garden; and they immediately set sail for their own country. On their arrival they related to the people all the strange things that had happened to them on the island of the seven-headed serpent.

When the time came for the sacrifice of the youths and maidens, the king sent word throughout the land, asking for those who were willing to die to save their country. Many more than the required number offered themselves; and so the ship was made ready, with sails of deepest black. When the youths and maidens had taken leave of their friends and embarked, it carried them to the island where the seven-headed serpent awaited them. The lions did not attack them when they landed, nor did the lake speak to them; but they had not waited long before the earth shook and the serpent rushed upon them. Each year the black-sailed ship brought its cargo of victims to the rapacious serpent, and the unhappy country mourned its youths and maidens.

At length the king and queen were growing old; and they grieved that they had no children to rule the kingdom after the king died. One day an old woman came to the queen and asked her why she was so sad. The queen told her it was because she was childless; thereupon the old woman gave her an apple and told her to dry her tears, for her desire should be gratified. Not long afterward a beautiful son was born to the queen, which brought great happiness to her heart and to that of the king. A pretty colt was born about the same time. It grew up with the king's son and they became constant playmates.

When the prince was nineteen years old, the king and queen both died and left him alone to rule over his unhappy country. Seeing him very sad, his horse one day said to him:—

"Send no more youths and maidens to the seven-headed serpent, or your country will be ruined. If you will allow me, I will take you

to a woman who will tell you how to overcome the beast which is devouring your people."

The prince mounted the horse, which carried him to a cavern in the side of a mountain, where at the entrance an old abbess sat spinning; about her were grouped several nuns who were employed in the same manner. In the sides of the wall, beds were hewn out of the stone, and here the nuns slept; and in the center of the chamber always burned a lamp, which they took turns in watching. If one of them allowed the light to go out she was put to death. This place was called the Spinning Convent, and here lived the old woman who had given the apple to the queen.

The king's son knelt to the old abbess and besought her to tell him how to kill the seven-headed serpent. She embraced him and replied:—

"I caused you and the horse that brought you here to be born that your wretched people might be saved. Do as I direct you, and their deliverance is near. Take with you a pack of cotton, and follow a passage which I will show to you that leads to the serpent's chamber. About his bed hang many bells which you are to fill with cotton, so that he will not be awakened by your approach. Over his head you will find the sword which alone can kill him, for it cannot be broken; and with this you will cut off his seven heads."

The prince thanked the abbess; and when she had blessed him, he started for the serpent's castle. He found the serpent asleep, and after carefully muffling the bells, as the abbess had directed, he took the sword from over his head and gave him a blow on the tail. The serpent awoke and sprang at him, but he struck off his heads as they came toward him, one after the other. When the beasts awoke and came to their king they found him lying dead; and the prince and his brave horse had long before departed.

Thus the king's son saved his people, and the black-sailed ship no longer carried youths and maidens to the seven-headed serpent.

ITALIAN SECTION

DON GIOVANNI DE LA FORTUNA

DON GIOVANNI DE LA FORTUNA inherited great riches and a splendid palace from his father; but in a few years he had spent all of the money, and was obliged to leave the house which his father had built and to wander forth into the world to seek his bread. This did not make him very unhappy, however, for he took his fortune as it came and never borrowed trouble.

One day when he was very hungry and was wondering who would give him food, for he had no money, he met in the road a pleasant man who stopped and spoke to him. After some conversation, the man asked him if he could be hired to let his hair and beard grow, and to go without washing or changing his clothes for three years, three months, and three days. Don Giovanni replied that he could easily consent to those conditions for a price, since, without money, he must remain ragged and dirty. This answer so pleased the merry man that he gave him a purse saying:—

“This purse is yours, and will, for the asking, always give you what money you require if you remember to keep our compact.” With this the man told him that he hoped he would enjoy what pleasure the purse brought him, and, laughing heartily, left him.

Now Don Giovanni had no idea that he had been talking with the devil, but such was the case. He at once wished for money, to see if the man had told him the truth, and looking into the purse he found it filled with gold. Then he kept on wishing until all his pockets were filled and he could carry no more.



After a time his hair and beard became matted and his clothes so soiled that people avoided him. At the inns they took him for a beggar and refused him food. He had not counted on all this discomfort when he accepted the purse from the devil, and he began to wonder if the money were really worth it. Thus he traveled on from city to city, seeing all the beautiful sights, but deriving very little pleasure from them. One morning he came to a fine palace, and sat on the steps to rest. The master came out and rudely ordered him to begone. He was so insolent that Don Giovanni resented his words, and remained where he sat, without replying.

“Leave my grounds, you filthy beggar! or I will set the dogs on you,” said the man in anger.

“I am not a beggar, and will buy your house and grounds, if you will sell them,” replied Giovanni.

The man laughed scornfully, and told him to follow him to a lawyer, thinking to have him arrested. To his surprise, Don Giovanni paid a large sum of money. Then a contract was drawn up, whereby the man was to receive the remainder in eight days.

At the end of that time the owner of the palace came to the inn where Don Giovanni was staying, and was told by him to take his money from the piles of gold which filled the room. He looked at the marvelous sight and begged to be allowed to break the contract, as he did not wish to part with his property. Don Giovanni would not consent, however, and the man was obliged to move his family to another

place, while the despised and ragged beggar occupied the beautiful palace.

Whenever he wanted money, he would say to the purse, "Dear purse, Don Giovanni wants money," and the purse would fill as fast as he could empty it. He amused himself by fitting out his palace in the most splendid fashion, and people now called him "eccentric." Stories of his great riches at last reached the king, who, being in need of money, sent to borrow from him. He at once loaded a wagon with sacks of gold and sent it to him. This being very much more than the king required, he took out the amount he had asked for and returned the remainder, but Don Giovanni would not consent to take it back.

"This man is so rich that I think we may marry one of our daughters to him," the king proposed to the queen.

As the queen approved, a messenger was sent to inform Don Giovanni that the king would honor him with the hand of his elder daughter, and to request a picture of him to show to the princess.

"Tell His Majesty that I am humbly grateful for his favor," he replied.

But when the princess saw the picture of the rich Don Giovanni, she declared she would never marry him. The king said he had no idea that the rich man was such a hideous person when he proposed him for her husband; but as he had given his royal word, and was so much indebted to the man, he did not see how he could break his promise.

"Not for all the debts nor promises in the world would I marry a disgusting beggar like that. You may have my head cut off, but I will never consent, never!" exclaimed the princess.

The queen sympathized with the princess, and the king was in despair, until his younger daughter came to him and said:—

"Do not be distressed, father; rather than let you break your word, I will marry Don Giovanni."

The king embraced her and expressed his gratitude, but her mother and sisters jeered at her.

The king sent to Don Giovanni to know when he desired the wedding to take place, so that it might be celebrated properly. To his great surprise, Don Giovanni named a day far distant. As the compact with the devil had not yet expired, Don Giovanni did not wish to present himself to the princess in his state of filth and rags. At length preparations for the wedding began, and when the day which was to bring the rich bridegroom arrived, the royal family went to the ship to meet him. The younger daughter leaned on her father's arm and tried not to appear unhappy, even when her sister and mother taunted her for marrying a repulsive beggar.

When Don Giovanni presented himself, they could not believe their eyes, for in the place of the disgusting object they expected to meet, was

a handsome and splendidly-dressed young man. The elder sister was so astonished and enraged that she fell into the sea and the queen jumped after her.

In due time Don Giovanni wedded the younger daughter and lived happily at the palace, and the king learned to love him like a son. When the king died, Don Giovanni was made ruler of the kingdom, and his magic purse always kept him and his queen supplied with all the gold they wanted.

CANNETELLA

FOR many years a king ruled over a country called Bella Puoja. He possessed great riches and power and would have been happy, except that he had no child to inherit his wealth or to rule when he was gone. This disappointment was shared by his wife, Renzolla. But when the king and queen had grown quite old, a daughter was born to them. They named her Cannetella; and she grew to be a beautiful girl and the delight of their lives. When she was eighteen years old, the king one day called her to him and said: —

“My child, before I die, I wish to see you married; but as your happiness is dearer to me than all else, I desire you to choose your own husband. If you are satisfied, it is all I ask.”

Cannetella thanked her father, and told him that she was perfectly content as she was, and had no wish to marry. The king urged her to consider that he was old, and might soon leave her; and that before he died he hoped to see an heir to the kingdom. Cannetella, not wishing to seem ungrateful for all the love and kindness her father had shown her, at last said: —

“Very well, dear father, as you so much desire it, I will consent; but if you wish me to marry you must find for me the handsomest man in the world, and he must be as wise and charming as he is beautiful.”

The king was delighted at her words, and at once set about finding a suitable husband. One day, while standing at the window, the king saw a man passing who was so handsome that he ordered him brought into the palace. A feast was set, and Cannetella was told to be present. While eating, the man clumsily let fall from his mouth an almond, which he picked up and hid under the tablecloth. When he had gone away, the king asked Cannetella how she liked him. She replied that he was both clumsy and ill mannered; and the king, hearing her answer, looked elsewhere.



Soon afterward he saw another equally handsome man passing the palace window, and bade his servants bring him in. When the stranger had been entertained like the first and had taken his departure, the king asked Cannelletta if this one pleased her any better. She replied that he was more awkward than the first, and that he required two servants to help him put on his cloak.

The king saw that his daughter did not mean to marry any one, and becoming angry, he bade her choose some one directly, as he meant to have an heir to the throne. She thereupon declared that she would marry no man unless one could be found whose head and teeth were made of gold. The king at once proclaimed that a man having a head and teeth of gold could have his daughter and his kingdom.

There was a great magician called Scioravante, who was the king's enemy. When he heard the proclamation, he called the evil spirits to his aid, and bade them make for him a head and teeth of gold. This they at first were unable to do, and suggested, instead, golden horns attached to his head. But the task was finally accomplished, and the magician appeared before the palace windows with head and teeth of finest gold. The king bade him enter, and told Cannelletta that he had found a husband such as she desired. He informed Scioravante that he might have his daughter and all the servants and horses that he wished.

The magician thanked the king and said he would gladly marry the daughter, but asked only one horse upon which to carry her to his kingdom, where everything she could desire awaited her. The king begged him to accept attendants befitting his daughter's station, but he would not be persuaded, and departed with the princess placed in front of him on his horse.

When they had journeyed all day, they came to a stable where the magician left Cannelletta and the horse in the same stall. Before leaving, he told her that he was going to his home, and that he would not come back for seven years. He bade her remain where she was and see no human being until he returned. Said he:—

“You will eat what the horse leaves; and do not disobey my commands.” With that he left the princess to weep in loneliness and misery, and to sigh for the luxury of her father's palace.

Several months passed by, and during that time invisible hands supplied the horse with food and water, on which the king's daughter was able to live. One day she discovered a crack in the wall, through which she could see flowers and fruits growing in a beautiful garden. She managed to escape from the stall and to enter the garden. There she gathered some of the delicious fruit which she ravenously ate. “No one will tell my husband,” thought she, “and what does it matter if he knows? I cannot be more wretched than I am.”

In a short time the magician returned, and the horse told him that the princess had disobeyed and gone into the garden. He was so enraged that he took a knife from under his cloak and was about to kill her, when she fell upon her knees and begged so piteously to be spared that he allowed her to go. Said he: —

“I am again about to leave you for seven years. This time if you disobey my commands, you shall die.”

The princess promised to do his bidding, and was again left to weep in the horse's stall. One day, when she had grown thin and weak from hunger, the king's cooper passed the stable. She saw him and called him to her. At first he did not recognize her, because she had so changed; but when she called him by name, and told him of her sufferings, he hid her in a barrel which he placed upon his mule's back, and thus carried her to her father's palace.

They arrived in the middle of the night, and made so much noise, knocking for admittance, that the king was awakened, and came to learn the cause of the disturbance. When Cannelletta crept from the barrel, the king could scarcely recognize the pale and miserable creature as his daughter. She told him her pitiful story, and he led her into the palace and had dainty food prepared for her. The king was filled with remorse that he had caused her all this suffering, but she consoled him, by saying that she had brought it on herself by wilfulness, and now asked only never to leave him again.

When Scioravante returned to the stable the horse told him that the princess had been carried away in a barrel, and he at once sought her in her father's palace. In the king's household was a wicked old woman, to whom the magician offered whatever she wished, if she would but aid him to see the king's daughter. She led him to a roof, whence he could look into the princess's window and see her combing her beautiful hair. Cannelletta happened to look out of the window, and saw her husband peering at her. She rushed to her father and told him to lock her in the room with seven iron doors, or the magician would destroy her. The old king was terribly alarmed, and hastened to secure his daughter from danger.

When the magician's plans had been thus frustrated, he sought the old woman and promised her whatever she wished, if she would again aid him. She promised to do whatever he required, and he then gave her a piece of paper, which he told her to slip under the princess's pillow, saying as she did so, “May every one in the palace, except the princess, fall asleep.” The old woman hid under the princess's bed, and when she had slipped the paper under her pillow, uttered the words as the magician had instructed her. Thereupon every one in the palace, except the princess, fell into a sound sleep.

Then Scioravante opened the seven doors, one after the other, and entered the chamber where the princess lay. She screamed with terror; but no one heard her cries, for all were under the magician's spell. Scioravante dragged her from the bed; but in the struggle the little piece of paper fell upon the floor, and every one in the palace immediately awoke and rushed to her rescue.

The wicked magician was put to death, and Cannetella lived happily ever after with the old king.

SPANISH SECTION

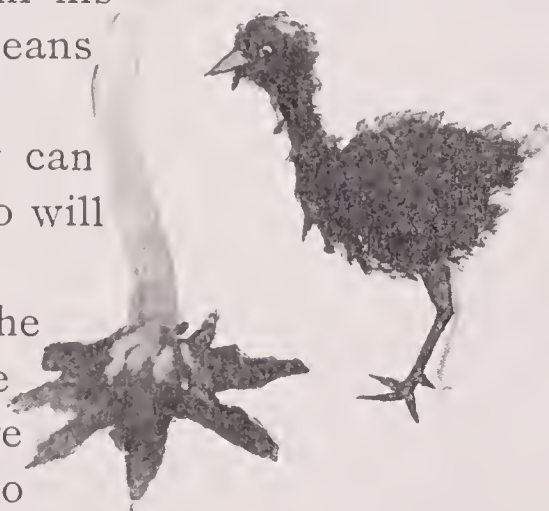
THE HALF-CHICK

A NICE black Spanish hen was the proud mother of a brood of thirteen chickens. They were all plump, downy little things, except the last to come out of its shell, which was the queerest looking chicken that was ever hatched. He had only one wing, one leg, one eye, and half a bill; and when his mother saw him emerge from his shell, she called him Medio Pollito, which in Spanish means half-chick.

"Whatever will happen to him," she cried, "and how can he escape his enemies, and fight the impudent cocks who will insult him?"

She kept him always near her, and gave him the choicest crumbs; but it was not very long before she discovered that her youngest born was very much more independent than any of his brothers and sisters, who were fine, healthy chickens. Medio Pollito would hop far away on his one leg, and when his mother called to him, would pretend that his one ear had not heard her. The mother-hen often took the whole brood to the field, where she taught them to scratch the earth for worms and seeds. His little brothers and sisters were obedient and learned the lesson, but Medio Pollito always got lost in the corn and caused them all the greatest anxiety. As he grew older, he grew more wilful and disdainful of control. He quarreled with his brothers and sisters, and said very rude things to his poor mother, who was in despair at his bad behavior. One day when she had rebuked him for wandering so far away that no one could find him, he looked at her with his one eye and replied:—

"Well! I'm tired of this old place; it is altogether too dull for me, and so I might as well tell you that I am going to Madrid."



"To Madrid! Why do you want to go to Madrid?" the mother asked in astonishment.

"To see the king, of course."

"My poor little Medio Pollito! You would never reach there. If you had two legs and both your wings, you would find the journey very long. Stay at home, where your mother can look after you, until you are a grown-up cock, at least."

His brothers and sisters joined in the mother's entreaties, and told him that he was not suited to go out into the world; but he haughtily disregarded their advice and hopped down the road without so much as bidding them good-bye. His mother ran after him, calling to him frantically to come back; but he paid no attention, and stumped on toward Madrid.

While crossing a field, he came to a stream that was choked with weeds and sticks. When he reached its bank, the water faintly murmured:—

"O, Medio Pollito, help me, I pray! Take away this rubbish that is choking me."

"I'm too busy to waste time here," he indifferently answered. "Ask some one else to help you who is not traveling to see the king."

He hopped on in his awkward way until he came to a spot where some gypsies had camped. A fire that was nearly out called to him in a weak voice:—

"In a moment more I would have died, Medio Pollito; but you have come just in time to put some leaves and sticks on me and save me."

"I have more important things to do than gather sticks for an old burnt-out fire," he cruelly answered, and continued on his way.

The next day, while jumping along on his one foot through a wood, the wind called to him from a chestnut tree:—

"Medio Pollito, come up here and help me. I am caught in this tree and its branches are torturing me."

"Well, stay there, for all I care! I am hastening to Madrid to see the king."

The wind moaned after him, but he took no more heed; for in the distance he saw the towers of the king's palace. In his joy of having finally reached his journey's end, he forgot his fatigue. Jumping on his one leg and flapping his one wing in delight, he soon reached the palace. Soldiers were standing at the gates, and he knew this was where the king would pass out. Fearing he might be too late to get a sight of His Majesty that morning, he made a short cut through the grounds and passed the kitchen. The cook saw him, and before he could escape had him in his clutch.

"Here is some broth for the king!" exclaimed the cook, throwing Medio Pollito into a pot.

"O, Water, help me, I pray! You are choking me so I cannot breathe!" cried the half-chick. But the water replied:—

"When I called to you in the meadows to help me, you would not; now I, too, have business with the king." Then the fire blazed, and he called out in agony:—

"Fire, Fire, do not burn me! In a minute more I shall die!" But the fire made answer:—

"I have more important things to do than bother about the cries of a half-chick."

Just as he felt that he could not live another minute, the cook lifted the cover and looked in.

"This is no kind of bird to serve to the king," exclaimed he, and snatching Medio Pollito from the pot, he disgustedly threw him out of the window. Before he touched the ground the wind caught him up and bore him away from the palace, just as the king passed through the gates!

"O, Wind, do not carry me away from the king! Not so fast! You are torturing me!"

"You would not listen to me when I cried to you from the chestnut tree," replied the wind.

With an angry gust, it tossed the almost lifeless half-chick over the roofs of the houses; and when he was nearly dead from fright and lack of breath, left him on the top of the highest church steeple. With his one useless wing, Medio Pollito could never fly down, and there he still stands on his one leg, while his one eye looks sadly out over the king's palace.

PORTUGUESE SECTION

WHAT CAME OF PICKING FLOWERS

ONCE upon a time three beautiful sisters lived with their mother and little brother. One day, while walking in the meadow, the eldest daughter saw a pink growing by the stream. She reached out her hand to pluck the flower, and as she touched it, she vanished from sight.

The next day the second daughter went to the meadow to seek her sister. Some lovely roses grew in her path, and tempted her to pick them. Her fingers no sooner touched the branch than she disappeared.

When the two sisters did not return, the youngest sought them in the meadow. Some white jessamine beguiled her; and the widow was left

to mourn the loss of her three daughters. She wept day after day until the little boy had grown to be a tall youth.

Then one day he asked his mother why she always grieved. When she told him how his sisters had gone away and never returned, he asked her blessing and vowed he would search the world for them. Bidding his mother farewell, he journeyed some distance without adventures. One day, however, he encountered in the road three big boys who were angrily disputing. He asked what the quarrel was about, and one of them explained.

"Our father, who is dead, bequeathed to us a cap which will make the wearer invisible, a pair of boots, having power to carry the one who puts them on wherever he wishes to go, and a key that will unlock all the doors in the world. Our eldest brother claims all three, and we demand the right to draw lots for them."

The youth proposed to settle the dispute for them, and they agreed. He then stooped and picked up a stone from the roadside. "The one who first reaches this stone, shall have all three treasures," he declared, and threw it as far as he could. While the three brothers were racing to the stone, he hastily took the cap and key, and putting on the boots, wished himself where his eldest sister might be found. In a moment he was standing before the barred gates of a castle, which crowned the top of a high mountain. His key unlocked the gates and doors until he found himself in a rich chamber. A beautiful woman cried out as he entered, and started to flee. He told her she had no cause for fear, as he was her brother, and had come in search of her. When he had related by what means he had been enabled to discover her, she confided to him that she was not happy.

"My husband, whom I dearly love, is under a spell," said she, "and until a man who cannot die is killed, he will not be released."

They talked some time, and then the sister said she feared her husband would return and be angry that any one had entered the castle. The youth thereupon put on his invisible cap. Soon after, the door opened, and a bird flew in and lit in a golden basin which his sister held. Immediately after, a handsome man stood before them.

"Who is in this room?" asked he.

His wife at first feared to tell him, and then confessed the truth. The youth took off his invisible cap, and when the man saw his resemblance to his sister, he believed their story. He welcomed the brother and gave him a feather from his bird's skin.

"When in danger," said he, "call on the King of the Birds, and no harm will befall you."

The youth thanked him and took his leave. As soon as he was outside of the castle, he wished to be taken to his second sister. The next

moment the boots had carried him to another castle, where he found his sister to be its lovely mistress. She would have been very happy but that her husband also was under a spell. Half the time he was a fish, and she longed for the power to set him free.

The second sister's husband greeted the youth with affection. On his departure he gave him a fish-scale, saying, "When in danger, call on the King of the Fishes, and I will not fail you."

The young man thanked him and departed. When outside the gates, he bade the boots take him to his youngest sister. Instead of a handsome castle, such as her sisters dwelt in, he found her in a dark and lonely cavern. On the floor sat the pale girl sobbing bitterly. When she saw him, she ran to him and begged that he would take her from the dreadful place. She was overjoyed when she learned that the youth was her brother, who had vowed to find her. She related to him how a terrible monster had carried her off from the water meadow, and kept her prisoner all these years.

"Each day," said she, "he comes to ask me to marry him, and says I must in the end consent, as he can never die."

These words recalled to the young man what had been told him of the spell which held his two brothers-in-law.

"Consent to marry the old man, if he will first tell you why he cannot die," he advised his sister.

While the youth and sister were talking, the earth trembled, and in a few moments the monster entered the cave. He threw himself at the girl's feet and besought her to be his wife.

"Your tears will never cause me to release you, and I shall never die," he told her.

"If I promise to marry you, will you tell me why you cannot die?" she asked. The monster laughed until the cavern shook.

"I can safely tell you, for the secret would never enable you to destroy me," he at length replied. "Inside an iron chest at the bottom of the sea is a white dove. In the bird's nest is an egg with which you can dash out my brains, and which alone can kill me. Now I have told you my secret, and you must marry me." The monster continued to laugh, and boasted that no one could possibly find the means to kill him.

The girl begged that the wedding might be put off for three days, and the monster promised to leave her in peace. As soon as he had gone, the brother took off his cap and put on the magic boots.

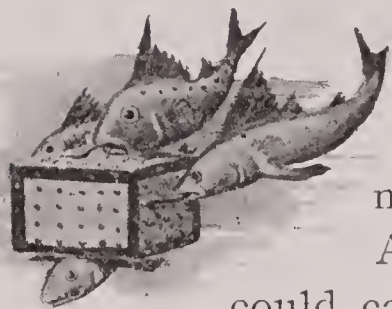
"In three days, I will return and set you free," he told his sister.

In a moment the magic boots had carried him to the seashore, and taking the fish-scale, he called his brother-in-law to his aid. He came at once, and the youth told him of the monster whom his youngest sister had promised to marry, and of the iron box at the bottom of the sea.



The brother-in-law listened to the story, then called to him all the fishes of the deep. A little sardine arrived last.

"Pardon my being late," said she, "but I hit my head against an iron box at the bottom of the sea."



The King of the Fishes commanded the sardine to guide several of his subjects to the box. In a short time they returned with it laid across their backs. The youth took the magic key and opened it, while the fishes crowded around. As the lid opened, the white dove flew out, and before they could catch it, was gone.

The youth was in despair, until he remembered the feather which his sister's husband had given him.

"Come, King of the Birds, and help me," he cried; and in an instant he was at his side, asking what he could do for him. The youth begged him to find the white dove which had flown away. The King of the Birds commanded all of his subjects to come to him. There was a great fluttering sound, and last of all came hurrying a little white dove.

"Pardon me for being late; I was entertaining an old friend in my nest," he panted.

The King of the Birds ordered the dove to lead the young man to his nest. The dove at once obeyed, and when they came to the nest they there found the egg, which was to break the spell and set the youngest sister free.

Putting the egg in his pocket, he bade the boots carry him to the cavern. When he reached there, the monster was urging the girl to keep her promise, as the third day had nearly passed. The girl was weeping bitterly; but when the monster reached out his arms to clasp her, the youth rushed into the cavern and dashed the egg against his horrible head. He rolled over with a groan that shook the earth, and died.

The husbands of the two elder sisters at once resumed their natural forms. They sent for the mother, and held a feast of rejoicing. In the cavern were jewels and treasures which the youngest sister divided with her brother, and they were all rich to the end of their days.

FRENCH SECTION

CINDERELLA, OR THE LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER

THERE was once a little girl whose mother died. She was lonely, for she had neither brothers nor sisters to console her. Her father soon married again. The new wife, who proved to be a cruel woman, had two daughters as haughty and unkind as herself. The little girl was so pretty that she at once incurred the envy and hatred of her stepmother, whose own daughters were very plain. She was made to wash dishes and to scrub and to do the work of a servant, while her stepsisters played all day or quarreled with each other. She was now more unhappy than before. Her father was so entirely ruled by his new wife and her daughters that he took no notice of his own forlorn little girl. She was never praised nor petted, and when her work was done, she would shrink away from the others into the chimney corner, among the cinders and ashes, so that they mockingly called her Cinderwench, or Cinderella.

Little Cinderella, unthanked and harshly treated, served her stepmother and the two ugly daughters, brushed their clothes, and mended their laces, and daily grew more beautiful. When she had grown to be quite a young woman, the king's son gave a ball, to which all the people of quality were invited. The stepmother and her daughters were delighted, and when they received the royal invitation were more over-bearing than before. For days they talked of nothing else, and tried on one pretty dress after another, only to discard them all as unbecoming. Little Cinderella served and worked for them, as usual, and was ordered about and scolded for her pains. She cheerfully stood for hours rearranging their stubborn hair, until her arms ached and her pretty feet were tired.

At last the night of the ball came. The sisters were squeezed into new silken dresses and covered with jewels and laces. But all of this adorning failed to make them pretty. As they saw in the glass their ugly reflections, which no amount of fine raiment could very much improve, they vented their bad temper on patient Cinderella. Their unkindness caused the tears to come to the child's eyes, at which they taunted her with being jealous of their rich apparel, and with whimpering because she could not go to the prince's ball.



"Imagine a cinderwench at Court!" laughed the elder and more cruel sister, as she climbed into the coach.

Cinderella gazed after them as they were driven away. The excitement and confusion was ended; and now, left alone, she wept and gave way to the grief that was bursting her tender heart.

"No one loves me!" sobbed she. "In all the world, no one loves me."

"Thou hast forgotten thy godmother!" said a voice at her side; and looking up, she beheld the kind face of her fairy godmother. "Thy godmother loves thee. Dry thine eyes and do as thou art told, and thou shalt be happy."

First, the fairy godmother bade her bring a yellow pumpkin. By a touch of her wand it became a gilded coach. Next a trap containing six mice was brought. As each mouse was permitted to jump through the door, a tap of the wand transformed it into a handsome gray horse. A bearded rat became the coachman, and six lizards instantly found themselves changed into six footmen in gorgeous liveries. Then, turning to Cinderella, the fairy godmother laid the wand upon her, and behold! her rags were turned into cloth of gold bedecked with sparkling jewels; and on her feet were the prettiest pair of little glass slippers that maiden ever wore.

"Now," said the fairy godmother, "thou canst go to the prince's ball, befitting the occasion and thy beauty. But mind, come away before the clock strikes twelve, or thy coach will be a pumpkin, thy horses mice, and thy coachman a bearded rat; thy footmen will turn to lizards, and thy dress of gold to the rags thou hast just left off."

Cinderella faithfully promised to do as her godmother bade her, and gayly drove away. When she arrived at the king's palace, all the people stopped dancing to gaze at her, so beautiful she appeared. The young prince immediately led her to a seat of honor, and afterward danced with her and sat beside her at supper. Her stepsisters trod on each other's skirts trying to get nearer to her, for they had no idea that this lovely creature in such regal attire was their own despised little cinderwench. When she danced, the people marveled at her grace, and even the old king declared her the fairest lady he had ever seen. While the young prince was asking her if she would come to the ball the next night, the clock struck eleven and three-quarters, and she hastened to make her adieux.

On reaching home she told her godmother how happy she had made her for this one evening, and of the prince's desire that she should attend his ball the following night. The stepsisters talked all of the next day of the beautiful unknown princess who had smiled on them so kindly.

" Might I not see her ? " shyly asked Cinderella. " Could I not wear one of your old dresses and go to the prince's ball ? " But the selfish sisters only laughed at her contemptuously.

That night they again attended the ball at the palace. Cinderella was there, also, more splendidly dressed than before. The young prince scarcely left her side; he complimented her dancing and her beauty, and said so many pleasant things to her that she quite forgot her godmother's injunctions. Suddenly, to her dismay, the clock commenced to strike the midnight hour. She fled so precipitately that she left behind her one of her little glass slippers. The prince picked it up and followed quickly after, but the beautiful maiden had vanished. The guards were asked if they knew which way the unknown princess had gone; but they all declared they had seen no one pass the gates, except a ragged little wench.

Inquiries were made far and near, and, all failing, the king's son proclaimed that he would marry the one whose foot the little glass slipper would fit. The princesses, duchesses, and all the ladies of the court and country tried in vain to put on the slipper. At last it was brought to the two sisters. They struggled for the prize until their faces were red, but they likewise failed.

" Let me try, " said Cinderella.

The sisters laughed derisively, but seeing that the little wench was very comely, the ambassadors told her to sit down and take her chance for the prince's favor. Great was their astonishment when her foot easily slipped into this fairy shoe, but greater still when she produced its mate from her pocket where it was concealed, and placed it upon the other foot.

At this moment the fairy godmother appeared, and touching Cinderella with her wand, transformed her into the charming princess they had so admired. Her stepsisters prostrated themselves at her feet and begged to be forgiven. Being altogether kind and sweet, Cinderella embraced them and told them she desired only that they should love her now. Thus she was led to the happy prince, who wooed her with great ardor; and in a few days the little cinderwench became the wife of the king's son.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

[From *Andrew Lang and Mme. Villeneuve*]

A MERCHANT who was very rich suddenly met with misfortune on every side; his houses were burned, his ships were lost at sea, and his whole fortune vanished. All that he had left was a miserable cottage, many leagues from the city where he had lived; it was situated far from other dwellings, in a dense forest, where people seldom came.

To this desolate place he was forced to take his six sons and six daughters. They were now so poor that they had no servants and were obliged to work. The sons cut trees in the forest or toiled in the fields to provide their food and scant clothing; while the daughters cooked and cleaned and mended and deplored the sad change in their fortunes. Their complaints and discontent only added to their father's troubles, and he often wept that he could no longer provide the luxuries to which they had been accustomed. At these times his youngest daughter would seek to console him by caresses and the assurances that she regretted nothing so long as he was with them. This daughter, unlike the others, was gentle and unselfish, and so extremely pretty that she was always called Beauty.

After they had lived in this lonely place long enough to grow somewhat accustomed to privations and rough fare, there one day came news that one of the ships which they had supposed lost, had reached port richly laden. Its cargo was said to be of such great value as to restore in part their wealth. The father at once set out to confirm the glad news and to make preparations for placing his unhappy family in pleasanter surroundings. Before leaving, his older daughters burdened him with commissions for jewels and rich gifts on his return, but the youngest stood silent and sorrowful at his departure. Seeing her thus, the father asked what he could bring to her.

"I wish only for your safe return," she answered cheerfully.

Feeling, however, that he could not bring presents to her sisters and not to her, the father insisted that she name something she would care to have.

"It has been so long since I have seen a rose, that the gift of one would most please me," at last confessed Beauty.

So the father started on his journey, expectant and hopeful, pledged to return with costly gifts for the selfish daughters, and with a rose for Beauty. On arriving at the town where he had once lived, and where he now hoped to again enjoy some of his former luxuries, he found that his ship and cargo had been sold and the proceeds divided between his former companions, who believed him dead. After many months wasted in vain attempts to obtain his rights, he was forced to return disappointed, and even more destitute than when he left his dreary cottage. Weak and cold, he at last reached the edge of the forest that contained his home. The snow was falling heavily, and the cold penetrated his poor raiment; but he pushed on, anxious to reach his home and children. When night came, his poor horse could carry him no farther; and he sought shelter in the hollow trunk of a great tree. All through the night, wild beasts prowled about and the storm raged; and when daylight at last returned, the road was lost in a far-reaching mantle of snow. For many

hours he toiled on, not knowing the proper direction. Faint and nearly exhausted, he at length came to an avenue of orange trees. No snow had fallen here; the air was soft and warm, and flowers bloomed.

Following this sweet-scented avenue, he soon found himself before the agate steps of a beautiful castle. Its doors were open; but no one appeared to welcome or reject him, so he entered. After passing through many splendid rooms, he came to one where a luxurious couch was drawn beside a pleasant fire. Thinking to recline here till some one should come, he at once fell asleep. When he awoke he was astonished to find that a table had been placed beside him whereon was a bounteous feast. Not having eaten for many hours, he appeased his hunger, without waiting to be bidden, and then went in search of his invisible host. Each splendid hall and chamber was unoccupied. At last, finding neither master nor servant in all this wonderful palace, he came to the happy conclusion that Providence had given it to him. His first thought, of course, was the pleasure he could give to his children. Wishing them to share his new-found luxury without delay, he started at once to find his horse and fetch them to it. Beside the path that led to the stable, where his faithful animal had been cared for and fed, grew roses of every color. As he passed, their fragrant branches reached out and held him captive. He was reminded of his promised gift to Beauty, and selected a rose of richest color and perfume. He had just broken the stem when a terrible voice accosted him, and turning, he beheld a frightful beast. It was much bigger than a man and had tusks and claws.

"Who gave you permission to rob my garden?" it demanded in a voice of rage. "I shelter you in my castle and give you food, and you repay me by plucking my choicest blossoms."

The Beast came toward him in such a threatening manner that he dropped the rose and fell upon his knees.

"Pardon me," he implored, "I meant to take only one. My other daughters asked more than I could procure for them, but I thought this rich garden could well spare one rose for Beauty."

The Beast's anger was very great; but when the merchant had told him of his journey and disappointment he was somewhat appeased.

"You deserve to die for your ingratitude, but I will spare your life on one condition. If one of your daughters will come here and stay, you shall go free."

The merchant pleaded that he could not ask one of his daughters to make such a sacrifice; but the Beast bade him go to his room and await his orders. There a rich supper was brought to him, but he was too distressed to eat. In the evening the Beast came to him and said:—

"At sunrise a golden bell will summon you. Get up and go to the courtyard where a horse will be in waiting to carry you to your home.

Take a rose to Beauty, and come back in a month. Do not hope to escape me, for if you are not here at the end of that time, I shall not fail to find you and fetch you back. Now see if one of your daughters cares enough for you to save your life."

The Beast then left the unhappy merchant to his gloomy thoughts. All through the night he was tortured by sad forebodings, and welcomed the summons of the golden bell. Before departing he hastened to the garden and plucked a rose for Beauty, as the Beast had bidden him to do. Mounting a fine horse that stood waiting, he was carried so swiftly away that the palace was soon left far behind.

When he reached home his sons and daughters were overjoyed at his return. Seeing his handsome horse and rich mantle, they supposed his quest had been successful. They plied him with eager questions, until he was at last compelled to tell them all that had occurred to him. Giving the rose to Beauty, he said:—

"This, dear daughter, has cost us very dear. In a month I must leave you, not to return."

The daughters upbraided Beauty for this unfortunate plight, and the sons declared the father should not leave them. "We will go out and slay the Beast," they said. But as the merchant had given his word to return he would not be dissuaded.

"As I have caused this trouble, it is my place to go," said Beauty.

The father protested, but Beauty was firm and said she would not permit him to give his life for hers, and when the month had passed, she gave her poor belongings to her sisters and said good-bye.

The same horse which brought the merchant home carried him and Beauty back to the Beast. Swiftly they sped through the forest, and just at dusk arrived at the castle. Wonderful colored lights ornamented the fountains and gardens; soft music broke upon their ears, and the palace blazed a welcome. Beauty was so enraptured by the charming sight that she forgot to be frightened. Alighting from the horse, they went into the room the father had before occupied, where they found a delicious supper awaiting them. In spite of their apprehensions, the ride had given them an appetite. Just as they had finished eating, the sound of the Beast's footsteps was heard. Beauty awaited with quaking heart what would next happen. The Beast entered and bade them good evening.

"Good evening," replied Beauty, quite bravely, while her father was too agitated to speak.

"Did you come of your own accord?" he asked. "Are you willing that your father should leave you here?" Beauty replied that her only regret was being separated from her family, and that she was happy to live in such a beautiful place. Her courage and cheerfulness so pleased

the Beast that it seemed to Beauty his tone was almost kind when next he spoke.

"In the next room," said he, "you will find two trunks which you may fill with gifts for your brothers and sisters. Take all you wish, for nothing is too precious in exchange for yourself." Then, turning to the father, he told him that the next morning the same horse would carry him away, and that he must not expect ever to return.

When he had gone, the merchant began to weep. To divert him, although her own heart was sad, Beauty suggested that they go at once and select the gifts which he was to take back with him. In the next room they found the most wonderful store of dresses and jewels that they had ever seen. Beauty took great pleasure in portioning to each sister a rich share. They then opened a large chest and found it heaped with gold.

"This," said Beauty, "is what will most benefit you. We will fill the trunks with gold."

Take as much as they would, the store of gold was not exhausted; there was always room in the trunks; and at last they put in the dresses and jewels for the sisters. By this time the trunks were so heavy that they could not be moved; so they locked them, and went into the next room where breakfast waited, for they had spent the whole night engrossed in the treasures. After they had eaten, the golden bell rang, and they went to the courtyard below. There they found two horses waiting, one of them laden with the two trunks which they had packed during the night. Father and daughter clung to each other in a long embrace, and at last said good-bye. Then the merchant got on his horse which swiftly carried him away.

Beauty went back to the room, and for the first time gave way to her grief, for she never expected to see her father again. She wept until sleep finally overcame her; then she dreamed that she was walking in a garden where roses grew, and that she met a handsome prince. When he spoke, his voice was so tender that she listened

"Do not leave me," he said; "try to make me happy."

"How can I make you happy, prince?" asked Beauty.

"Be grateful for kindness shown you, and seek to save me from a terrible fate," he replied. Then she dreamed that the prince vanished and a beautiful lady appeared and told her that great happiness was hers, if she could only see it, and that she must not be deceived by appearances.

A clock called her name, and she awoke. Getting up, she found a dressing table, on which were beautiful jeweled articles for her toilet. When she had combed her hair and arranged her dress, she found that dinner had been laid for her in the next room. Having to eat alone, she soon finished, and sat pondering on her strange dream. At

length, growing lonely, she wandered through the rooms of the palace. They were so many and so wonderful that Beauty thought she would never be able to explore them all. In one she found a bracelet set with precious stones. She opened it, and to her great astonishment found that it contained a portrait of the prince whom she had seen in her dream. She studied the beautiful features for a long time, and then timidly put the bracelet on her arm.

The next room had its walls covered with fine pictures; and among them was a life-size painting of the handsome prince, just as he had appeared to her in her dream. There was also a library containing more books than she could ever read, and a music room where she sang and played and forgot that she was alone in a great palace, guarded by a hideous beast.

The daylight faded, and soft lights gleamed in all the rooms. Then she went back to her chamber and found that supper had been prepared for her. In the evening the Beast came and asked her how she had amused herself during the day, and if she could content herself in his palace. Before leaving he asked:—

"Beauty, will you marry me?" She was too frightened to reply, and he said, "Do not fear to answer frankly, yes or no."

"No, Beast," Beauty then replied; and the beast said good night and left her.

She went to bed and again dreamed of the handsome prince; but this time he came and reproached her for her unkindness.

The next morning she went to the garden, and wandered among the roses. At the end of an avenue of myrtle-trees she came to a spot which seemed strangely familiar, yet she knew she had not been there before. Then she remembered that it was in a place like this where she had first seen the Prince in her dream.

What delighted Beauty even more than the palace or the beautiful gardens, was some parrots and cockatoos which talked to her and called her by name. She kept the gaudy creatures in the room to amuse her while she ate, so that she would not feel so lonely. Every night before she went to bed the Beast came and asked her if she would marry him. When she told him no, he always seemed sad, and left her without reply. Thus the days passed, and every night she dreamed of the handsome prince.

After a time Beauty pined to see her father and brothers and sisters, and grew so very sad that the birds and the flowers and the beautiful palace failed to amuse her. When the Beast saw that she was unhappy, he asked her the cause. His gruff voice and ugly face no longer frightened her, for she had learned that he had a very kind heart; so she frankly told him that she sorrowed for her home and family.

"Would you leave me, Beauty?" the Beast sorrowfully asked; and, somehow, Beauty thought of the prince who visited her every night in her dreams and reproached her that she did not love him. Timidly she asked if she might not visit her family.

"I cannot refuse anything you ask," said the Beast; only come back at the end of two months, or you will find me dead. Take everything you wish with you. When you desire to come back, say good-bye to your father and brothers and sisters at night. Then, on going to bed, turn this ring which I shall place upon your finger, and say that you wish to return to your Beast. Do not wait too long or he will not be here to greet you."

Beauty joyfully prepared for her journey, and then went to bed. She dreamed that she saw the prince stretched upon the ground, weeping. When she asked him the cause of his grief, he replied, "Are you not going to leave me now?" Then she awoke, and to her joy found herself at home, and in the room with her the boxes which she had packed the night before. She dressed hurriedly, and rushed out to greet her father, whose voice she heard. They were all happy to see her again.

Her father and brothers would not leave her side, and her sisters never tired of hearing of her beautiful clothes and the palace in which she lived.

They were now rich, and no longer lived in the lonely cottage in the wood, but in a town where they had plenty of acquaintances. The sisters had so much to amuse them that they did not seem to care when Beauty told them that she could not remain with them; but her brothers and father were very sad. Beauty one day confided to her father her dreams of the prince and the lady who told her not to mind appearances. "What do you think they mean?" she asked him. After meditating a long time, he told her he thought it meant that as the Beast was so kind to her, she should not mind his gruff voice and hideous face, but should try to love him. Beauty thought of the handsome prince, and felt that she could not do as her father advised.

At length the two months had passed. Beauty delayed saying good-bye to her family until one night she had a frightful dream. It seemed that she was walking in the palace garden, and came upon the poor Beast who was stretched upon the ground moaning. A beautiful lady came to her and said, "This is because you did not keep your promise." Beauty was so terrified that, in the morning, she announced to her family her intention of leaving them. That night she said good-bye to her brothers and sisters and to her father. Before going to sleep she turned the ring upon her finger as the Beast had told her, and said, "I wish to go back to my palace and my Beast again." Then she fell asleep.

In the morning she was awakened by the clock calling her name, and found herself once more in her own lovely room in the palace. She enjoyed seeing the birds and gardens again, and the palace was more beautiful than she had thought. The day passed without her having seen the Beast, and when at night he failed to come, she became frightened and went to the garden in search of him. She anxiously called his name, but he did not reply. After seeking everywhere, she came to a path like the one in her dream, and just at the entrance of a cave lay the Beast. She ran to him and laid her hand upon his head, but he did not move. Seeing that he still breathed, she fetched some water and sprinkled it over his face. At last he commenced to revive, and she exclaimed: —

“Dear Beast, I never knew how much I loved you until I thought you were dead.”

“O, Beauty,” faintly replied the Beast; “I thought you had forgotten your promise, and had left me to die. Go back now to the palace; I will soon come to you.” Beauty did as he told her, and in a little while he joined her, as he had said.

He asked her if she had enjoyed her visit, and she told him of all that had occurred during the two months she had been with her family. After they had talked a long time, the Beast asked, as he had done so many times before, “Beauty, will you marry me?” But this time Beauty answered, “Yes, dear Beast.”

Instantly there was a great blaze of light about the palace and noise of celebration. Across the avenue of orange trees these words were written in fireflies, “Long live the prince and his bride!” Turning to the Beast, Beauty saw in his place the handsome prince. At that moment a chariot arrived, and two stately women got out. One was the lady she had seen in her dreams, and she was saying to the other, “Queen, this lovely girl has rescued your son from his enchantment. They love each other, and only await your consent to be made happy.”

The queen embraced Beauty, and thanked her for restoring the prince. “I gladly consent to your marriage,” said she, “and am happy to have such a lovely daughter.” The fairy congratulated them, and pledged herself to their service. Beauty and the prince were married the next day. There was never a more splendid celebration, and the brothers and sisters danced at the wedding.

PRINCE DARLING

[From *Cabinet des Fées*]

THERE was once a young king so beloved by his subjects that they always called him the Good King. No one in distress ever appealed to him in vain, and he was kind to people and animals alike.

While hunting one day, a white rabbit ran to him to escape the dogs which were chasing it. The frightened animal sat trembling on his arm, and looked at him with pleading eyes. "I will protect you, little bunny," said the king. "Do not be afraid." Then he carried it home with him, and gave it food and a pretty, warm house to live in.

That same evening, while he was sitting alone, a lady, wearing a long white dress and a wreath of white roses upon her hair, suddenly appeared before him. The king was greatly surprised, and asked her how she came to be in the room and who she was. She told him that she was the fairy Truth. Said she:—

"I wished to discover if you were really as good as the people say. That you might not know me, I took the form of a white rabbit and sought your protection in danger. Now I know that you are indeed a good king, and I will be your friend as long as you live. Ask of me what you will and I will grant it."

"I ask nothing for myself," replied the king, "but I have an only son who is dearer to me than all else. Be his friend, and I will be happy."

"Choose what you will for him," said the fairy; "he shall be the handsomest prince in the world, or the richest."

The king then told the fairy that he did not ask for his son riches or power, but the happiness which came from well-doing. "Make him the best prince in the world," said he, "and I will be content."

The fairy told the king that the prince must help her to do that. She promised to advise him always, and show him his faults; but she said that unless the prince would listen to her, and really wished to be good, she had not the power to make him so.

The king felt quite sure that Prince Darling, as he always called his dearly beloved son, needed only the fairy's good counsel, and would always heed it.

Not long after this the good king died. Prince Darling grieved very much and would not be comforted, for he loved his father better than anything else in the world, and would have given his kingdom if he might come back to him. A few days after the king's death, the prince



had gone to bed and was weeping bitterly. Suddenly the fairy Truth appeared at his bedside and told him not to be sad any longer.

"I have come to teach you how to be happy, for I promised the good king, your father, that I would be your friend." She then placed upon his finger a little gold ring. "Wear this always," said she, "and heed its warning. When you are about to do a bad deed, it will prick your finger; desist, and you will always be as was your father, good and happy. But if you fail to be guided by this little mentor, and continue in wrongdoing, you will lose my friendship." Before the prince could reply, the fairy had disappeared.

For a long time the prince had no occasion to think of what the fairy had said to him or of the ring, except as he saw it on his finger. He forgot his own grief in helping others, and grew so merry that people called him Prince Darling, the Happy. One day, however, he lost his temper. He had been hunting and was disappointed in the sport. While in this mood his little dog jumped on him in play. He brushed the frolicsome animal aside; but, not understanding, it persisted in annoying him. Finally, losing all patience, he kicked the dog so violently that it yelped with pain. Immediately the ring gave his finger a severe prick. He sat down in astonishment to think what it meant.

"I suppose the fairy is laughing at me," he thought.

A voice at once answered him, "I am not laughing at you, but grieving that you do not remember my words. Though a prince, you should not be cruel to a helpless animal who loves and trusts you. The only happiness to be gained in being ruler of a great kingdom is the kindness you can show to every creature in your power, be it a little dog or a human being."

The prince now felt very much ashamed of himself. He was not bad at heart, but had been spoiled when a little boy by an indulgent nurse, who foolishly thought that he must never be denied, because some day he would be a king. When he wanted anything, he had but to cry, and it was at once given him, so now he had to correct and govern the wilfulness and impatience which had grown with him.

For some time after his first reminder by the ring he tried very hard to observe its warnings; but in time it grew so troublesome, and so constantly pricked his finger, that he threw it aside. Then he no longer restrained himself, but indulged in every wild and foolish pastime. In time he grew so cruel and wicked that his subjects ceased to love him. At first they refused to believe the stories told of him, until he grew so heedless that no one could defend him.

Living in his kingdom was a young shepherdess, so exceedingly beautiful that when the prince saw her he at once determined to marry her. Thinking that one in her lowly station would be only too happy to be his

wife, he did not hesitate to ask her. The pretty shepherdess, whose name was Celia, told the prince that she must decline the honor. He was greatly astonished at her answer and wanted to know if she disliked him.

"You are very handsome, sire, and could give me all in the world that I desire; but of what use are fine jewels and great riches, if your deeds are evil, and I cannot love you?"

This only made the prince love the shepherdess the more. When he saw that nothing would induce her to marry him, because she thought him wicked and unworthy, he became angrier than he had ever been in his life. His passion was so violent that his flatterers fled from his presence. Stung and humiliated that a shepherdess should spurn his love, he longed to punish her. He had her brought to the palace and imprisoned, but her goodness and beauty overcame his evil intent. At last he made up his mind to leave off his sinfulness, and to win her by living a clean life.

Among his wicked companions the prince had a foster-brother, whose flatteries and evil counsel were most harmful. When he heard of the prince's resolution, he laughed at him for being a lovesick boy.

"What will your subjects do if they learn that a little shepherdess does what she likes with their prince? Keep her in prison, sire, and feed her on bread and water. If she is too long obstinate, make her an example to other rebellious subjects, and have her head cut off."

The beautiful girl had touched the prince's better nature, and he wanted to mend his ways for her sake; but knowing that his subjects thought him wicked, he dared not appear weak to them as well, lest he should lose all power. So he yielded to temptation, and supped and drank with his base companions, who, when he was excited with too much wine, taunted him with his love for Celia. "The shepherdess laughs at the love of the prince," they told him. Hurt and infuriated, he rushed to the chamber where Celia was imprisoned, determined to be revenged for all she had made him suffer. To his great astonishment, he found the chamber empty and the fair prisoner gone.

There was in his court a good old nobleman, named Suliman. He had been Prince Darling's tutor, and in spite of wrongdoing, loved him still. Being as brave as he was good, he dared to admonish and censure the young prince when others flattered. Not liking to have his faults told him, the young prince became estranged from his old tutor; but his pleasure-loving companions still feared the influence of Suliman over the prince, and longed to be rid of him. The escape of Celia afforded them an opportunity. By lies and deceits they convinced the prince that the old nobleman had aided the girl in her flight. The enraged prince ordered his old friend and tutor brought to the palace in chains, like a common criminal.

That same night, while he was brooding unhappily in his room, the fairy Truth suddenly stood beside him. He had not thought of her for a long time, and her stern face shamed and frightened him.

"I promised your father," said she, "to be your friend, if you would let me. You have scorned my aid and become a curse to those whom you should guard and love. Now I shall punish you by making you outwardly the monster you really are. In anger you are like a lion; you have the churlishness of a bull, and the greed of a wolf. Like a snake in ingratitude, you have repaid the devotion of an old man who loves you like a father. For these sins I condemn you to take the form of the beasts which you resemble."



In an instant the prince found himself in a forest beside a lake, where his reflection showed him that his head was like a lion's; that he had horns like a bull, and feet like a wolf, while his body was a writhing snake. He turned from the terrible picture, and the fairy's voice again spoke.

"Your beauty has left you, and you now appear the hideous thing which your soul has become. This is not all of your punishment, for you shall fall into the hands of your subjects, whom you have despised and wronged. Let them do with you as they will."

He turned in rage to slay the fairy, but she had disappeared. With another glance at the horror which the lake revealed, he fled into the forest. There he was captured by some hunters, who chained and led him back to the city. On the way, he fought and raged, but he could not break his bonds or escape from his captors.

When they reached the city they found the people rejoicing greatly. The hunters asked the cause of the celebration, and were told that the wicked prince had been killed by a thunderbolt. His bad companions had attempted to take the kingdom; but the indignant people, knowing they were to blame for misleading their prince, had beheaded them. They had released the wise and good Suliman and made him king. He had just been crowned as they entered the gates, and the people were acclaiming their joy. Eager to see the new king, the hunters followed the crowd to the great square in front of the palace. There the old tutor, in royal robes, was addressing the happy people.

"The prince is not dead," said he, "but will some day come back to you, as virtuous and kind as when he first ruled. He was beguiled by flatterers and selfish counselors, who have paid the penalty of their sins; but his heart was not bad. Until he returns to his own, I will keep his kingdom and rule for him; and I earnestly hope that you, his subjects, will forgive and love him as I do."

When Prince Darling heard these words, his anger left him. For the first time he realized that he deserved his punishment, and his heart was

filled with remorse. When the hunters came to lead him away, they were astonished to find that he did not struggle against his chains, but went tamely with them. He was placed where there were many other wild animals, and heavily chained. His keeper was a cruel man, who loved to torture the miserable creatures in his charge, and often beat him. But the prince's repentance was so sincere that he bore it all patiently, and at every blow or unkind word thought of the suffering he had inflicted upon others.

One day a fierce tiger broke from his cage and attacked the keeper, who was unprepared, and whose life was thus in great danger. The prince forgot the man's cruelties and wished to save him. This wish no sooner came to him than his chains dropped from him and he was free. He rushed to the keeper's aid, and soon slew the tiger. The keeper was at first greatly astonished, for he did not expect kindness from a creature to whom he had never shown any. But, seeing it crouching harmlessly at his feet, he stooped to express his gratitude by a caress, when he heard a voice saying, "A good action brings its own reward." To his surprise the monster had disappeared, and in its place was a pretty little dog which frisked about him playfully. The keeper took the little animal to the new king and queen, and told them the strange story of how he came by it. Their majesties soon learned to love the dog, and guarded it with great care. The prince would have been quite happy in his new form could he have forgotten that the palace had once been his and he a great prince.

One day he was given a loaf of bread for breakfast. He wandered with it into the wood, thinking he would like to eat it beside a certain brook. When he reached the spot, the brook had disappeared and in its place was a marvelous palace which was made of gold and precious stones. The windows were open, and sounds of music and revelry floated out. Many people, merry and beautifully dressed, were entering; but, strange to tell, those who came out were sad and in rags. Some begged for food and others fell dead upon the steps of the palace. One poor girl fell almost fainting to the ground, and reached out her hand for the little dog's loaf of bread. He had not eaten anything that morning, and was very hungry, but he carried his breakfast to the fainting girl and laid it in her hand. At that moment terrible cries attracted his attention, and, he saw his beloved Celia being carried by force into the palace. He barked furiously and bit at the abductors' feet, but he was beaten off and the girl was carried inside. He remembered how he had imprisoned and persecuted this sweet girl, and his heart nearly burst with shame.

Presently a window opened above him, and to his joy Celia looked out. In her hand was a silver plate containing rich food, which she threw to the ground below. Then she closed the window and disap-

peared from sight. Being now very hungry, the little dog went to eat the food. Before he could touch a morsel, the young girl to whom he had given his loaf snatched the other food from him and took him in her arms. "Poor little dog," said she, "don't touch it though you starve. All that comes from the house of pleasure brings death."

Then he heard a voice say, "A good action brings its own reward." And immediately he found that he was no longer a little dog, but a beautiful white dove. As white was the emblem of the fairy Truth, he felt that he had gained a step toward her forgiveness, and he was very glad. Spreading his wings, he rose into the air and flew past each window of the palace, until he found one open. Entering this he searched each room for Celia, but she was not to be found. Convinced at last that she was no longer in the palace, he determined to fly to the ends of the earth in search of her. For many days and nights, he sped on until, at last, nearly spent, he fluttered into the mouth of a cavern. An old hermit was eating his simple meal, and by his side sat Celia. Overjoyed, the dove flew to her and perched on her shoulder. His caresses so pleased her that she exclaimed:—

"Pretty bird, you are welcome; I will cherish and love you always."

"Are you prepared to keep that promise?" asked the old hermit.

"If she is not, I must ask the fairy to give me back the form of the dove," said Prince Darling, who had again become a man. The hermit then threw aside his robe and revealed the fairy Truth.

"You have justly repented your sin and deserve to know that Celia has loved you always," said she.

The prince threw himself at her feet, thanking her, and begging that she would take him back to her favor; while Celia also knelt to the fairy to intercede for him.

"Rise my children," said the fairy, "your prayer is granted, and you shall go back to your own."

In an instant they found themselves transported to the hall of Prince Darling's palace, where Suliman greeted them with tears of joy. Said the old man, "I will gladly give back the crown to you, and remain as I have always been, your most loving and loyal subject."

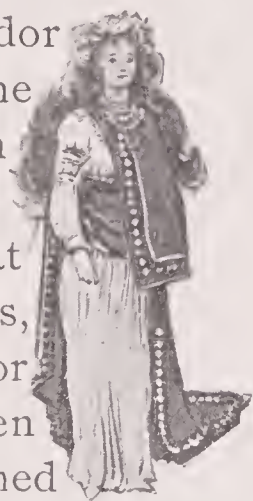
Prince Darling and his beautiful queen reigned many happy years, and the fairy's ring, once more placed upon his finger, never pricked him again.

THE STORY OF PRETTY GOLDBLOCKS

[From *Mme. D'Aulnay*]

THERE was once a princess so lovely that no one could see her without loving her. Her hair fell about her shoulders in waving masses, and because it was the color of gold, she was called Pretty Goldilocks. She always wore a crown of flowers, and her dresses were embroidered with pearls and diamonds.

The fame of her beauty reached a young king, who determined to marry her, although he had never seen her. He sent an ambassador to ask her hand in marriage; and so confident was he that the princess would return with him, that he made every preparation to receive her. The ambassador arrived at the palace of the princess with a hundred horses and as many servants. With great ceremony, he presented the king's gifts of pearls and diamonds, together with his message. The princess, however, did not favor the king's suit, and sent back his gifts with a polite refusal. When the ambassador returned without the princess, every one blamed him for his failure; and the king's disappointment was so great that no one could console him.



Now at the king's court was a young man so handsome and clever that he was called Charming. Every one loved him, except some who were envious because he was the king's favorite. One day Charming rashly remarked that if the king had sent *him* for the princess, she would have come back with him. His enemies at once went to the king and used the remark to influence him against Charming.

"He thinks himself so handsome that the princess could not have resisted him, although she refused his king," they told His Majesty.

The boastful words so offended the king that he ordered Charming to be shut up in the tower, where he had only straw to lie on and bread and water to eat. In this miserable state he languished for some time, not knowing why he had been imprisoned. One day the king happened to be passing the tower and heard him exclaim: —

"I am the king's most faithful subject; how have I incurred his displeasure?" Then, in spite of the protests of Charming's enemies, the king ordered the tower-door opened and Charming brought forth. His old favorite sadly knelt and kissed his hand, saying: —

"Sire, how have I offended?"

The king told him of the boast his enemies had repeated.

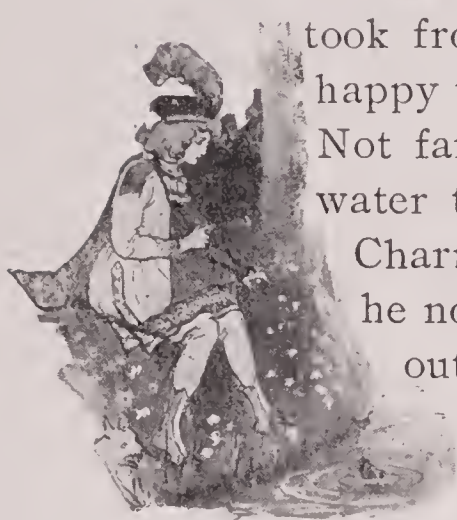
"True, sire, I did say that had I been sent to plead your cause, it would not have failed for lack of eloquence. Could the princess see you as my tongue would picture you, I would not return without her."

The king at once saw that he had been deceived, and restored Charming to favor. While at supper that night, he confided to him that he was as much in love with Goldilocks as ever, and could not be reconciled to her answer.

"Do you think," asked the king, "that she could be induced to change her mind?"

Charming replied that he was at the king's service and willing to undertake the task of winning the princess for him. The king was delighted and offered him a splendid escort, but he asked only for a good horse.

Early the next day he set forth, with a resolute heart and the king's letter to the princess. One day when he had ridden a great distance, he dismounted and sat down under a tree that grew beside a river. He



took from his pocket a little book, in which he jotted down some happy thoughts that he meant to use in his plea to the princess. Not far from where he sat, a golden carp was springing from the water to catch flies, and a bound too high landed it on the grass at Charming's feet. It panted helplessly, and would have died had he not taken pity on it and thrown it back into the river. It sank out of sight, but presently returned to the surface long enough to say:—

"Thank you, Charming, for saving my life. Some day I may repay you." Naturally, he was greatly surprised at so much politeness from a fish.

A few days later, while riding along his way, he saw a raven pursued by an eagle. In a moment more the eagle would have overtaken the raven, had not Charming aimed his arrow in time and killed the pursuer. The raven perched on a tree near by and croaked its gratitude:—

"You have rescued me from a dreadful fate," it said. "Some day I will repay you."

A day or two afterward, in the dusk of early morning, he heard the distressful cries of an owl. Hunting about, he found the unfortunate bird caught in a net which some birdcatchers had spread. "Why will men persecute and torment harmless creatures!" exclaimed Charming, as he set the bird free. The owl fluttered above his head, saying:—

"You have saved me from the fowlers, who would have killed me. I am not ungrateful, and some day I will repay you!" After that it flew swiftly away.

Charming at last reached the palace of the princess, and asked an audience. His name so pleased her that she at once received him. He was ushered into the presence of the princess, who sat on a throne of gold and ivory. Her satin dress was embroidered with jewels, and her golden hair was confined by a crown of flowers. Soft music and perfume filled the air, and Charming was so awed by all this splendor that

at first he could not speak. Recovering himself in a moment, he told of his mission, and set forth the good qualities of the king in such glowing terms that the princess listened.

"You have argued so eloquently," replied she, "that I regret to deny you; but I have made a vow not to marry, until the ambassador can return to me a ring which I lost in the river a month ago. I valued it more than all my other jewels, and nothing but its recovery can persuade me to your suit."

Charming could urge no more, but offered an embroidered scarf and his little dog Frisk as tokens of devotion. These were declined, so bowing low, he reluctantly took leave of the princess. He believed that she had but used this means to put him off, and his disappointment was so great that he could not sleep.

In the morning he and Frisk were walking by the riverside when the dog ran to the water's edge, barking furiously. Joining the little animal, he saw that his excitement was caused by a golden carp which came swimming swiftly toward them. In its mouth was a beautiful ring which it laid in Charming's hand.

"You saved my life by the willow-tree," said the carp, "and I now repay you by giving to you the princess's ring."

Charming lost no time in presenting it to the princess and claiming his reward.

"What fairy aids you?" asked the princess.

"Only my wish to serve you," Charming replied.

"Alas!" said the princess, "I cannot marry until Galifron, the giant, is dead. Because I would not take him for my husband, he persecutes my subjects and lays waste my land."

"Princess, I will bring back the giant's head to you or die in your defense," bravely declared Charming.

The princess and all the people tried to dissuade him, but he mounted his horse and rode off, accompanied only by his little dog, Frisk. He traveled straight to the giant's castle. All about it were strewn the bones of Galifron's victims. Inside the castle the giant was singing in a terrible voice:—

"Little children I love to eat;
Their bones are tender, their flesh is sweet.
I do not care, I eat so many,
If their hair be straight, or they haven't any."

Charming called out loudly in reply:—

"Be not so boastful, Galifron,
Till you've met a knight, who
May be good to feed upon,
But is here to fight you."

The giant appeared at the door, club in hand. When he saw Charming fearlessly awaiting him, he came toward him in a terrible rage. But before he could wield his club, a raven lit on his head and pecked at his eyes, so that he dropped his weapon and was at Charming's mercy. When the valiant knight had killed the giant, the raven croaked from a tree near by: —

"You saved me from the eagle, and I in turn have saved you from the giant."

Charming cut off the head of the giant, and carried it back with him to the princess. Then the people shouted until they were hoarse, and welcomed him as a great hero.

"Your enemy is dead," Charming told the princess. "Will you now make my master the happiest of kings?"

"There is," replied the reluctant princess, "some water which gives eternal health and beauty to those who drink it. I would regret to leave my kingdom without possessing some of it; but no one has dared to brave the two dragons that guard the cavern where the fountain is to be found."

"You do not need the water, princess; but my life is yours to command," gallantly replied Charming; and he set out at once on the perilous mission.

When he came to the mouth of the cavern, black smoke issued forth; and presently he perceived the terrible form of a dragon, from whose mouth and eyes fire was darting. Bidding good-bye to faithful Frisk, he grasped his sword in one hand and the crystal flask which the princess had given him in the other. Just then he heard his name called twice, and, looking back, he saw an owl flying toward him.

"I can enter the gloomy cavern without danger," the owl said. "Give the flask to me, and I will repay the debt I owe you for having saved me from the net."

Charming gladly surrendered the flask to the owl, who in a short time returned it to him filled with the precious water.

The princess this time consented to marry the king, and after many preparations she and Charming started for his kingdom. The journey was made so entertaining for the princess that she one day said to Charming: —

"Why did I not make you king, and remain in my own country?" Charming replied that he must have considered his duty to his king, even before a happiness so great.

The king, with presents of rich jewels and a splendid escort, met them on the way to the palace. The marriage was celebrated with great pomp, and Charming stood first in the king's favor. His good fortune, however, did not continue long, for envious enemies pointed out to the

king that the princess was never happy unless Charming was near. The unhappy knight was again put into prison, where he was cruelly chained and fed on bread and water.

When Goldilocks learned this, she wept and implored the king to set him free. "But for him I never would have been here," she said. "Did he not perform every task I required, even that of getting for me the water whereby I shall never grow old?"

The princess's grief only made the king the more jealous, but he determined to make use of this wonderful water of which she had told. It so happened that one of the princess's ladies had broken the crystal flask and spilled all of the water. Not daring to confess, she put another in its place that exactly resembled it in appearance. This, however, contained a deadly poison. When the king bathed his face with it, he fell into a sleep from which he never awoke.

There was great confusion in the palace when the king was found dead. Frisk ran immediately to Charming and told him the news. In a short time Goldilocks also appeared, unlocked his chains, and set him free.

"You shall be my husband," said she, "and I will make you king."

Charming fell at her feet and expressed his gratitude and joy. They were married soon afterward, and they reigned together for many happy years.

TOADS AND DIAMONDS

[From *Charles Pirrault*]

A BAD-TEMPERED widow had two daughters. The eldest was like her mother, both in feature and disposition, while the youngest resembled her father. She was sweet-natured always, and as pretty as she was amiable.

The widow doted on the daughter who was so like herself, but had no love for the other, whom she compelled to work hard all day, and to live upon the leavings of her elder sister. Among her other hard tasks, she was obliged to carry water every day from a great distance.

One day when she had just filled her pitcher at the fountain, an old woman asked to drink from it. "With all my heart," replied the pretty girl. Glad to show a kindness to one old and infirm, she held the pitcher while the woman slaked her thirst.

Now, this was not a trembling old peasant, as she appeared, but a fairy who rewarded good deeds. "Your face is pretty and your heart is gentle," said she. "For your kindness to a poor old woman, I



will make you a gift. Every time you speak, from your mouth shall come a flower or a jewel."

When the girl reached home her mother scolded her for her long absence. "Pardon me for being away so long," she sweetly replied. As she spoke some pearls and diamonds issued from her lips.

"What is this I see, child?" asked the astonished widow.

The forlorn girl was so happy to be called child by her mother that she eagerly related her experience with the old woman at the fountain, while, with her words, dropped precious stones and roses. The widow immediately called her favorite daughter to her.

"Fanny, wouldst thou have the same gift as thy sister?" asked she. "Go thou to the fountain and fetch water. And if an old woman asks thee for a drink, mind thou treat her civilly."

The girl refused to perform the menial task, until the widow lost patience and drove her to it. Finally, she took the silver tankard and sullenly obeyed. No sooner was she at the fountain than from the wood came a lady most handsomely attired, who asked the haughty girl for a drink from her pitcher.

"I have not come here to serve you," she rudely replied, "but take the pitcher and help yourself, for all I care. I would have you know that I am as good as you."

The lady was the fairy, who had taken the appearance of a princess to see how far the girl's insolence would go. "I will make you a gift," she said, "to equal your discourtesy and ill breeding. Every time you speak, there shall come from your mouth a snake or a toad."

The girl ran home to her mother, who met her at the door. "Well, daughter," she said, impatient to hear her speak. When she opened her mouth, to the mother's horror, two vipers and two toads sprang from it. "This is the fault of your wretched sister," the unhappy mother cried. She ran to beat the poor younger sister, who fled to the forest to escape the cruel blows. When she was past pursuit, she threw herself upon the green grass and wept bitterly.

The king's son, returning from the hunt, found her thus, and asked the cause of her tears.

"My mother has driven me from my home," she told him. She was so pretty that he fell in love with her at once, and pressed her to tell him more. She then related to him the whole story, while pearls and diamonds kept falling from her lips. Enraptured, he took her to the king, who gave his consent to their immediate marriage.

Meanwhile the ugly and selfish sister had made herself so disagreeable that even her own mother turned against her. She, too, was driven forth into the forest, where she died miserable and alone.

GERMAN SECTION

THE GOOSE-GIRL

[From *Grimm*]

AN OLD queen had a beautiful daughter, who was betrothed to a young prince of a neighboring kingdom. When the time for the marriage came near, it was arranged that she was to travel to his country accompanied only by her waiting-maid. Her mother, the queen, provided her with many costly robes and jewels, such as a princess about to marry the prince of a great kingdom would require. She also gave her a horse named Falada, which had the gift of speech.

Just before the princess started on her journey, the queen pricked her finger, and dropped three drops of blood upon a handkerchief. "Take this," she told her daughter, "and guard it carefully. It will serve you when in danger."

The princess took the handkerchief, and embraced her mother. They shed many tears at parting, but at last the princess mounted the wonderful horse and started on the journey. When she and the maid had ridden for some time, they came to a stream of clear, cold water. Being very thirsty, the princess asked the maid to bring her a drink in the golden cup. The maid insolently replied that she might get the water for herself, as she did not intend to serve her any longer. The princess was so thirsty that she dismounted and drank from the stream. As she bent over to place her lips to the water, she said to herself, "O, Heaven! what am I to do?" The three drops of blood upon the handkerchief made answer: —

"If she knew this, for thy sake

Thy queen-mother's heart would break."

When the princess had slaked her thirst, she mounted her horse and resumed her journey, and being gentle and forgiving, she soon forgot the maid's rudeness. The sun shone on them fiercely, and the road was filled with dust, so that they had not gone far before the princess again became thirsty. When they came to a brook, she called to the maid: —

"Pray fetch me a drink in my golden cup."

The maid's answer was even more insolent than before. "If you are thirsty, get down and drink. I do not mean to serve you any longer."

The princess's throat was parched, so she dismounted and drank from the stream, at the same time murmuring, "O, Heaven! what am I to do?" The three drops of blood again replied: —

"If she knew this, for thy sake
Thy queen-mother's heart would break."

As she raised her head from the water, the handkerchief bearing the three drops of blood fell unnoticed from her dress and floated down the stream. The maid, however, had observed the loss with no small satisfaction. Without the three drops of blood, the princess was completely in her power, and the traitorous servant immediately took advantage of her helplessness. She obliged the princess to disrobe and exchange the royal dress for her own mean one. After making her swear, on fear of death, never to betray the secret, the maid mounted Falada and left her own horse for the princess.

Falada bore the false princess to the palace; but the horse had noted all, and bided his time. The prince came out to meet them, and took the impostor bride to the royal chamber, while the true one was left waiting in the court below. Seeing her there, forlorn and beautiful, the old king inquired of the bride who it was she had thus left outside.

"Only a woman who kept me company," she carelessly replied. "Give her some work to content her."

The king could think of nothing suitable for such as she; but lacking something better to offer, sent her to help the boy Curdken herd geese. So it happened that the real bride became a goose-girl.



The false bride at length remembered Falada's gift of speech, and became alarmed lest he should betray the secret of her treachery. She told the prince that the horse which had brought her was vicious and had given her much trouble, and that she desired his head cut off immediately. The prince at once granted her request, and gave orders that Falada be beheaded.

When the real princess heard the sad news, she dried her tears and sought the executioner. She could not save her dear Falada from his doom, but with the aid of a gold piece she persuaded the slaughterer to nail his head over the great gate through which she had to pass on her way to and from the goose-pasture.

The next morning, when she and Curdken drove their geese under the gate, the princess wrung her hands and cried:—

"O Falada, hang you there?"

And the head replied to her:—

"'Tis Falada, Princess fair.
If she knew this, for thy sake
Thy queen-mother's heart would break."

When she had driven the geese to the field, she sat down and loosed her golden hair. Curdken, seeing it shining in the sun, caught at it to pull some out. Whereupon she sang:—

“Wind, blow gently here, I pray,
And take Curdken’s hat away.
Keep him chasing o’er the wold,
While I bind my hair of gold.”

When Curdken had recovered his hat and returned to where she was sitting, her hair was plaited, and he could get none of it. This made him very angry all day.

The next morning they again came to the gate where Falada’s head was nailed, and the goose-girl said as before:—

“O Falada, hang you there?”

And the head as before replied to her:—

“’Tis Falada, Princess fair.
If she knew this, for thy sake
Thy queen-mother’s heart would break.”

Again she passed on with the geese and Curdken under the gate, and when she came to the field where they were herded, sat down and loosed her hair. The sun shone upon it, and Curdken again caught at its golden threads. The goose-girl called to the wind:—

“Wind, blow gently here, I pray,
And take Curdken’s hat away.
Keep him chasing o’er the wold,
While I bind my hair of gold.”

The wind did as she asked, and Curdken ran so far for his hat that when he returned the golden hair was plaited and bound about her head.

Curdken was sullen all day long, and when at night they had driven the geese home, he complained to the king:—

“The goose-girl so teases me that I will no longer herd the geese with her.”

When asked how she had offended, he told the king that she spoke every morning to the horse’s head that was over the gate, and that the head replied and called her princess. He also related how the goose-girl sat in the sun and combed her golden hair, while she sent him chasing for his hat.

The king bade Curdken go the next day with his flock as usual. When morning came the king arose early and stood in the shadow of the town-gate. He heard the goose-girl say, “O Falada, hang you there?” and he heard the head make answer:—

"'Tis Falada, Princess fair.
If she knew this, for thy sake
Thy queen-mother's heart would break."



Then the king followed on to the field, where he hid behind a bush and watched them herd the geese. After a time the goose-girl undid her glittering hair; and as Curdken snatched at it, the king heard her say:—

"Wind, blow gently here, I pray,
And take Curdken's hat away.
Keep him chasing o'er the wold,
While I bind my hair of gold."

The wind came at her bidding, and carried the herd-boy's hat across the fields; while she combed the shining hair and made it fast.

The king quietly returned to the palace, and that night he sent for the goose-girl. He told her he had watched her at the gate and in the field, and asked her the meaning of her strange actions.

"O King! I may not tell; for I have sworn, if my life were spared, to speak to no one of my woes," she replied.

The king pleaded with her, but she was firm; and at last he told her to tell her troubles to the iron stove, since she would not confide in him. When he had left her, she fell upon her knees before the stove and poured forth her sorrows:—

"Here am I, the daughter of a queen, doomed to the lowly service of a goose-girl, while the false waiting-maid steals my treasures and my bridegroom."

She sobbed and wept, until the king, who had stood outside and heard all, came in and bade her dry her eyes. He ordered her arrayed in royal robes; and then she appeared as lovely as the sun. The prince was summoned; and the old king told him the story, and showed him the true bride. She was so beautiful that the prince knelt at her feet in admiration, and knew her to be the real princess.

A great banquet was given, to which many guests were invited. On one side of the prince sat the false bride, and on the other the real princess, who was so radiantly lovely that the maid did not know her. The king at last asked the waiting-maid what punishment should be dealt to a traitor.

Not knowing that she was passing sentence on herself, the waiting-maid's answer was as cruel as she was wicked. Said she:—

"Let her be put into a barrel, and drawn by two white horses, up hill and down, till she is dead."

When the wicked maid had been punished according to her own decree, the princess was wedded to the young prince, and reigned with him for many happy years over the kingdom where she had first served as a goose-girl.

SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED

[From *Grimm*]

IN FRONT of a little cottage there once grew two rose trees. The one bore roses as white as snow, and the other roses of deepest red.

In this cottage lived a widow with her two children, Snow-White and Rose-Red, so named because they resembled the roses in color. Each morning the little girls gathered roses from the two trees, which they brought to their dear mother with a kiss. They were so good and pretty that the widow was the happiest mother in the world; and they gladdened the hearts of all who saw them.

When they had helped their mother to make the cottage tidy, they would walk side by side through the forest, where the wild beasts ate from their hands, and the birds perched near, and sang to them their sweetest songs. If they wandered too far from home, and night found them in the wood, they would lie upon a mossy bank, where an angel guarded them until the morning. They loved each other so fondly that they vowed, come what might, they would live together always.

In the winter evenings a fire warmed and brightened the little cottage, and reflected its rays in the polished kettle. The children sat at their mother's knee, while she read to them stories sweet and good to hear; thus love and beauty made the widow's humble cottage a pleasant place in which to live.

One evening, when it was bitter cold outside and snow was falling thickly, they were seated near the crackling fire. A white dove perched on the mantel with his head under his wing, and a lamb lay at the children's feet, while the mother read to them. Suddenly a knock came at the door.

"Open," said the widow; "some traveler seeks shelter from the storm."

Rose-Red hastened to unbar the door, and to her astonishment there stood a great black bear. Before she could hinder him, he had thrust his head inside. The children sought protection behind their mother, and the lamb and dove uttered cries of fear.

"I will do you no harm," said the bear; "only let me warm myself beside your fire, for I am nearly perished."

The widow bade him come in and share their warmth. He stretched his huge body before the grate and looked so amiable that the children soon trusted him and came near. They brushed the snow from his shaggy coat, and when bedtime came the little girls and the bear were the best of friends.

"Lie here on the hearth until morning," said the widow. "The night is too cold and wet to venture forth."



The bear thanked her and slept before the fire. When morning dawned, he left them and went into the wood; but at night he came again to the door and asked admittance. In a short time the children grew to love him and to wait for his coming. They tumbled his long hair and rode on his back, while their good-natured comrade seemed to enjoy the frolic quite as much as they. Thus the winter evenings passed in pleasant merriment; and the widow was content that the children had found a companion so agreeable and kind. One morning when Snow-White unbarred the door to let the bear out, she saw that the snow had gone, and the grass and buds were beginning to appear.

"The winter has gone. I must leave you, not to return until the snow is here again," said the bear.

"Why must you leave us, dear bear?" asked Snow-White.

The bear told her that he must go to protect his treasures from the wicked dwarfs, who came through the earth as it thawed, and carried to their caves all that they could steal. As the bear passed through the door, some of his fur caught on the wood and revealed glittering gold underneath. Before Snow-White could ask him its meaning, he had vanished into the wood; and she was left disconsolate that their dear comrade would come no more for so very long.

Some time after this the children went to the wood to gather fagots for their mother. Suddenly they heard a shrill little voice, and looking about, they discovered a dwarf, whose long, white beard had caught in the cleft of a tree and held him fast. He was struggling to free himself, and angrily called to them to help him. They ran to him and tried to release him, but were unable to do so. At last Rose-Red said she would bring some one to rescue him; but the dwarf became angrier still and demanded that the children should find some way themselves.

"I know a way!" exclaimed Snow-White; and taking her scissors from her pocket, she clipped off the end of his beard. As soon as he was freed from the tree, the dwarf snatched up a bag of gold that he had concealed at its roots and hurried away, muttering ill-naturedly.

A few days later, Snow-White and Rose-Red went to the stream to get fish for supper. There they found the dwarf, whose long beard had again got him into trouble. This time the wind had entangled it with his fishing-pole. An enormous fish was tugging at the line, and the frightened dwarf was being dragged into the water. Snow-White again came to the rescue with her scissors, and sacrificed some more of his long beard.

"You smooth-faced idiots!" cried the dwarf in a very great rage. "How am I ever to appear before my people with my face disfigured like this?"

From where it was concealed in some high grasses, he brought forth a sack of pearls and disappeared with it behind a rock. The girls saw no

more of him until one day when they were going to the town to purchase thread and needles for their mother. As they were crossing the heath, their attention was attracted to a big bird that circled above them. It gradually came nearer and nearer, and finally, with a sudden dart, settled upon a huge boulder close by. Immediately the thin shrieks of the dwarf pierced the air. The girls ran to the rock and found the little victim in the talons of an eagle. They fearlessly caught hold of the unfortunate dwarf and held on so valiantly that the bird was at last obliged to relinquish his prey.

"You good-for-nothing hussies! You have torn my coat to shreds!" were the thanks the children got for saving the dwarf from being carried away by the eagle. With this he shouldered a bag of precious stones and retreated to his cave under the boulder.

The evening sun was glowing red when the children again reached the heath on their homeward way. It lit up the boulder in rich, warm colors. On coming near, the little girls discovered the dwarf occupied in emptying the bag of precious stones upon the ground. The jewels gleamed and sparkled so splendidly beneath the rays of the setting sun that the girls stood still in admiration. When the dwarf saw them he was very angry.

"Go about your own business," he curtly told them. But before he could gather the beautiful gems into the bag, a low growl was heard, and from the wood came a huge black bear.

"Oh, spare me, bear, spare me!" implored the dwarf; who had fallen on his knees. "I am thin and old; eat these wicked girls; their flesh is tender and sweet."

Before the dwarf could say any more, the bear had dispatched him with one blow of its huge paw. After killing the evil creature, the bear called to the girls, who had fled to the wood.

"Snow-White! Rose-Red! Do you not know me?"

Immediately on hearing the voice of their old friend, the bear, they ran to him. Suddenly, as they drew near to embrace him, his bearskin dropped off, and revealed to them a handsome young man.

"Do not be afraid," said he, "I am a king's son. The evil dwarf stole my treasures and doomed me to roam the forest as a wild bear until his death should release me. Now I have vanquished him and come to mine own again."

In time Snow-White married the king's son, and Rose-Red became the wife of his brother. The great treasure found in the dwarf's cave was shared between them. The widow went with them to the palace, where they all dwelt in happiness. The two rose-trees were planted outside her window, where each year they yielded fragrant roses: the one snow-white; the other rose-red.

HANSEL AND GRETTEL

[From *Grimm*]

TWO little children, Hansel and Grettel, lived with their father and stepmother near a great forest. The father, who was a poor woodcutter, found it difficult to provide for his family; and finally, when a famine visited the land, he was unable to give them food. His miserable state so tormented him that he tossed upon his bed at night and could not sleep. When his wife asked him why he was so restless, he replied:—

“I fear we shall all starve, for, try as I may, I cannot obtain food for ourselves and the children.”

“I have a plan,” said the stepmother. “To-morrow, when we go into the wood, we will take the children to the thickest part and leave them there; they will not be able to find their way out, so we will be rid of them and will have so much the more bread for ourselves.”

“The wolves would devour them,” protested the unhappy father.

“The wolf of hunger is already at the door, and will otherwise devour us all,” urged his wife.

“I cannot leave my children in the forest to perish.”

“Then have them here, and we will all perish together. You may as well prepare our coffins, for we shall need them.” The wife wept and argued until at last, in despair, the woodcutter agreed to do as she proposed.

Now Hansel and Grettel, being hungry, were awake and heard the stepmother’s cruel plan. Grettel began to cry, but her brother told her not to fear, as he would find a way to save them both. He waited until the woodcutter and his wife were asleep, then partly dressed and stole out of the door. The moon was shining brightly on the little white pebbles that were scattered in front of the house. Filling his pockets with these, Hansel crept softly back to his sister and told her to be comforted and trust in him. The children then fell asleep and forgot that they were hungry until their stepmother roughly awakened them at break of day.

“Get up, you lazy ones, and come with us into the forest,” said she.

Before starting, she gave them some bread which she told them they must keep to eat in the wood. “If you eat it before, you will have nothing then,” she said.

As they walked along, Hansel often turned and looked back toward the house; and every time he turned he dropped from his pocket one of the white pebbles. Seeing him stop so often, the woodcutter asked him why he kept behind.

"I am looking at my white kitten," answered Hansel. "She is sitting on the house-top to bid me good-by."

"That is not your white kitten," said the stepmother. "It is the sun shining on the house-top."

At last they reached the middle of the forest, where it was so chill that the father built a fire before leaving them. Telling them they were going to cut wood, and to remain by the fire until they came for them, the woodcutter and his wife departed.

Hansel and Grettel piled brushwood on the fire, and at midday ate the bread their stepmother had given them. They thought the sound of their father's axe could be heard in the distance, but what they really heard was the branch of a dead tree that the wind blew to and fro. After a time they fell asleep, and when they awoke it was quite dark. Grettel was afraid, and began to cry; but Hansel told her to keep close by him, and that when the moon came up they would be able to find their way out of the forest. When the moonlight shone through the trees, it lit up the white pebbles that Hansel had dropped by the way; and he took his sister by the hand and followed their gleaming path. Just as morning dawned they came out of the woods and knocked at their father's door. Their stepmother greeted them with angry words, but the woodcutter rejoiced that his children had come back to him.

Soon after there was another great scarcity of food, and one night the children heard the stepmother say to their father:—

"There is not a whole loaf left. To save ourselves from starving we must get rid of the children. This time we will lead them so far into the forest that they will not get out again."

The father pleaded as before to share his last mouthful with the children; but, because he had yielded once to his wife's wicked influence, she again ruled him.

Hansel waited until they were asleep, then got up as before to gather pebbles; but he found the door bolted and was unable to get out. His courage was not daunted, however, and he assured Grettel that a way would be shown them out of their danger. In the morning the stepmother bade them get up and go again to the forest. Upon leaving the house she gave them each a small piece of bread to take with them. Hansel broke his portion into small bits, and, when he was not observed, dropped them along the way.

"Hansel, why do you stop so often?" asked his father.

"I am looking at my pigeon," answered Hansel. "It has flown to the house-top to bid me good-by."

"That is not the pigeon, but the morning sun shining on the house-top," the stepmother replied.

They went farther into the forest than they had ever been before, and at last, when very tired, the woodcutter built a fire for the children, and the stepmother told them to remain where they were while she and their father went to cut wood.

"Wait here, and at night we will come for you," said the woman.

Grettel shared her piece of bread with Hansel, for he had strewn his along the way as they journeyed to the forest. After eating, the children fell asleep; and when they awoke, it was so dark they could not see where they were. They did not remember that they were in the great forest till they heard the wind moaning among the trees. Hansel told Grettel not to fear; that when the moon came up, their crumbs of bread would lead them to their home. But when the moonlight at last came, it showed them no such guide. The birds of the forest had eaten the crumbs, and the children were obliged to remain where they were until the morning. All that day they walked on and on, but another night came and found them still in the depths of the wood. Thus, two days passed. All paths led them farther from their home, and they would have starved but for the berries they gathered by the way. On the third day a beautiful white bird came and sang to them so sweetly that they followed it. In a short time they came to a little house whereon the bird perched. As they drew near they saw that the house was made of bread and cakes, and the windows of transparent sugar.

"Here is a feast!" exclaimed Hansel. "Take a piece of this sweet window, while I help myself to some of the roof."

While the children were enjoying this very delicious repast, they heard a shrill voice inside saying:—



"Do I hear a naughty mouse
Nibbling at the little house?"

The children were frightened, and answered:—

"No, good dame, do not fear;
'Tis the wind that you hear."

The door opened and a very old woman hobbled out. Hansel and Grettel would have run away, but the dame said to them:—

"Pretty children, come and live with me, and I will take care of you."

She took them by the hand and led them into the house. After giving them a delicious dinner, she put them to bed in two pretty white beds that were so comfortable and soft that the children fell asleep at once. This old dame, who seemed so kind, was a wicked witch. She always killed and ate any one so unfortunate as to fall into her power. She had built this dainty house in order to lure the children to her that she might devour them. In the morning she

snatched Hansel from his bed before he was awake, and carried him to a little stable where she locked him in. She then made Grettel get up, and told her that she must carry food to Hansel until he was fat enough to be eaten. Grettel wept and begged the old witch to spare her brother, but her entreaties were in vain. The choicest meats and fruits were given him, and each day the witch went to the stable and told him to stick a finger out, that she might see if he were ready to be eaten. As witches have red eyes, and cannot see well, the old woman did not know that Hansel always held a bone out to her when she asked to see his finger. Becoming impatient at last, she ordered Grettel to put on the big kettle and fetch the water.

"Fat or thin, I'll eat him to-day," said she.

Grettel sobbed and besought the old witch to eat her in place of her brother.

"I'll eat you, too, in good time," laughed the witch. "Creep into the oven and see if it is hot enough."

"Show me how, I do not know," said Grettel, who saw that the witch meant to kill her at the same time as Hansel.

"Like this, you little idiot!" said the old woman. She stuck her head into the hot oven, and in a minute Grettel had pushed her in and closed the door. When she was sure that the wicked witch was quite burned up, she ran to the stable and let Hansel out.

"The witch is dead and can do us no more harm, dear brother," she told him.

They embraced each other and greatly rejoiced. In the witch's house they found a chest filled with precious stones. There were pearls and gems of all sorts, with which Hansel filled his pockets, while Grettel carried all that her apron would hold. Then they fled from the wood where the witch had lived, and after walking a great distance they came to a beautiful lake.

"How shall we cross?" asked Grettel.

Just then a white duck swam up to them and carried them over, first one and then the other. They walked on until the wood seemed familiar to them; then, following a well-beaten path, they soon came to their old home. Their father was alone inside, for the stepmother was dead. When he saw his dear children he wept for joy. He had been sad at heart ever since leaving them to perish in the wood. Grettel emptied the jewels from her apron at his feet, while Hansel took handful after handful from his pockets. And Hansel and Grettel lived happily with their father ever after.



RUMPELSTILTZKIN

[From *Grimm*]

A MILLER had a daughter so beautiful that he was always boasting about her. Meeting the king one day, he told him of the girl's loveliness.

"Of what use is her loveliness?" asked the king. "What can she do better than other maidens?"

To excite the king's interest he said, "She can spin straw into gold."

Having great need of gold, the king told the boastful father to send his daughter to him at once. When the girl arrived at the palace, she was put into a room containing a great quantity of straw and a spinning-wheel. The king saw that she was indeed very beautiful, and so he hoped that the story of her wonderful talent might also be true.

"Go right to work," said he, "and if by dawn to-morrow this straw is not all turned into gold, you shall die."

When the king had gone, the girl fell to weeping, for she knew that the task which he had given her was quite beyond her power to accomplish. While she was sitting there, miserable and hopeless, the door opened, and a tiny dwarf entered. He asked her why she was crying.

"The king has commanded me to spin this roomful of straw into gold," sobbed the maid. "And if I cannot do it I am to be put to death in the morning."

"What will you give me if I spin all of this straw into gold for you?" asked the tiny man.

For answer the girl took off her necklace and gave it to him. Immediately he climbed upon the stool beside the wheel, and commenced to spin. There was a great sound of *whir, whir, whir*; and when the wheel had gone round three times, behold the bobbin was filled with gold. The dwarf went on spinning diligently, while the girl sat listening to the sound of the wheel. She watched the straw disappear and the golden bobbin grow.

When the morning came, the task was finished, and the little man went away with the girl's necklace. Soon afterward, the king entered the room. Great was his astonishment and joy, but being a greedy king, this store of riches did not satisfy him. The girl was led to a larger room, containing a greater supply of straw. She was told that before the morning this straw also must be converted into gold, if she would escape the doom the king had named for her.

As soon as the girl was alone she again fell to weeping. But before very long the little man appeared as before, and asked what she would



give him this time if he would spin the straw into gold for her. The girl took a ring from her finger and handed it to him without a word.

The little man set himself again to his task; and all night long the wheel whirred; and when morning broke, behold, the floor was heaped with gold. When the king came he was mightily pleased, but his lust for gold was still unsatisfied. The girl was taken to a third room, larger than either of the others, so filled with straw that there was scarce room for her to sit by the wheel.

"Spin this also into gold before morning," said the king, "and you shall be my wife. Though only a miller's daughter, you could not bring me a richer dower."

When the dwarf again came and asked what she would give him to perform the task set for her, she had nothing left to offer.

"Well, then," said he, "if I spin this third roomful of straw into gold for you, will you, when you are queen, give me your first child?"

It seemed easier to promise what the dwarf demanded than to face death on the morrow, so she agreed to these terms, and the dwarf set himself to work, with the same result as before, so that when the king appeared the next morning, again he found a heap of shining gold. His satisfaction was so great that he at once married the miller's beautiful daughter and proclaimed her his queen.

In due time a son was born to her, and her happiness knew no bounds. She had quite forgotten her promise to the little man. One day, however, he came to remind her of it; and great was her distress. She offered him her jewels; she offered him boundless riches; but he would not listen.

"A human being is more precious to me than all the treasures of your kingdom," he told her. But at last he so far relented as to say that if she could guess his name within three days, he would not claim the child.

That night you may be sure the queen did not sleep; but during the long hours kept thinking over all the names she had ever heard. When the little man appeared on the following morning, she repeated these names to him by the hundred,—common names, strange names, names of every kind,—but to each he cried out, "That is not my name." And so he went away, promising to return on the morrow. Then the queen commanded that a list should be made of the names of all the people; and when the dwarf came on the morrow she read over this list to him. But to her despair his name was not among them. So again the dwarf went away, to return on the morrow for the last time.

On the morning of the third day, however, one of the messengers whom she had sent out returned to her with strange news. On a high hill, just where the wood ended, he had seen a curious sight. In

front of a tiny house burned a fire, and around this fire the strangest little man was hopping on one leg. At the sight of him the foxes and hares ran away. The messenger was about to follow their example when the hobgoblin commenced to sing in a shrill voice:—

“To-day I brew and dance and sing,
To-morrow here the child I’ll bring;
For who will tell the royal dame
That Rumpelstiltzkin is my name?”

When the anxious mother heard this, she wept for joy and gave the messenger a great reward. The next morning, when the dwarf came, the queen was waiting for him, and beside her stood the nurse, holding the most beautiful child he had ever seen. He could scarcely wait for the trial to finish, so eager was he to claim his bond. The queen began at once:—

“Is your name Crook-shanks?”

“That is not my name.”

“Is your name Bandy-legs?”

“That is not my name,” fiendishly reiterated the little man, who was getting very angry.

“Then,” said the queen, “perhaps your name is Rumpelstiltzkin?”

The little man’s astonishment and rage were so great that in his fury he drove one leg into the ground up to his waist, and then tore himself in two.

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD

THERE was once a pretty little girl whom everybody called Little Red Riding-Hood, because she always wore a red riding-hood that her grandmother, who loved her very dearly, had given her. This little girl lived with her mother in a village on the edge of a forest; while far in the forest, in a cottage all by herself, lived the grandmother. The grandmother being old and lame and lonely, Little Red Riding-Hood used to visit her every day, to take her berries and flowers, and to warm her heart with a kiss.

One day, Little Red Riding-Hood’s mother gave her a cake and a pat of butter to take to the grandmother, because the old dame was ill in bed. As she was trudging along the lonely road, thinking how pleased her grandmother would be with the cake and the butter, she was met by Gaffer Wolf, who stopped and asked her where she was going.

“To see my grandmother, who is ill, and to take her something nice to eat,” answered Little Red Riding-Hood, who was herself so good and gentle that she did not suspect the wolf of any evil intention.

"Where does your grandmother live?" asked Gaffer Wolf.

"At the end of the wood, in the cottage beyond the mill," answered Little Red Riding-Hood.

Just then some woodmen came along, and the wolf, not wishing to be seen by them, hurried on to the grandmother's cottage. As Little Red Riding-Hood was tired walking so far, and stopped to gather some nuts, and to watch a brown butterfly open and shut its pretty wings, the wolf reached her grandmother's cottage long before she did, and knocked at the door.

"Who's there?" asked the old woman.

"Little Red Riding-Hood," replied the wolf, imitating the child's voice. "Mother has sent you a cake and a pat of butter."

"Pull the bobbin and the latch will go up," called the grandmother.

Gaffer Wolf did as he was told and the door flew open. Having had nothing to eat for several days he was very hungry, so he sprang upon the poor old woman and ate her up. When he had finished his meal, he put on the grandmother's cap and nightgown, got into bed, and covered himself up. Very soon came Little Red Riding-Hood and tapped at the door.

"Who's there?" asked Gaffer Wolf.

The little girl thought her grandmother's voice sounded very hoarse, but she answered: —

"'Tis Little Red Riding-Hood. Mother has sent you a cake and a pat of butter."

"Pull the bobbin and the latch will go up," called the wolf, trying to speak as the grandmother had done.

Up went the latch, the door opened, and Little Red Riding-Hood ran to the bed to embrace her grandmother.

"Come here and lie down with me," said the wolf.

"Grandmother, Grandmother," said Little Red Riding-Hood, "what great ears you've got!"

"That is to hear thee the better, my dear," answered the wolf.

"And, Grandmother, what great eyes you've got!"

"That is to see thee the better, my dear."

"And, Grandmother, what great arms you've got!"

"That is to hug thee the better, my dear."

"And, O, Grandmother, what great teeth you've got!"

"That is to eat thee up the better, my dear," roared the wicked wolf. And with that he fell upon Little Red Riding-Hood and de-



voured her in less time than he had taken to eat up her grandmother. Then he crawled back into the bed, and went to sleep.

This is the end of this sad little story; but there is another conclusion, which tells that during the night a huntsman came along, and, hearing Gaffer Wolf snoring inside the cottage, thought the grandmother was ill, and went in to see if he could do anything for her. Seeing the murderous wolf in the old woman's bed, he lifted his gun and shot him, whereupon the grandmother and Little Red Riding-Hood both came to life again; which is, indeed, much pleasanter to believe.

AUSTRIAN SECTION

OTTILIA AND THE DEATH'S HEAD

OTTILIA was a little peasant girl who lived with her father and mother in the town of Schwatz. Her mother, whom she loved very dearly, died, and she was overwhelmed with grief. But there was no one but herself to cook her father's meals and keep the house clean, so she bravely dried her tears and went to work. She baked and spun and stitched all day, but being only a little girl, she could not get through with the work as her mother had done. The pigs got out of the sty, the fowls fought, and the hay lay unharvested in the field. Seeing his house in disorder, the father at last became discouraged and one day brought home another wife.

Her name was Sennal. She was tall and hard-looking, and when Ottilia was told that this was her new mother, she burst into tears and declared she could never call her by that name. She considered the new wife's presence in the house a sacrilege, and refused to obey her. The child's behavior set Sennal against her, and her manner became more harsh. There was continual strife between them all day, but at night the father came home and made peace. He would take Ottilia on his knee and tell her stories of things long ago, until she forgot her anger and grief and smiled happily when he kissed her cheek.

One day a terrible storm darkened the sky. When evening came and the father had not returned, Sennal took a lantern and went with the neighbors to the mountains to look for him. The fierce wind blew out their lights and drowned the sound of the horns. Ottilia knelt at her father's chair all night and wept and prayed. When morning dawned, the storm had ceased, and some woodmen brought the dead body of the father from the mountain side, where they had found it buried in the snow.

Ottilia, stunned and like one in a dream, still knelt at her father's chair while they put him in a coffin and carried him to the churchyard. At last she realized that she would never see him again, and would not be consoled. Sennal at length lost patience, and harshly exclaimed:—

“You cannot cry like this always, child. Go and feed the pigs.”

“I am no child of yours,” retorted Ottilia, resenting the tone of authority. “I shall not forget my poor father, nor shall you forget that he made you treat me properly.”

Sennal did not reply, and the child regarded her forbearance as a victory won. The next day there were more angry words, and, as there was no kind father to make peace, the strife grew. At last Sennal could no longer put up with Ottilia's rebellion. One day, when she was more insolent than ever before, the exasperated woman drove her from the house and told her never to return.

In a few moments her anger had cooled and she went to call Ottilia back, but the girl was already far up the mountain side and out of sight. The miserable little girl hurried to the lonely spot where her father had met his death, with no other thought then to be alone with his memory. High up the mountain side she found the place marked by a cross, and, as was the pious custom, upon it was told the manner of his death. She threw herself upon the ground and wept until her bitterness had left her. Then she seemed to hear her father's voice chiding her in gentle tones for her unreasonable conduct. Her conscience smote her for her hardness and unkindness to the thrifty woman whom her father had married; and, had he been alive, she would have returned to her home and asked to be forgiven.

Then her thoughts wandered to the pleasant evenings when she sat on her father's knee before the warm fire and listened to his kind voice. “Put your trust in God, and all will yet be well,” she seemed to hear him say. Suddenly she realized that the night had come and she was alone upon the mountain. The bitter cold had numbed her, but she struggled to her feet and strove to shake off the lethargy which she knew meant death. The darkness grew thicker and thicker, and she was in terror lest she should lose the path. She thought of her comfortable home, where she had always found food and shelter, and her heart misgave her.

Suddenly the moon shone out, and high on another peak she saw the broken outlines of a castellated building. The beautiful sight banished her sense of desolation, and she toiled on over the steep and dangerous path. As she drew near, a light beckoned to her from a turret window and gave her fresh courage. When she at last reached the gate of

the castle, the splendor of the place awed her, and she wondered if these great people would shelter a poor little peasant girl who came to them in the night. "Put your trust in God," she seemed to hear her father say, and she timidly sounded the horn that hung by the portal. In a moment the window where she had seen the light opened; but, instead of the stern warden she expected to see, there appeared a Death's Head. Terrified, she stood rooted to the spot.

"What is your pleasure?" asked the Death's Head, in a friendly voice.

"Shelter and food, for the love of Christ," Ottilia faintly answered.

"If I come down and let you in, will you promise faithfully to carry me up here again?" the Death's Head asked, so cheerily that she assented. "I rely on your promise," it continued, "for while I can easily roll down stairs to unbolt the door for you, I cannot get back again unless you carry me."

Ottilia thought of the tasks that Sennal required of her, which were never so hard as this.

There came a terrible sound, like something rolling down the long stairs, and then the bolt was drawn back. Her teeth chattered from fright, but her father's voice whispered, "Put your trust in God," and her courage was renewed. She entered the open door, and saw the ominous Death's Head at her feet. The temptation to flee up the stairs and leave it there helpless was very great; but she remembered her promise and bravely picked up the hideous thing. When she had climbed the stairs and reached the turret, the Death's Head again spoke:—

"Place me on the table, and go down into the kitchen and make a pancake."

The great lonely place terrified her; the big echoing rooms and the dark stairs appalled her; but she at last came to the kitchen, and found there the crossbones dancing about. She resisted the impulse to scream and run away, and entered the gruesome place. There she found eggs and butter, and soon they were beaten together and the pancake was frying on the fire.

The crossbones were continually getting in her way; but at last the pancake was done; and carrying the savory dish to the turret, she placed it before the Death's Head, who bade her partake of it with him. After they had eaten, the Death's Head again spoke:—

"Go up the stairway on the left, which will lead you to a bedroom where you may sleep. At midnight a skeleton will come and try to pull you out of bed; but if you are not afraid, it cannot harm you."

Ottilia was so tired that she was glad to lie down, no matter where; so she did as the Death's Head told her, and was soon asleep. At midnight she was awakened by a terrible rattling in the room; and

below her she heard the Death's Head saying, "It is midnight, remember to be brave." The moonlight shone in at the window and showed her a skeleton moving toward her bed. "Put your trust in God," said her father's voice; and she lay still while the skeleton reached out a bony hand and clutched her. Her fearlessness made the skeleton powerless to harm her, and it soon turned and left the room. She was so exhausted that, in spite of the terrors of the place, she soon fell asleep.

When she awoke, the sun shone in at the window, and beside her bed stood a woman dressed in white and surrounded by golden rays. She was so beautiful that Ottilia exclaimed:—

"What is your will, bright lady?" The vision replied:—

"I was once mistress of this castle, but because, while I lived, I sinned in pride and extravagance, my bones were condemned to wander nightly through these rooms till one should come whose courage and humility should set me free. You have brought my punishment to an end; but before I go to rest, in gratitude I endow you with this castle and all its lands and revenues."

The bright form ceased speaking and disappeared, and a moment later Ottilia saw through the window a snow-white dove winging its flight toward heaven.

The vision had spoken true. The little peasant-maid became mistress of the lordly castle where she had come as a suppliant. Her first act after being installed was to send for the tall Sennal and ask her forgiveness for her unkind conduct. Sennal not only pardoned her, but spent the rest of her days at the castle; and there was always peace between them.

KLEIN-ELSE

THE Baron of Passier-Thal lay dying of his wounds, while the enemy crowded at the gates. Overwhelming defeat had come upon the little band defending his castle, and he saw himself passing from the world powerless to leave a protector for Klein-Else, the daughter whom he loved. In her agony she poured her tears upon his fresh wounds, but he gently stroked her head, saying:—

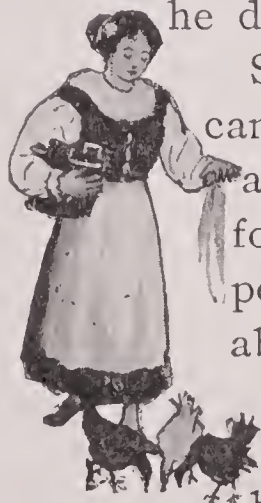
"Klein-Else, my life is ebbing, and you have but barely time to escape the enemy. Obey me as you have always done. Take this key; it will open for you a secret gate hidden in the ivy at the tenth buttress in the wall. Through that gate you will find your future destiny. You will see three roads. Take not the one to the smiling plain and the houses of friends, nor yet the one to the protected forests where you might lie concealed from your pursuers; but rather

follow the open road winding around the mountainside. It is your destiny, Klein-Else. Follow it for it leads to —— ”

The baron died with the unuttered word upon his lips, and Klein-Else, in the fullness of her grief, threw herself upon the body. But servants and waiting-men hurried her away, for the forces of the enemy were breaking down the castle doors. Donning the attire of a peasant girl, Klein-Else sought the hidden door, and once outside the wall found the roads as her father had directed. The open road looked dangerous and least tempting of the three, but remembering her father's words she followed it, though with many fears.

Night found her weak and without courage, full of the loneliness of her situation. She leaned against a rock for support, and her tears fell fast and warm. Her spirit yearned for comfort and assistance; and as if in answer to the unspoken call, a bold knight in armor stood before her. In reply to his question she told him of her father's defeat and death, of her flight and its attendant hunger. The knight turned to the rock.

“Open, hoary rock!” said he; and the rock opened, displaying a wealth of everything, rich jewels, gorgeous garments, armor, golden pieces, and food for the palate of a king. “All this,” continued the knight, “is given to you. It will never grow less and will always be at your command. But see that you make good use of it, for upon this depends your future happiness. I will come again in seven years, and till then remember my name.” Whispering his name in her ear, he disappeared.



Securing some of the money, Klein-Else hastened on until she came to the lights of a great castle. She feared to offer money on account of her attire, so she went to the kitchen door and begged for work. The cook made her a hennenpfösl, or guardian of the poultry-house against the foxes. She had to sleep in the loft above the fowls. All the week Klein-Else was a hennenpfösl; and as she watched her brood, she kept repeating to herself the name of the strange knight and dwelling upon her treasure; but she thought ruefully of what little use it was to her.

Sunday came. Klein-Else sought out the treasure-rock and robed herself in a garment of sunshine and morning-dew which she found therein. It made her ravishingly beautiful, and at church, where no one recognized her, she was seated alongside the young baron in whose kitchen-yard she was hennenpfösl. The young lord was dazzled. Admiration and longing filled his heart, and when the service was over he sought to speak to Klein-Else, but she had glided softly away; and she reappeared later in the poultry-loft in her ragged peasant garments.

On the following Sunday, clothed in a garment of moonbeams and stars taken from her treasure rock, Klein-Else again sat by the side of the baron. His glances dwelt upon her, and the girl's thoughts flew away on the wings of fancy. A rose-tinted future was spread before her. The baron would marry her and life for both would be consecrated to usefulness and happiness. As the armored knight had plainly intended, she would devote her treasure to the orphaned and hungry, those with heavy burdens of woe to bear.

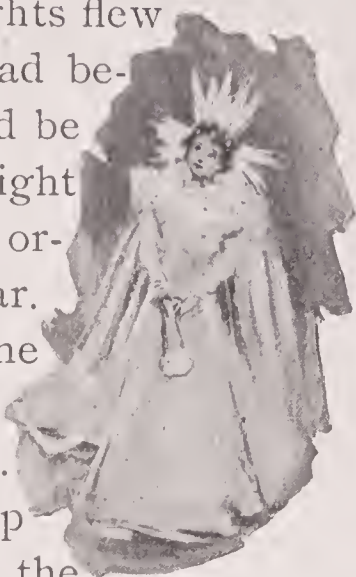
When Klein-Else left the church, the attendants of the baron surrounded her and sought to prevail upon her to come to the castle. But she was fleet of foot and eluded them. When any one of them was near catching her, she would drop some of her treasures and thus delay the attendants. In the evening she was back again at her post of poultry-watcher.

On the third Sunday, Klein-Else wore a raiment, blue like the sky and shining with stars. Again she escaped from the men-at-arms, but before she left her seat the baron had slipped a splendid ring on her finger.

The young baron was now seized with the love-fever. He became gloomy and listless, and could not be comforted. Friends and the castle physicians were puzzled, but day by day he became more miserable. A great banquet was planned to distract his attention to pleasanter channels. The baron agreed to the plan on the condition that the invitations should be published broadcast, in the hope that the mysterious maiden of the wondrous raiment might be among the guests.

On the night of the feast, the cook made a bad mess of the pancakes designed for the baron's table. They were his favorite dish; but try as she would, the poor cook could not succeed in making the important dainties satisfactory. At length she allowed the hennenpfösl to try. Klein-Else slipped the baron's ring and a magnificent diamond from her own treasure into the batter. The pancakes were matchless. Never had such succulent pancakes been served on the baronial table, but the baron was insensible to everything else when he found the two rings on his dish. He sent for the cook, and after cross-questioning her severely, sent for Klein-Else.

The little hen-girl, anticipating the call, had flown to her treasure-rock; so she was ready to appear in the banqueting room as befitted a baron's daughter. She had a retinue of pages, cavaliers, and women-in-waiting, and her costume and ornaments outshone all else in the hall. The hennenpfösl took her place at the side of the baron, her identity was proclaimed, and that very night the baron laid himself and his fortune at her feet.



Amid the rejoicings of the guests, the nuptials of the young baron and Klein-Else were proclaimed. Then began an era of unalloyed happiness, and the years passed quickly. One anniversary succeeded another, and the happiness of Klein-Else seemed complete. Children grew about her, and the world was bright with riches and with promise.

Thus seven years passed over them. One day a knight in strange armor came knocking at the castle gates. He demanded to see the baroness. A flood of self-reproach swept through Klein-Else. She beat her brain in an endeavor to remember the knight's name, but the years of happiness had blotted it out of her memory. Equally had she forgotten the conditions attaching to the possession of her treasure and her own vows of the use she would make of it.

The knight stood before her and bade her follow him. Tremblingly she obeyed, and was led to the treasure-rock, the source of all her happiness. The knight touched it and it opened.

"Look!" he commanded.

Klein-Else gazed with terror at the vision within. The bright jewels and rich gold were no longer there, but instead, horror heaped on misery. The orphan she had promised to protect, the sick she had vowed to succor, the worn and the halt were there in accusation.

"You have spent their ransom upon yourself," said the knight to Klein-Else, who crouched upon the ground in her shame.

The baron and his servants searched for the strange knight and the baroness who had been seen to follow him with weak and faltering steps. The armored knight they did not find, but at dusk they came upon the lifeless body of Klein-Else kneeling against the rock.

THE FOREST ELEMENTAL

THE Baron di Valle was sturdy in the chase. In all that countryside there was no more dashing horseman, and in no stable fleeter steeds than his. One splendid day, pursuing the stag, the baron saw a stranger in the lead. The fine free stride of the stranger's mount and the firm graceful seat which he kept in the saddle aroused within the baron a spirit of emulation. He tried to outstrip the daring huntsman, but the stranger kept ever a little in the front. On and on through the forest they went. In the exaltation of the contest, the baron forgot time and distance, and did not notice that the baroness, to whom he was ardently devoted, together with his retinue, had been left hopelessly in the rear. His steed's hoofs rattled on the turf like a kettle-drum; but the stranger, who never once looked around, kept his lead unchanged.

At length they reached the confines of a dense forest. Great firs grew so closely that there was no room for the lower limbs, and on high the branches intertwined so thickly as to form an impenetrable curtain against light and air. Then the hunter turned fiercely on the baron: —

“Who is it dares to invade my domain?” he shouted; and drawing a hunting horn from his belt he blew a mighty blast. Instantly the baron was surrounded by a troop of wild, fierce huntsmen.

“Hold,” said the baron, as they were about to seize and bind him. “What is my offense? I admired your brave riding, and I thought what one brave man might do another might also attempt. I am willing to pay a ransom if you demand it.”

“I must answer you in whatever tone you choose to adopt,” said the Wilder Jäger, for the stranger was no other than the dreaded Wild Huntsman. Then he told the baron of the conditions on which he would be released. “I love the baroness,” he told him; “and I would have her for my own. I have won her from you, and though you are powerless to hinder my will, I intend to give you one chance to redeem her. Return, tell her of my conditions; and if within a month, in three guesses of three words each, she can guess my name, she will pay the ransom for you both. If, within the month, she thinks she has made the right guess, let her come to the ilex grove on the border of this forest and blow on this golden horn which I shall give you.”

Sorrowfully the baron wended his way back to the castle. So swiftly had he come, so slowly did he return, that it was three days and nights, before the baroness, who had been watching for him from the castle tower, perceived him riding toward her. Much cast down, he told her the cause of his melancholy. The baroness smothered her own grief in her loving solicitude for her husband. She would not listen to the self-reproaches of the baron, who blamed his own mad vanity as the cause of his falling so easily into the Wild Huntsman's lure.

The days passed gloomily. The baron gave up the pleasures of the chase and abandoned himself to despair. The baroness sat among the flowers of her oriel bower or knelt in her chapel, thinking, thinking of the guesses she had to make. One evening, she cried suddenly with a joyful clapping of her hands, “I have found it! I have found it! The Wilder Jäger lives in the dense forest and takes his name from the trees there. It must be Tree-Fir-Pine.”

The confidence of the baroness infected the baron, and they repaired to the ilex grove where the baroness sounded the golden horn. Instantly the Wilder Jäger appeared. He was all gallantry and politeness, and his splendid bearing impressed the baroness, but she loved the baron too devotedly to harbor the thought of another.



So fair was she and so confident did she look, that the Wilder Jäger dropped on his knees before her and besought her not to speak the words but to go with him, where every pleasure would be hers and every desire gratified without stint. In spite of his entreaties, she pronounced the words she fondly hoped would set her free.

"Tree-Fir-Pine," said she, to the great glee of the Wilder Jäger.

"Nothing like it!" he cried in jubilation. "You are mine still. I have no fear now that you will ever guess the name. You can try as often as you please, for every time you come to guess I shall have the happiness of seeing you."

The baron and the baroness returned home more despondent than ever. They spent the night in tears and prayers, and in the morning when they looked out over the smiling fields the sorrow did not lift from their hearts. One day crept after another until ten had passed, and again the face of the baroness became suddenly illumined with happiness. Running to her husband she threw her arms about him, crying:—

"I have it this time for certain, Heinrich. When at the ilex grove did we not see through one of the narrow vistas of the forest a golden plain of wheat and corn? The Wilder Jäger's name must be taken from this treasure of rich grain, for it is worth more than all his vast forests. Wheat-Maize-Corn,—that will be his name."

The baron, eager to clutch at any hope, ordered the horses brought from the stables, and they proceeded to the ilex grove once more. But again she failed; and this time the Wilder Jäger was a little scornful of her efforts, and sought with many promises to persuade her to go with him. As she pronounced the words he laughed in derision. The baroness reminded him of his promise to leave her at peace for a full month, and asked what pledge she had that he would acknowledge the truth should she guess aright.

"I do not deceive," said the Wilder Jäger with a lofty dignity. "Even did I desire to deceive you, I could not, since should mortal pronounce my name in my presence I could not stand before him for an instant. But it is not given to mortals to know."

The baron and the baroness were once more plunged in despair. They returned to the castle in silence, the baroness to her oriel window, the baron to his accustomed chair in the hall of his ancestors. Despondency settled like a cloud upon the castle. The days went by, but hope lagged helplessly; till at last but one sunrise intervened between them and calamity.

Rather than that the Wilder Jäger should come for her, and deeming it the more noble course, the baron and the baroness set out through the woods for the ilex grove. Nearing the borders of the forest, they heard a cry as of distress coming from the thicket. The compassionate heart

of the baroness was moved at once, and, forgetful of her own impending fate, she called to the baron to turn aside with her and ascertain the origin of the piteous cries. Guided by the sounds, they soon discovered, tied to a tree, a poor wretch in whom they recognized a follower of the Wilder Jäger. In an instant the baron had cut his bonds, and the baroness, her eyes glowing with sympathy, asked the poor fellow the cause of his suffering.

"It is easy to earn a punishment from the Wilder Jäger," said the man. With growing confidence he told her of the barbarity of his master, and at length—for he truly desired to show gratitude for the service done him by the baron and the baroness—he cried out, "I wish I could do you as good a turn as you have done me."

The baroness begged him for the name of the Wilder Jäger, and the baron added his entreaties; but the huntsman replied sadly that he dared not divulge the secret. The baron and baroness implored him, and finally he yielded so far as to say:—

"Well, I may not tell the name, but you may happen to overhear it if you listen."

Then he walked before them many paces, but though the baron and the baroness strained their ears, they could not catch the sound of a name. Suddenly the hunter broke out into a wild refrain of which they caught the words:—

"The Wild Huntsman's betrothed (though he is not tamed)

To a lady fair

Driven to despair.

If she only knew he's Burzinigala named."

The baroness caught the name joyfully. The sun shone on her face again. The baron was in a transport. Eagerly they pressed on to the ilex grove, and there found the Wilder Jäger, with a look of triumphant anticipation on his face, awaiting them.

"I salute thee, Sir Burzinigala!" cried the baroness, mockingly.

An extraordinary transformation immediately took place in the appearance of the Wilder Jäger. All the evil things of the wood were reflected in his face, but only for an instant; for in a flash of flame and smoke he disappeared through the forest roof.

The baron and baroness with joy in their hearts, rode back hand in hand to their castle.

ENGLISH SECTION

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

THERE was once a poor widow whose only son was named Jack. They had a cow, called Milky-White, who gave so much milk every morning that they not only had plenty for their own use, but more to take to the market and sell. So Jack and his mother got on very well until one morning Milky-White gave no milk, and they did not know how they were to live. The widow cried and wrung her hands, but Jack tried to console her.

"Never mind, mother, I'll go and find something to do that will support us both," said Jack, who was cheerful and good hearted.

"That is not easy to do," the widow replied. "I see no other way but to sell Milky-White, and with the money she will bring to start a little shop."

After talking it over for some time, they concluded that this was a very good plan; and, it being market day, Jack put a halter on Milky-White, and led her away. Before he had gone very far, he met an old man who stopped and said: —

"Good morning to you, Jack."

"Good morning," Jack replied, very much puzzled to know how the man knew his name, for he did not remember that he had ever seen him before.

"Well, Jack, where are you leading the cow?" the man asked.

"To the market, to sell her," said Jack, drawing himself up very proudly.

"Can you tell how many beans make five?" the man asked.

"Two in each hand and one in the mouth," Jack replied.

"Since you are so clever, I don't mind a bargain with you." Saying this, the man took from his pocket some beautiful beans. "I will give you these beans for your cow, Jack."

"That would be a good bargain for you," Jack replied.

"These are not ordinary beans," the man told him. "If you plant them in the ground at night, their stalks will reach to the sky in the morning."

"Are you sure of that?" asked Jack.

"So sure am I that, if they do not, I will give the cow back to you."



Jack took the beans and laid Milky-White's halter in the man's hand. When he reached home his mother was greatly surprised to see him so soon.

"Tell me what you got for Milky-White," the widow eagerly asked, "for I see you have not brought her back."

"You cannot guess, mother," said Jack.

"Is it so much, dear Jack? Five pounds? ten?" Jack shook his head. "Fifteen? O, Jack! you never got twenty?"

"I knew that you would never guess, mother. I met a man who gave me these beans for her."

The widow was so angry at him for his stupidity that she threw the beans out of the window and sent him to bed without his supper. He went upstairs to his little room, wondering how he could have been such a dolt, and very unhappy that he had caused his mother more anxiety. He tossed about upon his bed for some time, but at length fell asleep.

When he awoke, he at first thought it was not yet morning, for the sun was not shining through his window. Imagine his astonishment when, on getting out of bed, he saw a big beanstalk reaching from the ground up to the sky. Then he remembered what the man had said about the magic beans, and that his mother had thrown them into the garden below, where they must have sprung up during the night.

The beanstalk grew so near to his window that he had no trouble in reaching it; and as it was twined and twisted like a ladder, he made up his mind to ascend it. He climbed and climbed and climbed, until at last he reached the sky. At the top of the beanstalk there was a broad road, which he followed. When he had walked a very great distance, he came to a big house, and in the doorway stood the tallest woman he had ever seen.

"Good morning," said Jack, very politely. "Would you be so kind as to let me have some breakfast?" he made bold to ask, for he had gone to bed without his supper the night before, and by this time was very hungry.

"Let you have some breakfast!" replied the woman. "Unless you run away from here at once my husband will make breakfast of you. He is an ogre, and nothing pleases him better than little boys broiled on toast."

Jack did not run away as the big woman told him, but pleaded with her for something to eat.

"What matters," says he, "whether I am broiled on toast for your husband's breakfast, or die of hunger?"

When the ogre's wife saw that he was really very hungry, she took him into the house and gave him bread and cheese to eat and some milk to drink. He was still eating when the house shook, and the

heavy thump, thump, of the giant's feet caused his wife to jump up in alarm.

"It's my husband," she told Jack. "Where shall I hide you? Run here, quick!" And before Jack knew it she had bundled him into the oven, just in time to escape the ogre, from whose belt hung three calves, which he unhooked and flung on the table.

"Broil a couple of these for my breakfast!" he commanded his wife. Then, sniffing the air, he sang:—

"Fee-fi-fo-fum!

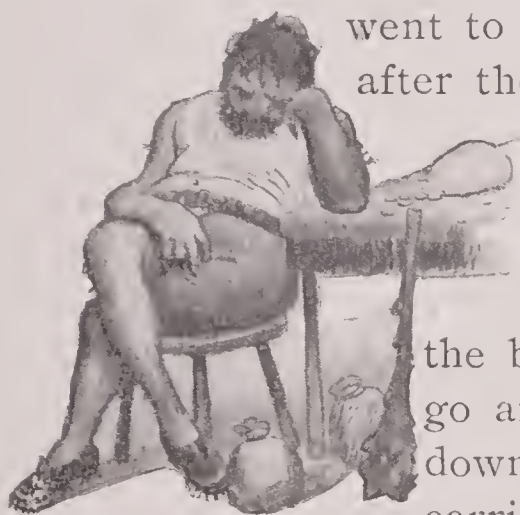
I smell the blood of an Englishman!

Be he alive, or be he dead,

I'll have his bones to grind my bread!"

"Perhaps it's the scraps of the little boy whom you ate yesterday," his wife told him. "Go and wash before breakfast, for it will soon be ready."

When the ogre had gone, Jack started to climb out of the oven; but the woman told him to remain where he was until her husband went to sleep, as he always did after eating. So he waited until after the ogre had eaten his breakfast; but, instead of going to sleep, he took from a closet two bags of gold and commenced counting. At last his head rolled to one side, and his snores assured Jack that it was safe to come out. He noiselessly crept to the ogre's chair and took one of the bags of gold, then ran to the beanstalk as fast as he could go and threw the bag to his mother's garden below. Then down and down he climbed until he reached the bottom, and carried the gold to his mother.



"The beans were magical, mother," he told her, "and we have enough gold to last us a long time."

At length, when there was no more gold in the bag, Jack decided to again see what he could find at the top of the beanstalk. He climbed and climbed and climbed, until he found himself at the broad road that led to the big house. The ogre's wife was at the door, and Jack boldly ran up to her and said:—

"Please, ma'am, I am so hungry, would you give me something to eat?"

"Run away, boy, or my husband will eat you. I fed a little boy one day, and when he had gone we missed a bag of gold."

"Give me something to eat, and perhaps I can tell you about the bag of gold," said Jack.

The woman took him into the kitchen and gave him food, but he had only begun to eat when the ogre was heard coming and the woman again thrust Jack into the oven.

“Fee-fi-fo-fum!

I smell the blood of an Englishman!”

began the ogre; but his wife persuaded him that he was mistaken. In a few minutes he had devoured three broiled oxen, after which he told his wife to bring him the hen that laid the golden eggs.

“Lay!” said he to the hen, when she had brought it; and it laid an egg of purest gold.

Soon the ogre was snoring, and Jack crept forth from the oven. He grabbed the precious hen and scampered for the beanstalk. But just as he reached it, the hen cackled, and Jack heard the ogre coming after him. Down the beanstalk he climbed as fast as ever he could, and when he reached home he showed his mother the hen which laid a golden egg every time he commanded it to.

But Jack was not yet satisfied, and one morning he again started to try his luck at the top of the beanstalk. He climbed and climbed and climbed, and when he had reached the top he followed the broad road as before and got behind a bush until the ogre’s wife came out of the house; then he went in, and when he heard the ogre and his wife coming, he hid in the copper.

“Fee-fi-fo-fum!

I smell the blood of an Englishman!”

roared the giant.

“If it’s that little rascal who stole your bag of gold and the golden hen, I know where to find him,” said his wife, and ran to the oven. Not finding him there, she told the ogre he did not know a live Englishman from a dead one, and that she was getting tired of his Fee-fi-fo-fum. After searching every place but the copper, which fortunately he overlooked, the ogre sat down and ate his breakfast, then called for his golden harp. His wife brought him a beautiful harp of shining gold, and when he said to it, “Sing,” the loveliest music came from its strings. The harp sang until the ogre fell asleep and snored so loudly that it could not be heard.

Then Jack crept forth from his hiding-place and secured the golden harp. He had got as far as the door when the harp called out and its master awoke. He dashed after Jack, and reached the beanstalk just in time to see the boy climbing down with the precious harp which was still calling to him. Then the ogre was so angry that he risked falling to the earth, and swung his weight upon the frail ladder. Jack felt the beanstalk shake and tremble, and knew that the ogre was coming after him. Down and down he climbed, and as soon as he reached the bottom, he called to his mother to bring him an ax. She hastened out of the house just in time to see the ogre appearing through the clouds.

Jack took the ax from her, and chopped the beanstalk in two. It fell to the earth with a terrible crash; and as for the ogre, he would never be able to eat any more little boys, for his head was broken.

Jack was now content to remain with his mother, while the hen that laid the golden eggs made them both rich. In time he married a beautiful princess, and the golden harp sang to them all day.

JACK, THE GIANT-KILLER

WHEN the good King Arthur ruled, there lived in his kingdom a brave boy named Jack, who heard with delight of the deeds of the fearless king and his Knights of the Round Table. He was told how fair ladies were rescued and enemies were overthrown, and in all of these adventures he longed to have a share.

Off Cornwall, where Jack lived, was a ferocious giant named Cormoran, who preyed upon the cattle far and near, and for many years terrified the people. He dwelt in a cave on the side of St. Michael's Mount, and so fearful was he to see that no one dared approach his stronghold. One night he was reported to have carried off a dozen oxen on his back, besides a lot of sheep and hogs. Then Jack decided to show his valor and to do the monster battle. He conceived a plan by which he hoped to destroy him.

Dressed in his armor, and taking with him a lantern, a horn, and some tools with which to dig the earth, he started out for the giant's abode. Before the cavern where the giant lived he dug a pit twenty-two feet deep and as many broad. This done, he covered it over to make it appear like solid ground. Then, taking his horn, he blew a blast both long and loud. The sound had scarcely died away, before, out of the cavern opposite, came the sleepy giant. He was eighteen feet high and nine feet around, and his voice was like thunder as he shouted:—

"You impudent boy! I'll have you for my breakfast!"

With one stride the giant was in the middle of the pit which Jack had dug for him; and before he had time to crawl out, that valiant boy gave him a blow on the head with the pickax that killed him. Then Jack went home to his grateful friends.

Jack's adventures, however, did not end with the killing of Cormoran. There were two other giants, Blunderbore and his brother, who lived in an enchanted castle in a wood. They heard of Jack's triumph, and swore to kill him if they ever caught him. Some time after the slaying of Cormoran, Jack, while in the wood, lay down and went to sleep. Blunderbore found him there and carried him to his castle, where he locked him in a large room. The floor was strewn with skulls and the

bones of men and women; and when Jack saw Blunderbore returning with the giant, his brother, he knew that unless he could escape, his own bones would soon lie with the others. Searching about, he found in the corner of the room a strong cord. Hurriedly making a slipknot in each end, he waited until the two giants came under the window. Then, throwing the loops around their necks, he secured them fast. When he had choked them nearly to death, he slid down the rope. After plunging his knife into the heart of each, he took from the pocket of Blunderbore a big bunch of keys which enabled him to enter the castle.

In one of the rooms he found three ladies tied by the hair of their heads. The unfortunate victims told their rescuer that they were being starved to death, because they would not eat the flesh of their husbands whom the giants had killed. Jack gave them the keys which he had taken from Blunderbore, and told them the giants were dead and the castle was theirs. He then took leave of them and started in quest of more adventures. After walking a great distance he came to a handsome house in Wales. As he had traveled far and was footsore and weary, he knocked at the door and asked to be allowed to rest. This happened to be the house of a Welsh giant; and although he gave Jack food and a bed to sleep in, he was a wicked giant, as all giants are in fairy-tales. After eating his supper, Jack went to bed, but was so weary that he could not go to sleep. During the night he heard the wicked giant mumbling outside his door. He got up and listened, and this is what he heard: —

“Though you lodge with me this night,
You shall not see the morning light;
My club shall dash your brains out quite.”

Finding a large block of wood in the fireplace, Jack placed it in the bed where he had lain, then quickly hid himself in the corner. He had not waited long when the giant came into the room with his bludgeon, and struck the wood so many blows that, had it been Jack, his bones would surely have been broken.

In the morning Jack boldly approached his murderous host and thanked him for his lodging. Greatly amazed, the giant stammered, “How did you sleep last night?”

“Oh! very well,” answered Jack.

“Did you hear any noise?” asked the giant.

“Only once, when a rat ran over me, but I soon went to sleep again.”

The giant then brought two huge bowls of hasty pudding and gave one to Jack. That he might appear to eat as much as his host, Jack slipped a leathern bag inside his coat, and when the giant was not looking, put the hasty pudding into it. When the breakfast was over, Jack told the giant that he would show him some tricks. Said he: —

"I can cut off my own head and put it on again, and heal all wounds by a single touch." Then, snatching his knife from his belt, he slit open the leathern bag and the hasty pudding fell on the floor.

"Ods splutter hur nails!" exclaimed the giant. "Hur ean do that hursel!" Not willing to be outdone by a little boy, he seized the knife and plunged it into his own stomach; and very soon this stupid giant was dead.

Jaek next provided himself with a horse. From a giant with three heads, whom he frightened very badly, he obtained a eap of knowledge that he might be wiser than his enemies; a eloak of darkness with which to make himself invisible to them; shoes of swiftiness that they might not overtake him, and a sword so sharp that it would never fail him. Thus fortified, he was traveling through a forest when he eame upon a feroeious giant who was dragging a lady and a knight by the hair of their heads. Jaek quickly tied his horse to a tree, and putting on his invisible eoat, under which was concealed his sword of sharpness, he ran to their rescue. He was unable to reach to the giant's knees; but, with a well-aimed blow of his sword, he eut off both his legs. Thus vanquished, the giant fell to the earth, and soon expired from a thrust of the magic sword. The lady and the knight thanked Jack, and asked him to go home with them, that they might the better reward him for their deliverance.

"No," said Jaek, "not till I have found the monster's abode and have seized what may be there." So saying he mounted his horse and went on his way.

He had not gone very far when he eneountered the brother of the giant whom he had just killed. Again putting on his invisible coat, he dispatched this seecnd monster as easily as he had the first. This feat aecomplished, he resumed his journey.

At the foot of a mountain he eame to a lonely cottoge where lived an old man. As he rested, the hermit told him of an enehanted eastle at the top of the mountain, which was the dwelling-place of the giant Galligantus and a wieked magieian who transformed people into beasts. Said the old man:—

"They have recently seized a duke's daughter, and now hold her eaptive in the form of a deer."

Jaek remained at the cottoge that night, and in the morning aseended the mountain to the enchanted castle where dwelt the giant Galligantus and the wicked magieian. His eoat of darkness protected him from the fiery griffins and many other dangers which he eneountered on the way. On the gates of the castle hung a golden trumpet, and underneath was written:—

"Whoever can this trumpet blow,
Will cause the giant's overthrow."

Jack immediately took the trumpet and blew such a blast that the gates flew open. By the aid of his sword of sharpness, Jack slew the giant Galligantus who rushed out to destroy him. Thereupon the wicked magician and the castle vanished, and all the knights and ladies who had been turned into beasts and birds resumed their proper shapes and returned to their homes. The head of the giant was taken to King Arthur, who rewarded Jack for his many valiant deeds by giving him the duke's daughter and a splendid estate. On this estate they lived in happiness for many years, and throughout all the king's country the courageous youth was famed as Jack, The Giant-Killer.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

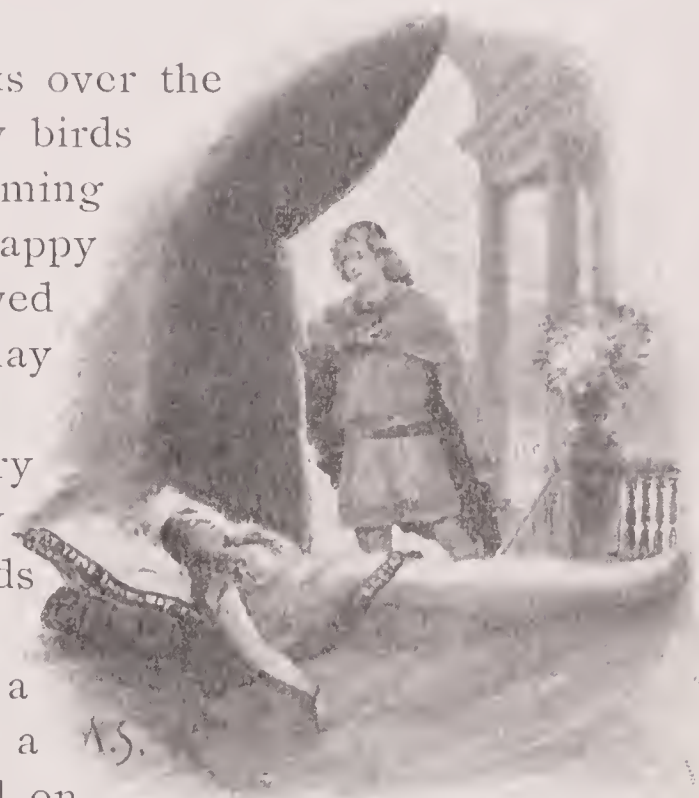
ONCE there was a beautiful princess who lived in a palace. It was a wonderful building,—so old that nobody knew when the foundations were laid, and yet it always seemed fresh and new, for it was ever being altered and improved. All day long the walls flashed with a golden light, and at night the great ceiling was lighted up with many tiny lamps that sparkled like diamonds.

In the palace grounds there were lovely walks over the hills and down through the valleys. The merry birds were singing in the trees, and the bees were humming among the flowers. Down the hillsides the happy brooks went leaping to the river, and the river flowed through the valley out to the great sea which lay basking in the sunlight.

In this palace the beautiful princess lived very happily. Every morning she was awakened by the songs of birds, and every night the gentle winds soothed her to sleep with their soft lullaby.

But there came a great change. One day a messenger ran in with the dreadful tidings that a fierce giant, who lived in the north, had started on his journey to besiege the palace in which the beautiful princess lived. The bad news was soon confirmed, for a herald approached, blowing a rude blast on his trumpet to announce that his master was coming.

And now the sky was covered with gray clouds, and the breath of the giant blew coldly through the trees as he came stalking along in his icy shoes. Wherever he trod the flowers withered and died; the birds left off singing; the leaves fell from the trees, and the little brooks grew sad and still.



The giant came to the palace, and all the servants and guests felt a cold, drowsy feeling creep over them. As he drew near to the princess her face grew pale, her eyes closed, and she sank back in a deep sleep.

The giant then locked up the palace and built icy barriers all about it, so that nobody should be able to get near the princess; for there was a saying that whenever a prince should kiss the Sleeping Beauty she would awake from her enchanted sleep. So weeks and months passed away while the princess lay there cold and still.

The story of her beauty had gone abroad, and also the prophecy that she would be the bride of him who should awaken her with a kiss. Many princes came and tried to get into the palace; but the giant had built the barriers so strongly and put so many pitfalls in the way that they all failed in the attempt.

In a far distant country there lived a prince named Phœbus, who was very strong and handsome, and whose streaming hair was as bright as the sunshine. This is why he was called Phœbus, which means The Shining One.

He heard one day of the beautiful princess who was lying in her enchanted sleep, and declared that he would go and awaken her. The servants of the prince told him of the great ice barriers which the giant had placed about the palace, and of how many princes had vainly tried to reach the Sleeping Beauty; but Phœbus gave a merry laugh, and said that he would make the attempt.

They brought out his shining chariot, and he started on the long journey. His horses flew so swiftly that he soon arrived at the palace. He at once began to beat down the ice barriers; and so strong were his strokes that the giant, who had been lying in wait, was glad to get away to his home in the north.

When an opening had been made, Prince Phœbus went through to find the Sleeping Beauty. She was lying still and cold in her white robes, and all the attendants about her were wrapped in a deathlike sleep. Phœbus bent over and tenderly kissed her. At the touch of his lips the princess gave a little start, as if she were dreaming. At the same time some of her attendants stirred, and a soft whisper was heard through the palace like the sighing of a spring breeze.

Again the prince kissed her. A faint rosy flush came into her cheeks; a smile played around her lips; and at last she opened her eyes, which were clear and blue as the cloudless sky. When she saw the prince bending over her with a loving glance, a shy look came into her eyes, and her cheeks blushed into a rosier loveliness. A golden light now filled the palace, which awakened all the sleepers.

Outside, also, there were signs of joyous life, for at that instant a bird sprang up toward the sky, trilling out so clearly that all the air was alive

with his song of rapture. Somehow the song which poured from the heart of the bird awakened songs in the hearts of the listeners. And this is what the prince sang to his lady-love: —

“Hark! hark!
The lark at heaven’s gate sings,
And Phœbus ’gins to rise
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking marybuds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With everything that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise,
Arise!”

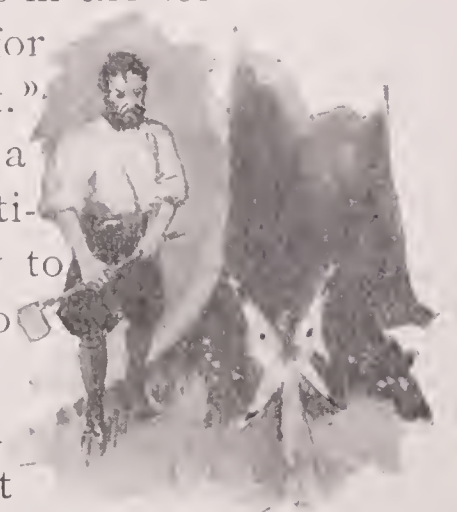
“Come, fair lady,” said he, as he took her by the hand, “you have been asleep a long time. Now let us wander forth together.” And so, hand in hand, Phœbus and his bride passed out into the palace grounds. Wherever they went the grass and the flowers sprang up under their feet; the trees put forth their leaves, and the birds built their nests and sang among the branches; the happy brooks again went leaping down the hills, and the river flowed through the valley out to the great sea beyond.

THE THREE WISHES

[From *Sternberg’s Folk-Lore of Northamptonshire*]

THERE was once a poor woodman who went every day to the forest to fell timber. One day he told his wife to give him plenty of meat and to fill his bottle, for he had an old oak-tree to chop down that would detain him until night. When he came to the tree his heart smote him, for it was bigger and more venerable than all the others in the forest. “’Tis a pity,” said he, “to destroy what has flourished for so many years; surely it will not be the same wood without it.” With a sigh of regret he raised his ax; but before it fell, a plaintive voice arrested his arm. To his astonishment, a beautiful fairy stood beside him. She implored him so pitifully to spare the tree that his heart was touched and he consented to grant her wish.

“It is well for thee that thou hast not denied me,” said the fairy. “To show that I am not ungrateful, thy first three wishes shall be granted thee; make them what thou wilt.” Before the woodman could reply the fairy had disappeared.



He was too amazed and disturbed for work that day, so, shouldering his ax and basket, he started for his home. His thoughts were so occupied with his strange experience at the oak that he took a path which led him in another direction. When he finally reached his cottage, he was both tired and hungry. Seating himself before the fire, he asked his wife if she had prepared his supper.

"Not yet," replied she; "but have patience, Jan, and 'twill soon be ready for thee."

"I wish," sighed the woodman, "that I had a good black pudding for my supper." No sooner were the words uttered than there was a sound of something falling down the chimney, and at his feet lay the very thing for which he had expressed a wish, a big link of black pudding, as delicious as man could desire.

Instantly he remembered the fairy's words and told them to his wife. When he had finished telling her of the great oak's guardian and what she had promised him, the wife was in a frightful temper.

"A fine property to acquire, Jan, when a fairy bids thee choose!" exclaimed the indignant woman, "If that be the best of thy wit, thou art a fool, and I wish thy black pudding were hanging to thy nose."

To their consternation, the pudding at once attached itself as the angry wife had wished; and, try as they would to undo the mischief, it stuck fast to Jan's nose. First she pulled, then he, then both of them together; and when they at last realized that all their efforts were useless, they sat back in despair.

"Whatever is to be done?" asked Jan, very much frightened. The wife assured him that it really did not disfigure him so much, and since he had another wish, he might wish for something fine enough to console him for the inconvenience. Jan, however, lost no time in wishing the pudding off his nose; and straightway found himself free.

True, he did not live in a palace nor ride in a golden coach, as he might have done, nor did his wife dress in silks and jewels; but they had a good black pudding for supper, and what more could a poor woodman desire?

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD

ONCE upon a time there were two pretty children, whose father and mother both died when they were young. They went to live with an uncle, to whom the poor father, with his last words, intrusted them.

"You must be both father and mother to my little ones," said he, "for when I am gone there will be no one but you to protect them; and as you deal by them, may God reward you."

The uncle promised to care for the babes as though they were his own. When the parents were laid to rest in one grave, he took the little boy and girl home with him. At first he faithfully guarded his trust, and in time the children forgot to grieve for their parents, and learned to love the kind uncle who took their place. But one day the evil thought came to the uncle that, if the children were out of the way, the wealth which their father had left them would be his. At first he struggled with the temptation to betray his brother's trust; but day by day it grew, until at last it mastered him, and he devised the children's destruction. After he had bargained with two ruffians to take them to the wood and slay them, he told his wife an artful tale of sending them to be brought up by a friend, and they were led away.

On the way the innocent children laughed and prattled so merrily to the murderers that one of them relented; and on arriving at the lonely wood, where they had arranged to put them to death, he refused to do the wicked deed. The other, more hard of heart and caring only for the gold which had been promised him, would not be persuaded to spare them. At last the ruffians quarreled, and the one who persisted in slaying the pretty babes was himself killed. The kinder one then took the children by the hand, and led them further into the unfrequented wood. When they had gone a long distance, the little boy and little girl became hungry and asked the ruffian for food.

"Wait here until I bring you some," said he, and left them.

They ran about happily under the green trees and picked the bright flowers. When the man did not return, they gathered berries, which grew in abundance in the wood, and ate them. They watched the squirrels frisk through the branches of the trees, and ran after the gay butterflies. The birds sang sweet songs to them, and they were happy all day long. But at last the sun went down, and the dews chilled them. When it grew dark, the little girl began to cry; but her brother held her in his arms and told her not to be afraid. There they slept the dark night through, while the wind moaned in the branches of the trees. Morning came, and they wandered hand in hand through the forest, and made their breakfast of the berries.

Thus, day after day passed; their tired little feet vainly sought a path that would lead them home; and when the darkness of the night fell upon the great forest, the forsaken babes wept themselves to sleep in each other's arms. At last there were no more berries to be found; and when hunger overcame them, they lay down upon the green earth and died. There was no one to dig a grave for them; but the birds, seeing these sweet children locked in each other's arms, brought leaves and covered them over. Leaf by leaf they lovingly laid a mantle over the still forms; then from the neighboring branches they sang a requiem.

The wicked uncle did not enjoy the wealth which he had so cruelly obtained. Misfortune came, and the wrath of God fell upon him. His houses burned, his fields became barren, and his cattle perished. At last, he had lost all, and was cast into prison for debt; and there he died.

THE STORY OF THE THREE BEARS

[From *Southey*]

IN A little house in the wood there once lived three bears: Father Bear, who was a huge bear with paws big enough to break down a tree; Mother Bear, who was of medium size; and Cub Bear, who was only a baby. They each had a chair to sit on—a big one for Father Bear, a middle-sized one for Mother Bear, and a very small one for wee Cub Bear. There was also a great bed for Father Bear, a medium-sized bed for Mother Bear, and a little bed for little Cub Bear. Father Bear's porridge bowl was big enough to hold all the breakfast he could eat, Mother Bear's porridge bowl was just the size she required, and Cub Bear had a little one all to himself.

One fine morning Father Bear, Mother Bear, and little Cub Bear took a walk into the wood while the breakfast was cooling. They were no sooner out of sight than along came a prying old woman, who had no business there at all. She peeped in at the window, which she had no right to do, and seeing nobody at home, she stole around to the door, lifted the latch, and went in. She looked all about the room, but did not see anything that she wanted until she spied the porridge where it had been left on the table to cool.

Without waiting to be asked, she tasted the porridge in Father Bear's bowl. It burned her mouth, as she deserved. "This horrid stuff is too hot," she grumbled. Next she tasted the porridge in Mother Bear's bowl. "This nasty stuff is cold," she said in disgust. Then she tasted the porridge in little Cub Bear's bowl, and finding it to her taste, she ate it all up without leaving him a mouthful. When this greedy old woman had finished eating, she climbed onto Father Bear's chair; but it was too hard to suit her. Then she sat on Mother Bear's chair, and that did not please her, either, for it was too soft. Cub Bear's little chair was just what she liked, and she sat down on it so hard that the bottom fell out. After doing all this mischief down stairs, she went into the attic to see what she could find there. First she lay down on Father Bear's bed; but it was too high at the head. She crawled off this and climbed in Mother Bear's bed; but it did not please her any better, for it was too high at the foot. After mussing these two, she threw herself on the

little bed of Cub Bear. Finding it just to her liking, she covered herself up and soon fell fast asleep.

After a time the three bears decided that their porridge must be cool enough to eat, and so came home. Seeing the door open they at once knew that something was wrong.

"Somebody has been tasting my porridge, and has left the spoon in the bowl," growled Father Bear. Mother Bear crept to her bed and looked at it.

"Somebody has been mussing up my bed," she cried. Little Cub Bear went to his bed and saw the ugly old woman fast asleep.

"Somebody has eaten my porridge, and broken my chair, and here she is in my bed," cried he. With that he lifted his little paw and boxed the old woman's ears.

She woke, and ran, and jumped out of the window before Father Bear could come and eat her up, as she deserved. Whether she ran into the wood and got lost, or was arrested for theft and sent to prison, nobody ever knew; for she never was heard of again.

SCOTCH SECTION

CHILDE ROWLAND

CHILDE ROWLAND tossed the ball
Over the kirke so high,
It ne'er came down at all
Anywhere under the sky.

His brothers twa and he,
They waited long in vain.
Burd Ellen chased the ball,
And ne'er came back again.

They sought her west and east,
They called her by her name;
Their hearts were filled with dule—
Burd Ellen never came.

When Burd Ellen could nowhere be found, the eldest brother went to Warlock Merlin and asked where she might be. He was told that she had been carried off by the fairies, because she had gone around the church "widershins,"—which, you must know, means against the sun.

"She is now," said Warlock Merlin, "in the dark tower, where dwells the King of Elfland."

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[From *Southey*]

IN A little house in the wood there once lived three bears: Father Bear, who was a huge bear with paws big enough to break down a tree; Mother Bear, who was of medium size; and Cub Bear, who was only a baby. They each had a chair to sit on—a big one for Father Bear, a middle-sized one for Mother Bear, and a very small one for wee Cub Bear. There was also a great bed for Father Bear, a medium-sized bed for Mother Bear, and a little bed for little Cub Bear. Father Bear's porridge bowl was big enough to hold all the breakfast he could eat, Mother Bear's porridge bowl was just the size she required, and Cub Bear had a little one all to himself.

One fine morning Father Bear, Mother Bear, and little Cub Bear took a walk into the wood while the breakfast was cooling. They were no sooner out of sight than along came a prying old woman, who had no business there at all. She peeped in at the window, which she had no right to do, and seeing nobody at home, she stole around to the door, lifted the latch, and went in. She looked all about the room, but did not see anything that she wanted until she spied the porridge where it had been left on the table to cool.

Without waiting to be asked, she tasted the porridge in Father Bear's bowl. It burned her mouth, as she deserved. "This horrid stuff is too hot," she grumbled. Next she tasted the porridge in Mother Bear's bowl. "This nasty stuff is cold," she said in disgust. Then she tasted the porridge in little Cub Bear's bowl, and finding it to her taste, she ate it all up without leaving him a mouthful. When this greedy old woman had finished eating, she climbed onto Father Bear's chair; but it was too hard to suit her. Then she sat on Mother Bear's chair, and that did not please her, either, for it was too soft. Cub Bear's little chair was just what she liked, and she sat down on it so hard that the bottom fell out. After doing all this mischief down stairs, she went into the attic to see what she could find there. First she lay down on Father Bear's bed; but it was too high at the head. She crawled off this and climbed in Mother Bear's bed; but it did not please her any better, for it was too high at the foot. After mussing these two, she threw herself on the

little bed of Cub Bear. Finding it just to her liking, she covered herself up and soon fell fast asleep.

After a time the three bears decided that their porridge must be cool enough to eat, and so came home. Seeing the door open they at once knew that something was wrong.

"Somebody has been tasting my porridge, and has left the spoon in the bowl," growled Father Bear. Mother Bear crept to her bed and looked at it.

"Somebody has been mussing up my bed," she cried. Little Cub Bear went to his bed and saw the ugly old woman fast asleep.

"Somebody has eaten my porridge, and broken my chair, and here she is in my bed," cried he. With that he lifted his little paw and boxed the old woman's ears.

She woke, and ran, and jumped out of the window before Father Bear could come and eat her up, as she deserved. Whether she ran into the wood and got lost, or was arrested for theft and sent to prison, nobody ever knew; for she never was heard of again.

SCOTCH SECTION

CHILDE ROWLAND

CHILDE ROWLAND tossed the ball
Over the kirke so high,
It ne'er came down at all
Anywhere under the sky.

His brothers twa and he,
They waited long in vain.
Burd Ellen chased the ball,
And ne'er came back again.

They sought her west and east,
They called her by her name;
Their hearts were filled with dule—
Burd Ellen never came.

When Burd Ellen could nowhere be found, the eldest brother went to Warlock Merlin and asked where she might be. He was told that she had been carried off by the fairies, because she had gone around the church "widershins,"—which, you must know, means against the sun.

"She is now," said Warlock Merlin, "in the dark tower, where dwells the King of Elfland."

"I will bring her back," declared her brother, "if any man can."

"It is not impossible," replied Warlock Merlin, "but terrible would be the fate of the boldest knight who should go not knowing what to do when he got there."

The eldest brother begged to be taught how he might rescue his sister; and when he had learned his lesson, he bravely started forth.

They waited long for him at home;
 Their hearts were muckle sore;
 They waited, but he never came
 To gate or castle door.

The second brother, in due time, came to Warlock Merlin and asked where he might find Burd Ellen, and he too, having been instructed, went on the perilous quest.

They waited long for him at home;
 Their hearts were muckle sore;
 They waited, but he never came
 To gate or castle door.

Childe Rowland, the youngest, now begged his mother, the queen, to let him go in search of Burd Ellen, as his brothers had done. The good queen at first would not consent; but he pleaded long and would not be denied. So finally she gave him his father's sword, with a spell that made it invincible.

Childe Rowland came to Warlock Merlin, and asked to be taught how he might rescue his sister and his brothers twain.

"There are but two things to learn," said Warlock Merlin: "one, what to do, the other, what not to do. What you must do when in the land of Fairy, is this: Whoever speaks to you before you reach Burd Ellen, strike off his head with your father's brand. What you must not do, is this: Eat no bite nor drink no drop while in the land of Fairy, or never will you return."



When Childe Rowland had learned his lesson, he thanked his teacher and went his way. After he had journeyed very far, he came to a horseherd, feeding his horses. These had fiery eyes, and he knew himself to be in Elfland. He asked the horseherd where he might find the Dark Tower of the King of Elfland. The horseherd told him he did not know, but a little further on he would meet the cowherd, who might be able to tell him.

Before leaving the horseherd, Childe Rowland struck off his head with his father's good brand. Then he continued his journey, and in time came to the cowherd. Of him he asked the same question.

"That I cannot tell thee," replied the cowherd, "but the henwife can. A little further on thou wilt find her." Childe Rowland out with

his good brand, that never struck in vain, and the cowherd's head fell upon the turf.

Then he went on till he came to an old woman who wore a gray cloak. This was the henwife. Of her he asked where he might find the Dark Tower of the King of Elfland.

"Yonder you will come to a green hill," said the old woman. "Walk round it, widershins, three times, saying:—

Open, open, door! and let me in.

The third time round, the door will open and you may enter."

Childe Rowland remembered his instructions, and struck off the henwife's head. When he came to the green hill, he walked around it three times, widershins, as the henwife had told him, saying:—

"Open, open, door! and let me in."

The third time round, a door opened and he went in. It shut behind him, and he found himself in the dark, where the air was moist and warm. Groping onward, he came to some doors that led into the most wonderful hall he had ever seen. Its huge pillars were of gold and silver, and flowers of pearls and diamonds festooned them to the top. In the center of the dome hung a pearl so large and luminous that it lighted the hall, and near by hung a carbuncle, shedding its rosy rays. There were couches of silk and velvet; and on one of them sat Burd Ellen combing her golden hair.

When she saw her youngest brother she stood up and moaned:—

"Why camest thou here?

Oh! woe is me!

My brother dear,

Thrice woe to thee!"

Childe Rowland sat down beside her and told her how he came, then asked if she knew aught of their two brothers. She related to him how they had come to the Dark Tower, where they had been enchanted by the King of Elfland, and now lay like the dead. When they had talked some time, Childe Rowland became very hungry and asked Burd Ellen for food. She looked at him sadly, but being under a spell, was unable to warn him. She brought some bread and milk in a golden bowl; but he remembered in time to dash it to the floor.

"I will eat no bite nor drink no drop, till thou art with me out of Elfland," he said.

Just then a loud voice was heard singing:—

"Fee-fi-fo-fum!

Who has to my tower come?

What it's like he'll never tell,

If it's Christian blood I smell."

The door opened and the King of Elfland appeared. Before he had time to strike, Childe Rowland drew his good brand that never failed and fell upon him. They fought long and furiously, but at last the King of Elfland was down and begging for mercy.

"Release my brothers from their enchantment, and from my sister take the spell, and I will show thee mercy," said the victorious Childe Rowland.

The King of Elfland anointed the lips of the brothers with a blood-red liquid and they came to life. To Burd Ellen he spoke some magic words, and she was freed from the spell. Then they all went forth from the Dark Tower, and soon left Elfland far behind. When they reached home, the good queen greeted them with tears of joy; and Burd Ellen never again went round the church "widershins."

TAMLANE

EARL MURRY had a handsome son named Tamlane, who was betrothed to Burd Janet, the lovely daughter of Dunbar, Earl of March.

One day young Tamlane disappeared, and although they sought him far and near, no trace of him could be found. Burd Janet mourned her lover, and wandered alone underneath the trees where they had loved to walk together. Now Carterhaugh Wood was a gruesome place where she had been told not to go, but, heedless of the warning, she one day wandered thither and began to pick flowers. Some broom grew in her path, and as she picked its blossoms, lo, young Tamlane stood before her.

"O, Tamlane, Tamlane! where have you been so long?" she cried.

"In Elfland," he replied. "I am now a knight of the Queen of Elfland!"

He then told her how one day while hunting he was suddenly overcome with sleep, because he had ridden "widershins" (against the sun) around the hill; and when he awoke, he found himself in Elfland.

"So fair is Elfland that I would fain dwell there always but for leaving thee, Burd Janet," said Tamlane. "But a great danger threatens me: every seven years the elves must pay tithe to the netherworld; and though the queen loves me well, I fear that I may be chosen for the tithe."

"Tamlane, Tamlane! tell me how I may save you," the maiden cried.

"If you would win me out of Elfland, this is what you must do," replied her lover. "On the night of Hallowe'en, between the hours of

twelve and one, come to Miles Cross. When you arrive there, scatter holy-water about you, and await the coming of the elves, who will pass that way as they ride through England and Scotland."

"Will you be with them, Tamlane? And how shall I know you?"

"The first court of elves let pass, and the second let pass; but at the head of the third I shall ride a white steed, at the side of the Queen of Elfland. You will know me by a star in my crown, and the token of my gloved right hand, my left one being bare."

"But how can I rescue you from the elves?" asked Burd Janet.

"Come suddenly upon me, and I will fall to the ground. Then do you cling fast to me. They will try all their magic to wrest me from you, but whatever change they put upon me, do not for a moment loose your hold. When they, at last, change me to a red-hot iron, throw me into the pool, and spread your green mantle about me, for I will be a mother-naked man, and freed from their power."

When Tamlane had said these words he disappeared, and Burd Janet ran home to await the time when she might rescue him.

The next night being Hallowe'en, at the midnight hour she went to Miles Cross, and compassed herself around with holy-water. Not long did she have to wait ere over the mound came riding the fairy court. First a troop on steeds of black, and then a troop on steeds of brown; and then the third troop on steeds of milky white. Beside the Queen of Elfland rode a knight, whom by the token of the star in his crown and his bare left hand, Burd Janet knew to be her own Tamlane.

Seizing the bridle of the milk-white steed, she dragged the knight to the ground, and clasped him in her arms.

"He's taken, he's taken from our very midst," shrieked the elves, and came flocking about her. They tried all of their spells to win him back, but close and fast did Burd Janet hold him. They turned him into frozen ice, but she held him to her warm heart; and then to a flame of fire, which her cool lips kissed; next an adder was writhing in her arms; and then a dove strove to fly away from her bosom. At last they changed him to a red-hot glaive, which Burd Janet thrust hissing into the pool. Straightway stood before her young Tamlane himself, a mother-naked man. She covered him over with her green mantle; and the elves were powerless to take him away from her.

The fairy court rode off in dismay, while the voice of the Queen of Elfland could be heard chanting:—

"She that has borrowed young Tamlane
Has won a stately groom.
She's taken away my bonniest knight,
And nothing's left in his room.

"But had I known, Tamlane, Tamlane,
A lady would borrow thee,
I'd hae ta'en out thy two gray eyne
And put in two eyne of tree.

"Had I but known, Tamlane, Tamlane,
Before we came from home,
I'd hae ta'en out thy heart of flesh,
And put in a heart of stone.

"Had I but had the wit yestreen
That I hae got to-day,
I'd paid the Fiend seven times his teind
Ere you'd been won away."

The Queen and her elfin court passed out of sight, and Tamlane and Burd Janet went home hand in hand. When young Tamlane had been sained* by holy-water, and once more made Christian, he and his brave love were married.

WELSH SECTION

THE BREWERY OF EGG-SHELLS

IN A cot in Treneghnys, lived a shepherd and his wife with their two children, who were twins. The woman doted on her little ones and nursed them with great care.

One day she was obliged to leave them alone while she went some distance from home. As some of the "good folk," the fairies, had lately been seen in the neighborhood, she hurried back lest harm might come to the children. Just as she came near to the cot, she saw the blue petticoats of some old elves crossing her path. She ran to the house in a terrible fright; but there in the cradle, just as she had left them, were her two little ones. All went well for a time, until it was noticed that the children did not grow, although the woman nursed them tenderly.

"There is something wrong," remarked the neighbors.

"The children are not ours," said the shepherd.

"Whose else can they be?" asked the wife; and then these two people fell into such a strife that the neighbors called the cot "Twty Cymtws," by which name it is known to this day.

Time passed, but the children remained just as they were and did not grow at all. The shepherd complained more every day, until at

* "Sained" — Old English word, meaning "blessed."

last, when the woman had become very unhappy, she thought of the Wise Man of Llanidloes, who knew everything and would be able to tell her what to do. Soon after this she made up her mind to go to him and tell her trouble. When the Wise Man had heard her story, he said to her:—

“Soon the rye and oats will be ready for the harvest. You will be getting dinner for the reapers, and while doing so, fill an egg-shell with pottage and let it boil. When it has boiled, take it to the door; but in place of giving it to the reapers for their dinner, listen to the children. If they say nothing, all is well; but if you hear them talk of things children do not understand, snatch them up and throw them into the lake.”

The woman went home and waited till harvest-day came. Then, as the Wise Man of Llanidloes had told her, she cleaned out an egg-shell and filled it with pottage. When it had boiled, she took it from the pot and carried it to the door. She had not listened long before she heard one of the children say:—

“An acorn grows into an oak,
An egg becomes a hen,
But such a brew, I never knew,
To feed the harvest men.”

The woman ran into the house and snatched the children from the cradle. She ran with them all the way to the lake and threw them in. The people in the blue petticoats thereupon came and rescued their dwarfs, and gave back her own children in exchange.

When the twins were back in the cradle the shepherd was content, and the strife in the cot ended.



IRISH SECTION

KING O'TOOLE AND HIS GOOSE

SURE, and if you've not heard of King O'Toole, you've not heard of Ireland, for he was one of the grandest kings old Ireland ever had.

It was in the ancient time he lived, when beasts and men had more sense than they have now, and that is what my story is about.

He owned all the land and all the churches, but that did not prevent his getting up early every morning and chasing the deer, for he loved hunting better than anything else, did this king. All this was very fine so long as he was young; but in time he grew stiff with old age, and no

longer could he go a-hunting, nor enjoy any of the sports. The king would have been in a bad way, indeed, for something to divert him, but for his clever goose, which used to fly about before him in the most beautiful way; and on Fridays, what did that pious bird do but fly into the lake and get fish for the king to eat.

Well, the king was content enough in spite of his shaky legs and bad heart, but in time the goose got old like himself, and could no longer divert him. Then it was that he was minded to drown himself, for "Sure," said he, "since my goose can no longer take my thoughts from my pains and feebleness, what is there to live for?"

One day he was walking slowly along by the lake, ruminating in this sad way, when whom should he meet but a fine-looking young man, who was none other than St. Kevin in disguise. The king greeted him with, "God save you."

"God save you, King O'Toole," replied the young man.

"True it is, I am King O'Toole," answered the king, "but how is it you came to know it?"

"No matter about that. How is your goose, King O'Toole?"

The king was still more astonished that the stranger should know about his goose, and asked him some questions to discover who he was.

"What are you?" asked the king. No better answer would the young man give than that he was an honest man.

"If honest you be, how do you make your money?" questioned the king, thinking to catch him.

"By making things which have grown old quite new again, King O'Toole."

"'Tis a tinker you are," said the king.

"I've a better trade than a tinker's, and if you say so, I can make your old goose as good as ever she was."

The king was delighted to hear these words, as you may imagine, and called to the bird to come to him. She waddled up to him as fast as her poor crippled legs would allow; and when St. Kevin saw her, he said he would do the job.

"If you make my goose healthy and strong again," said the king, "I'll say it's clever you are."

"If that's all, then I am not doing it," said St. Kevin. "A bargain I'll be after making with you, King O'Toole. Now, what will you give me to do the job?"

"Whatever you ask," answered the king, getting excited. "Do you call that fair?"

"Never a fairer! Now what do you say to giving me all the ground which the goose flies over, after I make her as good as new?"



The king agreed at once to St. Kevin's proposal, and they shook hands on the bargain.

"You'll keep your word?" asked St. Kevin.

"On my honor," replied the king.

With that St. Kevin called the goose to him. "Come here, you poor old cripple," said he, "and I'll make you a sporting bird once more." He took the goose up by the wings and made the blessed sign with her, saying, "Criss o' my cross on you," and tossed her into the air.

She spread her wings and soared away like an eagle, so surprised to find herself strong again that she minded never to stop. When she lit at the king's feet, it was a beautiful sight to see him. "Me darlint," said he, "you are the finest in the world!" Then he murmured more endearments, until St. Kevin interrupted him.

"What have you to say to me, King O'Toole?"

"That the art of man is greater than that of anything, except the bees," said the king.

"And what more?" persisted the saint.

"That I am much beholden to you," the king replied.

"Do I get all the ground that the goose flies over?" asked St. Kevin.

"If it were my last acre," the king answered.

"It's true you're speaking?"

"On my word," said the king.

Then St. Kevin told him 'twas well he had said that word, or his goose would never have flown again. "I am only here to find if you are a decent man, and 'tis well you are, for I am disguised, and you do not know me."

"Musha!" said the king. "Then tell me this blessed minute who you are."

When St. Kevin told the king who he was, he fell upon his knees and crossed himself.

"Have I been talking to the great St. Kevin, as though he were only a decent boy?" says he.

"You have that," says the saint.

"Are you sure that you are St. Kevin, the greatest of all saints?" asked the king.

"As sure as that your old goose can fly like a lark," answered the saint.

So the king had his goose, and St. Kevin had the king's land; but, being a decent saint, he did not let the king want while he lived, which was not long, to be sure.

The goose died before the king, and this was how it happened: 'Twas on a Friday that the poor bird went to the lake to get a trout for the king's supper, as was her custom. But not another trout did

the goose ever take to the king. Just then, a sneaking horse-eel came along and killed the blessed bird; but small good did it do him, for even a horse-eel has more sense than to eat what St. Kavin has blessed with the touch of his hand.

NORSE SECTION

EAST OF THE SUN AND WEST OF THE MOON

A POOR peasant had many children, for whom he could provide but little to eat and wear. There were several daughters, of whom the youngest was very beautiful.

One Thursday evening, while the wind and rain forced their way into the miserable cottage, the family crouched together at the fireside. Suddenly above the noise of the storm three distinct knocks were heard on the window-pane. The peasant went outside and to his astonishment beheld a great White Bear.

"Good evening," said the White Bear.

"Good evening," replied the peasant; "what can I do for you?"

"I love your youngest daughter, and wish to marry her. If you will give her to me you shall be no longer cold and hungry, for I will make you rich," the bear answered.

"I will learn if my daughter is willing," said the man.

Then he went into the cottage and asked his youngest daughter if she would save her mother and father and her brothers and sisters from wretchedness by being the wife of the White Bear. But the daughter said she could not do what he asked.

On the next Thursday evening the White Bear came again to the peasant's cottage to see if the beautiful daughter had changed her mind. Then, because she was brave and had a good heart, she consented to leave her home and go away with him.

"Are you afraid?" asked the White Bear.

"I am not afraid," answered the maiden.

"Then," said he, "sit on my back and keep fast hold of the fur, and I will carry you."



Thus the maiden rode far from her home into forests and beyond hills which she had never seen, until at last they came to a high mountain. The White Bear knocked with his great paw on the side of the mountain. It opened, and they went into a palace which shone with silver and gold.

In one room there was a table richly spread, and a silver bell which the White Bear told her she must ring whenever she wished anything.

When she had eaten and drunk she became very sleepy and rang the silver bell. Behold, she instantly found herself in a splendid bed-chamber; the bed was all of gold, and silken draperies hung about it. When she had gone to bed and the room was dark, a man came and lay beside her. It was the White Bear, who was an enchanted prince. He could put off the form of a beast during the night, but always at dawn the spell again held him. Although he came and spoke to her every night, she never saw him, for he always left before morning.

After a time she became lonely in the big palace, and asked that she might go home to see her mother and father and her brothers and sisters.

"On one condition," replied the White Bear; "I will take you to see them. Promise me not to talk about me to your mother; for if you do a great misfortune will come to us." She gave the promise he required, and the White Bear took her on his back as before. He carried her very far from the mountain, over hills and through forests,—not to the miserable cottage she had left, but to a comfortable home where her mother and father and brothers and sisters had everything they wished, and were very happy.

They were all glad to see her again. When her mother asked her many questions of her new life, she forgot her promise to the White Bear and told her all; of the beautiful palace where she was so lonely all day, and of the man who talked to her every night after the lights were put out, but was never at her side when daylight returned. The mother told her the man must be some hideous troll, else he would let himself be seen. Said she:—

"Take a candle back with you and look at him while he sleeps."

When the wife of the White Bear left her father's house and returned to the palace, she did as her mother bade her. The man came as usual and lay beside her. While he slept she lighted the candle which her mother had given her and looked at him. Instead of a hideous troll, the rays of the candle revealed a prince so handsome that she stooped and kissed him. As she bent over him, three drops of tallow fell on his clothes, and he awoke.

"Alas! what have you done!" he exclaimed. "Now I may tell you my secret. I am bewitched by a wicked stepmother, so that during the day I have the form of a bear. In another year the enchantment would have ended, and I could have remained a man always. Now I must go to the dreary castle of my stepmother in the land East of the Sun and West of the Moon, and marry a princess whose nose is three ells long."

She cried herself asleep and when she awoke in the morning the handsome prince and the palace of gold and silver had vanished. She

was alone in the wood, in the rags she had worn when the White Bear took her away from her father's wretched cottage. She did not regret the splendid palace nor fine clothes, however, but the dear husband whom she had lost, and she bravely went in search of him. After walking many days she came to a hill whereon sat an old woman playing with a golden apple. She asked the old woman if she knew the land East of the Sun and West of the Moon?

"I do not know," replied the old woman; "but perhaps my neighbor does. Take this golden apple and get on my horse, which will carry you to her. When you reach there, pat the horse under the left ear and send him back to me."

The journey to the neighbor was very long, but at last the wife of the White Bear came to the hill on which she sat. As the old woman could not tell her what she wished to know, she gave her a golden carding-comb and a horse to carry her to another old woman a great distance off.

"The golden carding-comb you may keep," said she, "but pat my horse under the left ear and he will come back to me."

The third old woman was also unable to tell her how to reach her husband, but she gave her a golden spinning wheel, and lent her a horse that she might ride to the East Wind. After many days she came to the East Wind and asked:—

"Can you tell me where I may find the land that is East of the Sun and West of the Moon?"

"No," said the East Wind; "I have never heard of it; but get on my back and I will take you to the West Wind, who has traveled much farther than I and knows many distant lands."

Then the East Wind bore her quickly to the West Wind, but neither could he direct her to the enchanted land.

"Perhaps," said he, "the South Wind knows, for he has blown almost everywhere. If you wish I will carry you to him."

She mounted the strong West Wind, who soon carried her to the South Wind and said:—

"I have brought a girl who seeks the prince in the castle East of the Sun and West of the Moon. In your wanderings, have you visited that castle?"

"No," said the South Wind, "my journeyings have not reached so far, but my brother, the North Wind, no doubt knows the place. I will take her to him, if she wishes."

The wife of the White Bear mounted the back of the gentle South Wind, who carried her swiftly to the fierce North Wind. When told that the brave girl whom the South Wind had brought so far sought her husband in the far-off land, the terrible North Wind roared in a big voice

that he would take her where she wished to go. Sweeping down to her with awful force, he caught her in his rude arms and bore her away.

At first their flight was so swift and high that it seemed as if they must very soon reach their journey's end, but not till after many days had passed, not till after many mountains and many seas had been crossed, and the strength of the North Wind was nearly spent, did he lay her and himself under the windows of the enchanted castle. While the North Wind rested, the wife he had brought so far sat where he had placed her and played with the golden apple. Soon the princess with the nose three ells long saw her and asked her what she wanted for the golden apple.

"I will give it," said she, "for leave to spend the night beside the chamber door of the prince who is staying here."

The princess finally agreed, but gave a sleeping draught to the prince so that his wife could not waken him. Although she cried to him the whole night through, he did not hear her; and in the morning the wicked princess sent her away.

Then she sat as before under the windows and carded with the golden carding-comb. The wicked princess saw her, and so coveted the carding-comb that she again consented to let the wife spend the next night with the prince. The sleeping draught again prevented her waking him, and when morning came she was driven out. There was now left only the golden spinning wheel. The princess desired this also.

"I will part with it," said the wife, "if again I may spend the night at the door of the prince's chamber."

The wicked princess took the golden spinning wheel, and on the third night led the wife to the prince. Some good people in the next chamber had heard the wife weeping and calling to her husband, and had warned him. This time he pretended to take the sleeping draught, and when his wife came to him he was awake and knew her.

"You have come just in time," said the prince, "for to-morrow I am to be married to the princess with the long nose."

"I will try to save you," replied the brave wife.

On the morrow the prince told his stepmother that three drops of tallow had fallen on a fine shirt which he wished to be married in, and that he would marry only the woman who could wash them out. The princess with the long nose washed and rinsed, but the spots only grew the larger; then the stepmother scrubbed until the shirt was black, and the trolls tried in vain to make it white again.

"There is a beggarmaid outside, let her try," said the prince.

The beautiful wife of the prince took the shirt and dipped it in the water, and it came out as white as snow. At this the princess with the

nose three ells long, and the wicked stepmother, and all the trolls, flew into such a rage that they burst.

Then the prince and his beautiful wife and the good people who had been captives in the enchanted castle, all mounted the North Wind, who bore them away forever from the dreary land East of the Sun and West of the Moon.

SWEDISH SECTION

THE BIRD GRIP

THERE was once a king who, in spite of all efforts to heal his malady, became blind. When all else failed, he was told that the king of another country possessed a bird called Grip, whose song would restore his sight.

The blind king had three sons, the eldest of whom, on hearing of this wonderful bird, declared that he would go to the kingdom where it was guarded night and day, and bring it back with him. Greatly pleased at this evidence of his son's devotion, the king gave him everything necessary for the journey and bade him farewell. The prince rode away full of his resolve; but, before he had gone half the journey, he stopped at an inn, where he fell in with such merry company that he forgot his blind father and his mission.



After a long time had passed, and the king had given up all hope of the prince's return, his second son came to him and requested leave to go in search of his brother and the bird Grip. The king sent him forth well equipped for the journey; but when the second son came to the inn where his brother was making merry, he, too, fell in with the revelers and forgot his father and the bird Grip.

The king became very sad when neither of his sons returned, and he lost all hope of ever seeing them again. Perceiving him thus unhappy, his youngest son came and asked that he might go to find his brothers and bring back the bird Grip. The king replied that should he fail, like his brothers, his father would be not only blind but childless. The youngest son pleaded, however, until at last permission was granted him to go, and the king fitted him out as he had the others.

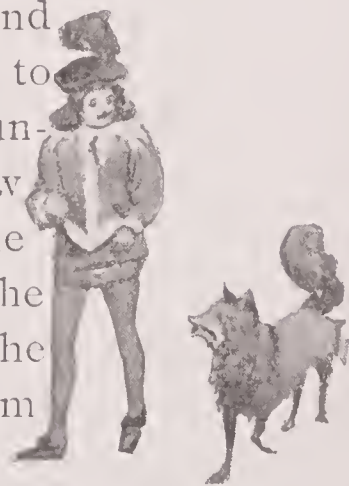
When he arrived at the inn where his two brothers had remained, they besought him to join them in their pleasures. This he refused to do, and hurried on to obtain the bird.

One night, while going through a forest, he came to a lonely house where he stopped for food and rest. The host received him graciously, and led him to the guest-chamber. His horse was taken to the stable and fed, and just as the servant-girl brought his supper, he was startled by piteous cries in the adjoining room. He started toward the door; but the girl stopped him and told him to eat his supper in peace. On being urged to explain what the cries meant, she told him that they were uttered by no living person, but that in the next room was a dead man whose shrieks were heard every night. Then she related how the host had killed a stranger because he could not pay for what he had eaten and drunk at the inn, and had then refused to bury him. Not wishing to appear frightened, the prince commenced to eat. As he removed the cover from one of the dishes, he found that it contained a knife and an ax; by which sign he knew that the host was giving him his choice of death or ransom. Thereupon he sent for the host, and not only bargained with him to spare his life, but gave him money for the dead man's debt and burial.

When the host had departed, the prince asked the maid to show him his horse and help him to escape, as he no longer felt safe in the murderer's house. She replied that the host kept the key to the stables under his pillow, but that she would attempt to get it for him, if he would promise to take her with him, as she, too, wished to get away. This he agreed to do, and in a short time they had obtained the horse and ridden far away.

At another inn he found a good place for the girl, and then resumed his journey. In the forest he met a fox who asked him where he was going and for what purpose. The prince refused to answer; and the fox told him that he knew his errand, and could aid him to procure the bird Grip for his blind father, if he would be counseled by him. He gladly accepted the fox's offer when he saw that he was disposed to be friendly, and followed him to the castle where the bird was kept. Before arriving at the castle, the fox gave him three grains of gold, with the instruction that he was to throw one into the guard-room, another into the room where the cage was kept, and another into the cage itself; whereupon he would be able to take the bird, which, however, he must be careful not to stroke, or his attempt would fail.

The prince promised to obey, and proceeded to do as he had been instructed. One of the grains of gold he threw into the guard-room, and the guard at once fell into a sound sleep; the second he threw into the room where the bird Grip was sitting, with the same result to one who watched there; the third grain he threw into the cage, and the bird, also, promptly fell asleep. When he had the beautiful bird in his hand,



he forgot the fox's injunctions, and stroked it; whereupon the bird awoke and uttered such cries that the whole household rushed in, and the prince was put into prison.

While miserably lamenting his blunder, and regretting that he had deprived his father of the chance of regaining his sight, the fox suddenly stood before him. The prince now promised to follow more faithfully the fox's advice, if he would help him once more. The fox replied that he had come to aid him, but that all he could do was to advise him to answer "yes" to all the judge's questions when he was brought to trial. "Remember to do this," said the fox, "and all will be well with you."

The next day he was taken before the judge who asked him if he meant to steal the bird Grip, to which he replied "yes." When the king learned that he admitted being a master-thief, he said that he had use for him. He was at once taken to the king, who asked him if he would go to the neighboring kingdom and carry off a beautiful princess and bring her to him. To this also the prince said "yes," gladly enough; and when he had gone outside the castle, the fox gave him three grains of gold, one to throw into the guard-room, another into the chamber of the princess, and another into her bed; but warned him at the same time that he must not kiss her. The prince took the grains of gold and did with them as he was bidden; but when all had fallen asleep and he had taken the princess in his arms, her beauty caused him to forget the warning, and he kissed her. She immediately awoke, as did all the others; and the prince again found himself in a dungeon.

Here the fox visited him and reproached him for not following his advice. He promised again to help him, however, if he would answer "yes" to all that was asked him at the trial. The prince consented, and to both the judge's questions—if he meant to steal the princess, and if he were a master-thief—he answered "yes." The king then asked if he would go to the next kingdom and bring back the horse with the four golden shoes. Again the prince said "yes," and was allowed to depart.

The fox met him as before, and accompanied him on the journey. He again gave him three grains of gold, and directed him to throw one into the guard-chamber, another into the stable, and the third into the horse's stall. Then he cautioned him that above the horse hung a golden saddle, which he must not touch, or misfortune would again come to him, and he could no longer aid him. The prince threw the grains of gold, as he had been directed, and soon secured the horse. As his eyes caught sight of the golden saddle, he could not resist the temptation to take it; but just as he was about to do so his arm received such a blow that he remembered his promise, and he led the horse away without again looking back. The fox awaited him as he came out, and told him that he had given the invisible blow when he found him being tempted.

As they journeyed on together, the prince confided to the fox that he could never be happy unless he could carry the beautiful princess home with him to his father's castle. The fox assured him that it easily could be accomplished, with the aid of the three magic grains of gold. All was arranged, and soon the prince had entered the castle and carried off the beautiful princess, whom he placed upon the horse with the golden shoes. When they approached the castle where the bird Grip was guarded, the fox gave the prince another three grains of gold, and he entered the castle and brought the bird away with him.

His happiness was now complete, for not only would his father see again, but he had gained the beautiful princess. The fox traveled with the happy prince and princess, until he came to the place in the forest where he and the prince had first met. Here he bade him farewell, and told him that he would reach his father's castle in safety if he did not, on the way, pay ransom for some one's life. The prince thanked the fox for all his kindness to him, and promised to remember what he had told him. Then he and the princess resumed their journey, and soon arrived at the inn where the two elder brothers had tarried.

There the mirth and revelry had ceased. The walls were draped in black and two gibbets had been erected. The people explained to the prince that they were preparing to execute the two princes according to the law, as they had spent all their money and become so indebted to the host that no one would ransom their lives. The prince at once paid their debts and commanded that the princes be set free. But the ungrateful brothers had no sooner gained their liberty than they contrived how they might rob the young prince of his treasure and destroy him. After throwing him into a den of lions, they set the princess upon the horse with the golden shoes, and with the bird Grip started for their home. The princess was told to dry her tears and to swear never to tell of their treachery, or her life would pay the penalty.

When they arrived at the king's palace there was great rejoicing, and the two brothers were praised and fêted. The king asked for the younger brother, and was told that he had lived a riotous life at the inn and had been hanged for debt. This so grieved the king that he took no more joy in the treasures, for the youngest son was the best loved of his children. To add to his sorrow, the bird Grip refused to sing, and so he remained blind. The princess grieved all day, and the horse with the golden shoes kept every one at a distance.

When the wicked brothers threw the young prince into the lion's den, he found the fox already there before him; and the lions received him with great friendliness. The fox did not upbraid him for disobeying his commands, but led him out of the lion's den and advised him how to outwit his brothers. When the prince had thanked him, the fox

replied that if he were truly grateful he would do him a favor. The prince said he would do anything the fox might ask, to show his gratitude; but when the fox said, "Take your sword and strike off my head," the prince refused. The fox became very sad and told the prince he was refusing to do him the only favor in his power, and at length persuaded him to do as he desired. The prince had no sooner struck the blow than a youth appeared beside him.

"You have broken the enchantment which held me," said the youth. "I am the dead man whom you ransomed at the inn; therefore I guarded you on your journey."

When the youth left him, the prince traveled to his father's palace disguised as a horse-shoer. His services were at once accepted, as no one could be found strong enough to lift the foot of the horse with the golden shoes. When he entered the stable, the horse welcomed him with neighs of pleasure and permitted him to lift its feet and show the king's men the wonderful golden shoes. The man told him that he would be handsomely rewarded, but that the king would be still more pleased if he could persuade the bird Grip to sing. The prince told them that he had known the bird in the other king's palace, and if he were permitted to see it, he could tell them why it pined.

They at once led him to the king's chamber, where he saw the mute bird and the sad princess. At sound of his voice the bird sang joyously, and the princess ceased weeping. Then the king's blindness was suddenly healed; and, to his joy, he saw before him his youngest son. When the king learned of his elder sons' treachery, he banished them, and gave half his kingdom to the faithful prince, who married his golden princess.

DANISH SECTION

MASTER AND PUPIL

THERE was once a poor man who had a very clever son; he could read books, but having no money to buy them, he one day started out to seek employment. After walking some distance he met a man who asked him where he was going.

"I am looking for service," said the boy.

"I am looking for a servant," answered the man. "Do you care to serve me?"

"You as readily as another," the boy replied.

"Can you read?"

"The priest can read no better." The man shook his head, and said he did not want a boy to read his books, but to dust them.

When the man had left him, the boy thought with more and more regret how well the place would have suited him. Suddenly he resolved to obtain this situation if possible, and hiding behind a mound, turned his coat inside out, so that the man would not recognize him. At the other end of the mound he again met the man, who, not recognizing him on account of his appearance, asked him, as before, where he was going.

"I am looking for service," the boy replied.

"Do you care to serve me?" the man asked.

"You as readily as another."

"Have you learned to read?" the man asked him.

"Not a word can I read," the boy made answer. So the man, satisfied by this answer, took him home, and told him his only duties were to keep his books free from dust. This did not occupy much of the boy's time, so he had plenty left for learning what the books contained.

Now it so happened that the man was a great magician, who could change himself into any animal he wished and perform all kinds of wonders. In the course of time the boy had read all the books that he was engaged to dust, and so was grown as wise as his master.

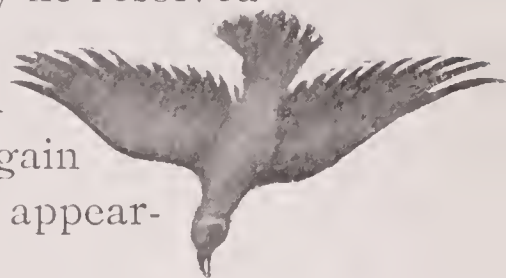
"This place no longer suits me," he one day exclaimed; and, without asking leave, he walked out and returned to his home.

Soon afterward there was a market in the town where he lived, and he decided to try the magic which he had learned.

"Father," said he, "I will change myself into the form of a horse, and you can take me to the market and sell me." His mother was fearful that he could not change back again, and begged him to have nothing to do with such evil feats. "I will come back to you, mother, never fear," he answered her, and in a minute he had become such a beautiful horse that his father led him prancing to the market, where he had no trouble in selling him for a large sum of money. As soon as he was left alone he changed back to his own form, and returned to his anxious father and mother.

The man who had bought the horse made a great outcry over its disappearance; and at last the story reached the ears of the magician. "I am sure that is the work of my runaway boy," thought he. "I will find him some fine day."

In a short time another market was held in the town. The boy again changed himself into a horse, and was led to the sale by his father. A purchaser was speedily found; and as soon as the bargain was concluded the magician came to where the horse was standing. No sooner had he laid eyes on the animal than the magician offered



the purchaser double what he had paid for it, and promptly obtained possession. Then he led the horse to a smith, and gave orders to have a red-hot nail driven into its mouth, to deprive it of the power to change its form. When he heard the magician's words, the boy changed himself into a dove and flew away. The magician thereupon became a hawk and pursued it; but before he could overtake it, the dove changed itself into a gold ring, and dropped into a maiden's lap.

The hawk then changed into a merchant, who tried to persuade the girl to sell the ring. He offered her a large sum of money; but she would not part with it, because she believed it had been sent to her as a gift from heaven.

The merchant would not be denied, however, and continued to offer the girl larger and larger sums, until, at last, the ring got frightened lest she should be tempted by so much money. Changing itself into a grain of barley, it fell to the floor and hid among the rushes. The magician at once took the form of a hen, and began scratching about to find it. Thereupon the grain of barley changed itself into a polecat, and snapped off the head of the hen. And that was the end of the magician.

Then the polecat resumed its human form; and the handsome youth she saw before her so pleased the maiden that she was easily persuaded to marry him. He never again made use of the knowledge he had acquired while dusting the wizard's books, having had enough of magic; and he and his wife lived to a happy old age.

THE SNOW-QUEEN

[From *Hans Christian Andersen*]

ONCE upon a time a wicked hobgoblin contrived a looking-glass which reflected and exaggerated a thousand times all the ugliness in the world, and so distorted the beautiful things that they too became hideous. He took a fiendish delight in roaming around the earth, robbing people of their happiness by showing them defects where they had looked for loveliness.

One day the hobgoblin let the glass fall, and it broke into a million billion pieces and more. One would think this would have been the end of this miserable business, but it was not so. Each of the tiny pieces was smaller than a grain of sand, but had the power of the whole glass. The pieces flew over all the world, and some people got them in their eyes, and so were blind to beauty. They entered the hearts of others, and that was still worse, for their hearts turned to ice.

In a certain town lived two children, Kay and Gerda, who loved each other very much and played together happily all day long. Their parents were too poor to have a garden, but between their two attics they placed boxes of roses and sweet growing flowers, and there the children loved to sit in summer. In winter they were obliged to remain indoors, but they amused themselves by melting holes in the frost on the windowpanes with hot pennies, through which they could see each other. One day it was snowing very fast.

"The white bees are roaming," said the grandmother.

"Is there a queen bee?" asked the boy.

"Yes, she is larger than the others and never touches the earth, but flies back again to the dark clouds. When people are asleep, she often peeps in at the windows, and that is why they freeze in such beautiful patterns." The children both had seen the pretty flowers, and knew that it was true.

That night little Kay crept from his bed and looked out of the window. The snowflakes were still falling and one larger than the others rested on the window-box outside. He watched it grow larger and larger until it became a lovely maiden, dressed in dazzling white. Her strange, restless eyes shone like two stars, and she beckoned to little Kay to come out to her. He was so frightened that he ran back to bed, and the next morning the frost covered the windows in the loveliest designs.

The winter passed and summer came, and the roses grew and blossomed once more. One day when the children were looking at one of their picture-books, Kay suddenly cried:—

"Something has blown into my eye!"

Gerda ran to him, and put her little arm about his neck. "I see nothing, Kay," said she.

"It is still there," said he, "and I also have a pain in my heart."

After a time he got used to the hurt and thought that it had gone; but the pain had been caused by a piece of the broken glass which remained in his eye and turned his heart to ice. After a time everything began to look ugly to him; even little Gerda was no longer pretty.

"What is the matter with these roses?" he asked.

"They are bur-eaten and stunted and ought to be thrown out."

He began pulling the blossoms to pieces; and when little Gerda remonstrated, he only laughed and plucked another. The picture-book no longer interested him; and when his grandmother told stories, he rudely interrupted her, and said they were not amusing. When winter came again, he put on his warm



gloves, took his sledge to the market-place and left little Gerda alone. Then with other bold boys he would fasten his sledge behind the wagons and be drawn about the streets.

One day there drove into the square a white sledge, and in it was a figure dressed in white fur which beckoned to little Kay. He fastened his sledge behind it and was carried through the streets and out of the town. Then he attempted to unfasten his sledge; but the driver turned around and nodded to him in such a friendly manner that he sat still and was taken farther away. Faster and faster they went, until little Kay could scarcely cling on; and the snow fell so thickly that it nearly blinded him. He cried out to the figure to stop, but it did not answer him. On they went, faster and faster, and the snowflakes flew past like great white birds. At last they stopped, and the figure in the white sledge stood up. The fur cloak was thrown open and disclosed the tall and glittering form of the Snow-Queen.

"Come under my cloak," said she, "you are nearly frozen." She drew him into the sledge beside her and kissed his forehead. The touch of her lips chilled his heart; and when she kissed him again he forgot little Gerda and his pleasant house, where his old grandmother sat by the warm fire in the evening and told him stories. The Snow-Queen bore him away through the snow and wind over land and sea. They could hear the wolves howling in the forest below, and the black crows shrieked about them. Thus passed the winter night, and when day came Kay slept at the Snow-Queen's feet.

Little Gerda waited long for Kay, and when he did not return she went to the market-place to search for him. The boys told her of the white sledge which had carried him through the town gates, and she went home and wept. Through the long winter she watched for him; and when spring came, she said, "I will go and seek him." One day she ran down to the river and got into a boat which carried her down the stream, past trees and meadows. "Perhaps it will carry me to Kay," said Gerda.

The boat glided swiftly on until it came to a garden in which cherry-trees were growing, and here it rested on the bank. In the garden stood a little house, with red and blue windows and a stone roof. When Gerda called, a very old woman came hobbling out. On her head was a sun-hat, painted over with gaudy flowers. With her crutch she drew the boat close to the shore; and when she had lifted Gerda out, she asked her how she came there. Gerda told her of Kay, and asked her if he had passed that way.

"Not yet," replied the old woman, "but stay here with me until he does. You can have all the cherries and flowers you want, and you shall be my little girl, for I have long wanted one like you."

She took Gerda by the hand and led her into the house; then gave her luscious cherries to eat, and combed her hair with a golden comb. Gerda did not know that this old woman was a witch. As the golden comb was drawn through the little girl's hair, she forgot all about Kay. Then the witch went into the garden and waved her stick over the rose bushes so that they disappeared beneath the ground. Gerda came out and wandered through the lovely garden, where more flowers than she had ever seen were growing. Each day she played there in the warm sunshine until the sun sank behind the cherry-trees; and then the witch put her in a silken bed where she slept until morning. Thus the days went by; and she played in the scented air, always seeking something—she knew not what. One day she noticed the painted roses on the old woman's hat, which she had forgotten to put out of sight.

"There are no roses in this garden!" exclaimed Gerda. She ran about looking among the flowers, and when she could find no roses, she sat down and wept. Her tears happened to fall on the ground where a rose bush had been, and instantly it sprang through the moistened earth. When Gerda saw the dear blossoms she thought of those at home, and remembered Kay. "Why am I waiting here, and not seeking him?" she asked herself. She ran to the gate and pushed open the rusty lock. Outside the garden it was late autumn, and snow lay on the ground. Her little feet were bare, and the cold made them ache; but she ran on and did not heed the pain.

At last, breathless and tired, she sat down on a stone by the wayside to rest. A large crow alighted on the snow beside her and looked at her thoughtfully. "Caw! Caw!" said the crow, which meant, "good day." Then he asked her why she was there alone. She told him the story of her wanderings and asked if he had seen little Kay. The crow thought for a minute and then replied, "May be I have." She seized him and hugged him so hard that he could not breathe. "Wait, not so hard," said the crow, "for if it be Kay, he has forgotten all about you for the sake of the princess."

"Is he with the princess now?" asked Gerda.

"I will tell you all about it," said the crow. "In this kingdom there lives a princess who is more clever than anybody else. Not long ago she came to the throne, and thought she would take a husband. 'I must have one who can talk to me,' said she, 'for I could not endure a dull one.' So all the handsome young men were invited to the palace; but not one had wit enough to please the princess. One day a little fellow with eyes and hair like yours came to the palace. His clothes were poor, and he carried a little bundle on his back."

"It was Kay, and those were his skates!" cried Gerda, gleefully.

"He passed the royal guard," continued the crow, "and all the lords and ladies; seemed to be not a bit embarrassed by their splendor. The tame crow at the palace is my sweetheart, so I know the story is true. 'I have not come as suitor,' said he to the princess, 'but to learn wisdom from you,' and then they at once fell in love with each other."

When the crow had finished his story, Gerda asked to be taken to the palace; but the crow told her that the guards would never let her pass the gates. But she begged so hard that finally he promised to tell his sweetheart about her.

"Tell Kay that I am here," said she; "he will let me in."

At night the crow came back to her, and said that he had persuaded his sweetheart to take them by a secret stairway to the princess's chamber. The crow's sweetheart met them at the door, and led them through beautiful rooms, until they came to one lovelier than all the others. From a heavy golden rod were suspended two beds which looked like lilies. In one of them the princess was sleeping, and in the other Gerda caught a glimpse of a familiar brown neck.

"Kay!" she called aloud, as she pushed aside the curtain.

But when he awoke and turned his head, she saw that it was not Kay. The princess sat up in bed and wanted to know what she was doing there, and then the crows had to explain their part in the matter. She forgave them and asked Gerda to live with them at the palace; but Gerda thanked her and said she must find her little playmate. The next day they dressed her warmly, and gave her a muff and a coach of pure gold. The crow accompanied her a little way on her journey, and then, flapping his wings in good-by, returned to his sweetheart.

The gold coach sped on all day, and at night came to a dark wood. The robbers saw it shining through the trees, and, rushing out, killed the coachman and dragged little Gerda forth.

"Kill her," said the robber-queen, but her little girl begged to have Gerda spared to play with her. The little robber-girl then took from her the beautiful dress and muff, and asked her if she were not a princess. Gerda told her all about little Kay and her search for him, while the wood-pigeons listened.

"Coo! Coo!" cried they, when she had finished. "We have seen little Kay. The Snow-Queen carried him over the forest."

"Where did she take him?" asked Gerda.

"Probably to Lapland. Ask the reindeer; he may be able to tell you."

"Lapland!" exclaimed the reindeer, when Gerda asked him about Kay. "I know all its sparkling valleys and snowfields, for I was born there."

When the robber-queen and all the robbers had fallen asleep, the little robber-girl said to the reindeer: "I am going to set you free, if you will run all the way to Lapland, and carry this little girl to the Snow-Queen's palace." She gave little Gerda fur boots and a pair of gloves, in place of the muff which she kept. Then she tied her to the reindeer, who ran with her so swiftly that the forest was soon left far behind them. The wolves howled at them, and the ravens shrieked; but they flew on, day and night, beneath the burning heavens. "Our Northern Lights are shining," said the reindeer, and he ran faster still. Gerda ate all the bread and sausage which the robber-girl had given her, and then they came to Lapland.

At a miserable, low hut an old woman was frying fish. They asked her where the Snow-Queen was to be found, and she sent them to another old woman in Finland, who listened to their story and warmed them at her fire.

"Can you not give Gerda something to overcome the strength of the Snow-Queen, so that she may take her little playmate away with her?" asked the reindeer.

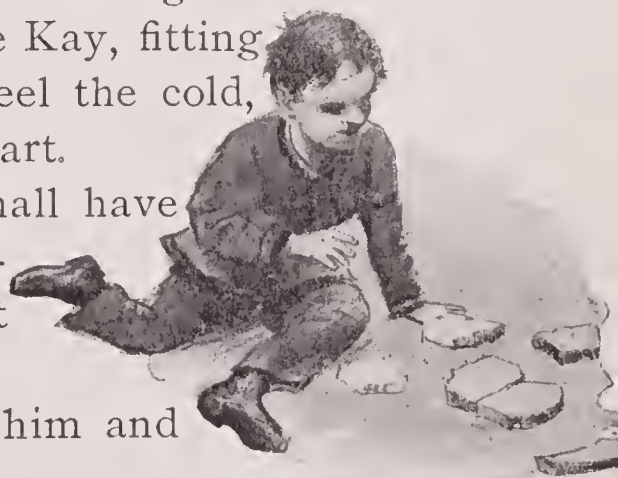
"Her strength is already greater than any I can give her," replied the Finland woman, "for she has innocence and sweetness, which overcome all evil. A few miles from here the Snow-Queen's gardens begin. Carry the little girl to the red-berry bush, and leave her to go alone to the palace."

While they were speeding away, Gerda cried to the reindeer: "Wait! I have left my boots and gloves behind!" But fearing to go back, the reindeer sped on; and in a few moments reached the bush. Gerda jumped to the ground and ran on with her bare feet. The snowflakes melted as they touched her, and she soon reached the palace. Its walls were of snow, and its windows were the winds; hundreds of halls reached out for miles, and the Northern Lights made them bright. The floor of the hall was a lake of ice; and on it sat little Kay, fitting together some of its broken pieces. He could not feel the cold, for the Snow-Queen had kissed him and frozen his heart.

"Make those pieces of ice spell 'Love,' and you shall have the world, a pair of new skates, and be your own master," the Snow-Queen had said to him. Then she left him to carry her white mantle to warmer countries.

Thus Gerda found him: and although she ran to him and put her arms about him, he did not know her.

"Dear Kay! at last I have found you!" she sobbed. Her tears fell upon his neck, and warmed his heart; and then he, too, wept, and the piece of glass was washed from his eye so that he recognized her. They were so happy that the pieces of ice saw them and slid about with joy;



and when they again lay still, they had spelled the word which would make Kay his own master and give him the world and a pair of new skates.

Gerda kissed him again and again; and his eyes shone bright, and the color came back to his cheeks. Then she took him by the hand, and they left the palace of the Snow-Queen and ran to the red-berry bush, where the reindeer was waiting to carry them home. They stopped at the hut of the Finland woman, who warmed them by her fire, and the Lapland woman cheered them on their way. They left the snow and ice behind, and came to forests where the trees were green and spring had come.

When they reached their own doorway, the grandmother was waiting to welcome them; the roses were blossoming in the garden, and it was warm, lovely summer.

THE FIR-TREE

[From *Hans Christian Andersen*]

THERE was once a little fir-tree that grew on a pleasant hillside, where the sun shone upon it all the day and the moon and stars at night.

Every breeze caressed it; and flowers sprang up about it all the summer through. It could hear the songs of the birds and the merry chatter of children who came to gather the berries that grew near.

It saw the first pale rays of the sun in the morning, and was bathed in its crimson glow as it sank below the world at night. About it grew many tall companions, both fir and pine; and this was the cause of the little tree's discontent. It was envious that its neighbors grew up into the sky and spread their branches out into the world, while it was so small, that in winter the snow nearly covered it. When the hares came out in the moonlight and jumped right over it, it became very angry.

In time the little tree had grown so tall that the hares could no longer jump over it; and still it was not happy. The birds never came to build their nests in its branches, and the woodcutters passed it by.

Every autumn, men came and cut down the tallest trees. They fell with a crash that could be heard across the meadows, and the sound made the little tree tremble with delight. Then their branches were hewn off and they were dragged away. The fir-tree longed to know where they went to. In the spring it asked of the swallows and the storks if they had seen the tall trees on their journey. The stork said he had met many new ships on his flight from Egypt. Their tall masts had the scent of fir-trees, and this might be the splendid fate of the trees that had been taken from the hillside.

"When will I be big enough to be taken over the sea?" asked the fir-tree. "Tell me what the sea is like." But the stork, saying it would take too long to tell, flew away, leaving him more discontented than before.

"Rejoice that you are young," said the warm sunbeam; "the growing time is sweet." The wind whispered tender words to it, and the dew bathed it in happy tears; but the tree failed to understand.

At Christmas-time men came and hauled away many of the smaller trees, some of them not so big as the fir-tree. Their branches were left on, and they were piled upon the wagon. When the fir-tree saw this it longed more than ever to be away. "Why should I be left?" it asked. "And where are they going?"

The sparrows twittered, "We know; we know; down there in the city, we have looked in at the windows and seen. They are put in the center of a warm room, and candles and beautiful golden things are hung on their branches. We know! We have seen!"

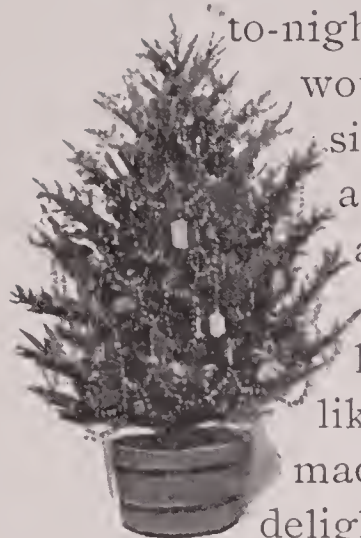
"Tell me more!" excitedly cried the fir-tree. But the sparrows had told all they knew, and the fir-tree was left to conjecture and to sigh in the wind. "Am I ever to know such splendor and magnificence?" it asked. "What comes after? I wonder. Something very splendid, I know, else why are they dressed up so fine? Shall I ever know? Will they ever come for me?"

"Rejoice that you have me," said the air; and "Rejoice in me," said the sunshine.

But the fir-tree heeded not, nor knew its blessings. It grew straight and beautiful, and when again the winter came, it was the first to be cut down. The ax went deep into its heart, and it fell to the ground, stunned and hurt. It knew that at last it was being taken away from the hillside, where it had been nourished by the gentle rains and sunshine; and somehow this brought more regret than pleasure. The thought of the dear companions it was leaving forever, the flowers, the breeze, and the happy birds, made it sad.

The next it knew it was piled in a yard with other trees, and a man was saying, "This is a fine tree, we will take this one." Then it was carried into a beautiful room and planted in a tub of sand, which was draped and covered with green. On the walls were pictures of lovely landscapes reminding it of the home it had left; and a soft carpet covered the floor. There were handsome chairs and couches with silk pillows, and wonderful vases sitting about. The tree wondered if it would always remain in this splendid place.

Soon some young ladies and servants came and decked its branches with bright-colored bags, dolls, and gorgeous toys. Red and blue tapers were fastened to every twig, and wonderful things were hung



upon it. A golden star was placed upon its topmost bough, and one of the young ladies exclaimed, "What a beautiful tree! Wait until to-night!" The tree trembled with pleasure, and wondered what would happen then. "Will the other trees come from the hillside to witness my triumph?" it thought, "or will the birds fly against the windows and see?" Then the people went away, and the room grew quite dark. The tree commenced to feel very lonely, and tired as well with its precious burden: but at last a servant came to the room and lighted a lamp that shone like a great moon, and then all the little tapers on the tree were made to glitter like so many stars. The fir-tree shivered so with delight that some of the shining things caught fire. One of the young ladies screamed. The blaze was extinguished; but after that the tree was obliged to keep very quiet in all its bewildering radiance.

At last the folding-doors were opened and a troop of joyful children rushed in, followed by grown people. The children danced about the tree and shouted with delight. One after another the presents were taken off. When the tapers had burned low, they were extinguished; and the children were given permission to plunder for nuts and sugar-plums. When all its branches were bare, the tree was no longer noticed. Just as it was beginning to feel very much neglected, one of the children asked for a story. A fat little man was dragged beside the tree, where he sat down with all the children about him.

"What shall it be?" he asked, "Henn-Penn or Humpty-Dumpty? I shall tell only one to-night."

Some of them wanted Humpty-Dumpty, and others wanted Henn-Penn; and when their noisy clamor had been quieted, the little man told how Humpty-Dumpty fell down stairs and in the end received great honors and married a princess.

The tree had never heard anything like this before. The stories the birds told were quite different. "Will anything like this happen to me?" it thought.

In the morning the servants came into the room, and the tree was glad. "Now," it thought, "I shall again be dressed in dazzling things, and people will exclaim at my splendor, and perhaps to-night I shall hear the story of Henn-Penn. This is to be my glorious life!" But instead, it was carried to a dark attic and put in a corner where no air or light could reach it. "What does this mean?" thought the tree. "How long am I to remain here?"

Days and nights passed while the little tree leaned against the wall in the dark corner, its heart aching. "How lonely I am!" it sobbed. "I wonder what they are doing on the hillside. The ground is covered

with snow, and the hares are leaping about. It used to bother me when they jumped right over me, but I wish I were there now. I suppose they are waiting until the ground thaws out to plant me. It is so long to wait." Just then it heard a strange "squeak," and saw two little mice stealing out.

"It is nice and warm in here. Don't you think so, old fir-tree?" they asked, sniffing at its bark.

"I am not old," replied the fir-tree.

"Tell us where you came from," said the mice. "Was it a beautiful place? We have been in the storeroom where hams hang from the ceiling and big round cheese lie on the shelves. We have danced on tallow candles, and feasted till we were fat. Do you know a place as nice as that?"

Then the fir-tree told them of the woods where the birds sang, and of the sunshine. The mice were very much interested, and wanted to hear more. Finally it told them of the happy night it was decked out with sweetmeats and tapers, and merry children romped about it. The mice jumped for joy, and the next night brought more mice to hear of the wonders the fir-tree had seen. It told them the story of Humpty-Dumpty, of which it remembered every word. Two rats, who had come in to hear what the fir-tree had to tell, thought this a very poor tale and asked for a storeroom story. As the fir-tree knew none such to tell them, they soon left in disgust, and the little mice went with them. Then followed more long days and nights of lonely waiting, while the exile longed for its dear companions of the hillside.

One day a servant came to the garret and dragged the tree forth from the dark corner. It was taken down to the yard, where bright flowers were growing. It stretched out its branches in the sunshine; and then it saw that they were withered and brown, and all their green beauty was gone.

The birds twittered about, and merrily plucked some of the dried twigs. The golden star still glittered on its top, and one of the children who had played around it at Christmas, snatched the star roughly away.

"What is to be done with this ugly, old tree?" one asked. The tree wished itself back in its dark corner; but just then the servant came and cut it into small pieces.

Soon afterward it was burning brightly in a big grate, with the children gathered in front of it; and its blaze was reflected on the golden star which the child held in its hand.

When the last of its crackling sobs had ceased and the little tree was burned to ashes, the children ran back into the yard to play.

ICELANDIC SECTION

THE WITCH IN THE STONE BOAT

SIGUND was the brave and handsome son of an aged king. One day his father said to him:—

“I am now old, and have not long to live. Before leaving you, it would console me to see you happily married.”

Sigund replied that he would gladly obey his father's wishes, if he knew whom to select for a wife. It was finally agreed that he should journey to another country and seek the hand of the king's daughter.



Bidding his father good-bye, Sigund departed, and went to the kingdom where the princess lived. She was so beautiful that he fell in love with her at once and asked her father if he might marry her. The king gave his consent, on condition that Sigund should not take the princess away, but remain with her in her own country. Sigund and the princess loved each

other dearly, and their happiness was complete when a son was born to them.

When they had been married three years, Sigund's father died and Sigund was summoned to the throne. He at once took his wife and child on board a ship and set sail for home. When they had been at sea for several days, the breeze suddenly fell and they were becalmed. One day, when Sigund had gone below to sleep, the queen remained on deck playing with her little son. Suddenly she saw at a distance something black upon the water. It came nearer and nearer until she could discern a boat, and in it some one rowing. When it came alongside the ship she saw that the boat was made of stone; and out of it there sprang a horrible witch. The queen was so terrified that she could make no sound, even when the witch approached her and took the child from her arms. The ugly creature stripped her of her robes. Then, arraying herself in the royal raiment, she placed the queen in the stone boat, saying:—

“With this spell upon you, speed to the Underworld where my brother dwells.”

At these words the boat shot away from the ship, bearing with it the swooning queen.

When the stone boat was lost to sight, the child began to cry. The witch, who had taken the form of the queen, was unable to pacify it. At last she took the excited child below and angrily awakened the king. She upbraided him for leaving them alone on deck while the

crew was sleeping, and for not having remained to watch the ship. The king had never heard the queen speak like this before, and was greatly amazed. He tried to soothe the crying child, but it only clung to him and sobbed the more.

Soon a breeze sprang up that carried them to land, where the people waited to welcome Sigund as king. He proceeded at once to the palace, and was received with great affection. The child, meanwhile, had never ceased crying, although its father had tried every means to quiet it.

At length one of the maids at court was selected to nurse the king's son, and the little one became well and happy again.

The king's troubles were not ended, however, for the queen had so changed that he could scarcely recognize her as the sweet and loving wife she had been of old. Her haughty and overbearing manner made her unpopular at court, and soon strange stories were circulated about her. Two young men, whose rooms were next to those occupied by the queen, often heard her talking to herself. One day they listened and heard her say:—

“If I yawn a little, I am a nice maid; if I yawn more, I become half a troll; if I yawn all I can, I become a troll altogether.”

The astonished young men watched her yawn until she changed into a hideous troll. Then the floor opened and a three-headed giant appeared, bearing a huge tray of meat. He called the troll “sister,” and set the meat before her, whereupon she devoured it ravenously. When she had finished eating, the giant took the empty trough and disappeared with it in the same manner that he had come, and the witch resumed the form of the queen. The young men had seen all of this, but were afraid to tell their discovery to any one, lest they should be put to death.

Meantime the little prince was tended and cared for by the loving nurse. One evening, while she sat with him on her lap, the floor suddenly opened, and a lovely woman dressed in white appeared. About her waist was an iron belt, and to this was attached a chain which came from the opening in the floor. The woman took the child in her arms and caressed it fondly without uttering a word. In a short time she despairingly returned it to the nurse and vanished the way she had come.

The nurse was terribly frightened, but she told the occurrence to no one. The next evening, while she sat with the child in her arms, the same thing happened. But just as the woman relinquished the child she uttered these words, “Two are gone, but one is left.”

When she had departed, the nurse pondered upon her mysterious words. She became more and more alarmed, fearing lest some evil should befall the child. The next day she went to the king and told him of her strange experience. He listened to the story, and that night

went to the nurse's chamber, where he sat hidden with sword in hand until the planks opened and the beautiful woman appeared. The king recognized his true queen. With one blow of his sword he severed the chain that dragged from her belt. Then a great noise was heard below, and the earth shook until they feared the palace would fall.

When the commotion had ceased, the king took the queen in his arms. She told him how the witch had thrust her into the stone boat while he slept, and related what had afterward occurred.

"I soon lost sight of the ship," she said, "and sailed through darkness till I reached the three-headed giant in the Underworld. When I refused to marry the giant, he imprisoned me, swearing he would not release me until I consented. Seeing no way of escape, I promised to yield if he would permit me to visit the earth and see my child three times. He agreed to this, but fastened a chain about me, the other end of which was attached to his own waist."

The noise and the shaking of the earth must have been caused by the giant falling down to the Underworld when the chain gave way so suddenly.

The wicked witch was put to death, and the real queen was welcomed and beloved by all her subjects. As for the faithful nurse, she was married to a nobleman, and the king and queen made her many handsome presents.

ESKIMO SECTION

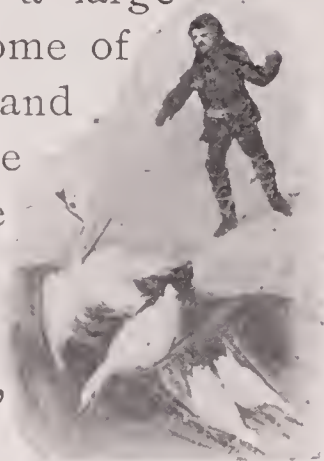
THE MAN WHO MARRIED A GOOSE

[From *The Journal of American Folk-Lore*]

A MAN was once walking by a pond where some geese had taken off their feather-garments and assumed the forms of women. While they were swimming in the pond, the man gathered up their garments which they had left upon the shore. When the geese-women finished bathing and came to land, he gave back all the garments but two. One of the two women thus deprived cried so piteously for her feather-garment that he gave that back also, and she flew away with the others. But the other woman he took home with him and married. She lived with him in his hut, and in time became the mother of two children.

One day, while out walking, the woman found some wings, which she carried home with her and hid in the skin-covering of the wall. When her husband was absent, she fastened the wings on the children and herself and they became geese and flew away.

The father came home, and finding his wife and sons gone, set out to follow them. He walked along the beach when the tide was low, and in this manner traveled a great distance. When he came to a large *golifsinssuang* (pot) where some codfish was cooking, he had some of it to eat. After he had eaten, he stepped over the boiling pot and went on his way. He walked on until he came to a very large man, named Qayungayung, who was chopping with an ax. The man took the chips and threw them into the water, saying, "Be a *qajuaq*," and the chips one by one became hooded seals. Then he took other chips and threw them into the water, saying, "Be an *uxussung*," and they became ground-seals.



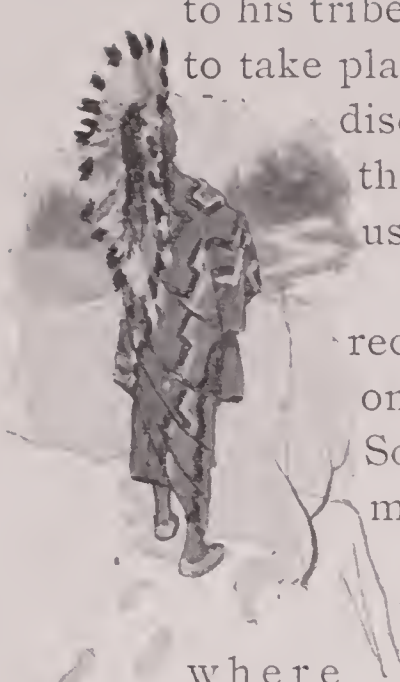
Qayungayung told the man that he would take him to his wife, if he would agree to keep his eyes shut all the way thither. The man promised, and they got into a boat. After they had sailed some distance, the man heard voices; but Qayungayung told him he must not open his eyes. Every time the voices were heard, he was forbidden to look, until at last they reached the shore. When they came to the place where the man's wife and children were living, the little boys saw their father coming. They ran in to tell their mother, but she would not believe them. A second time the children called to the mother to come and see for herself, but she would not heed them; and the man entered the house. When the woman saw her husband, she pretended to be dead. He took her in his arms and carried her to a spot where he buried her under some stones. Then he went back to his children and pulled down his hood, to show that he mourned.

The wife arose from under the stones and went back to the tent. The husband saw her walking about, and killed her with a spear. A great many geese then came flocking about his head, and he killed these also; but the two boys flew away.

NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN SECTION

IN THE LAND OF SOULS

THERE was once an Indian maiden, straight limbed and fairer than any other of her tribe. Like the deer, she was fleet of foot; and her eyes shone like the stars. Many young braves laid their trophies at her feet, and sat silent in her father's tent; but she paid no heed to any one of them, until one day a handsome young chief came to woo. To him she gave her heart, and promised to leave her people and to go with him



to his tribe. But, alas! a few days before the feast and ceremony were to take place, the maiden suddenly sickened and died, and left her lover disconsolate. Day and night the young chief sat bowed beside the grave, wherein his heart was buried. His bow hung unused, and the deer stalked by him unnoticed.

One night, while mourning thus dry-eyed under the stars, he recalled a tale of his tribe which brought him solace. He had once heard an old chief tell of a path which led to the Land of Souls; and that he who sought and followed it unwearying might reach the peaceful shores.

When the sun rose the next morning, he flung his pouch and blanket over his shoulder and journeyed toward the north, where it was said the path might be found. There was nothing more to guide him than the dimly remembered tale, and his great desire; but he knew that where the path touched the earth his feet would go. The snow lay thick upon the ground, and the rivers were frozen to their banks. Forests and mountains he traversed; and after many days, when the land of his tribe lay far behind; the green earth began to appear, and he knew that he had found the way. The sky grew blue above him, flowers bloomed at his feet, and the birds sang in the trees. Through this land of summer he passed to a dark wood, and beyond to cliffs which towered toward the sky. Toiling to the tops of these, he came to a wigwam, wherein dwelt an old man. He was clothed in skins, and in his hand he held a staff. The young chief asked him if he knew the path which led to the Land of Souls. In reply the old man bade him enter and rest, as she whom he sought had done, and he would tell him of the way.

"No one enters the Land of Souls without leaving his body behind," said the old man. "Take off your bow and arrows, and leave all here. You will find them waiting for you when you return."

The chief at once laid aside his blanket, his pouch, and bow and arrows, but would not stop to rest. The old man led him to the door, and pointed to calm waters and plains which lay far beyond, saying, "That is the Land of Souls." At the beautiful sight the chief's feet were no longer weary, and he was eager to be gone. Bidding the old man farewell, he sped on to reach his love. The scent of flowers filled the air, birds sang, and the animals came tamely to him. At length he noticed that nothing barred his path; he passed through rocks and trees, as though they were not there; and then he knew that these were the ghosts of rocks and trees, and that he was in the Land of Shadows. After a time he came to a great lake, and far from its shore saw a beautiful island. At his feet lay a canoe, which was made of shining stone. He sprang in, and with the glittering paddle pushed off from the bank.

Soon he saw behind him another canoe like his own, and in it sat the maiden for whom he had left his tribe and journeyed to the Land of Souls. He tried to reach her, but great waves separated them.

And now, below him, he saw the bones of those who had died while trying to reach that shore. Many people struggled in the dark water; some sank and did not rise, while others rapidly passed over. Only the children knew no fear, and laughed in going. Like them, the chief and the maiden were free from sin, and the Master of Life carried them rapidly over the terrors of the dark sea to the shining shore beyond.

Then they traveled hand in hand through the Happy Land, where flowers bloomed and cool waters flowed. They did not hunger or thirst, and there was no night. The chief thought not of wars nor of hunting, and was content to wander thus forever through fields of sweetest perfumes, with the maiden by his side. But at last the winds murmured to him the message from the Master of Life:—

“Return to your people, for they have need of you. Many years shall you rule over them, and when your work is finished, you may rejoin the maiden who will await your coming. My messenger will meet you at the gate; and when you have put on your cast-off body, he will guide you back to the Land of Snows.”

THE CELESTIAL SISTERS

[From *Mathews's Indian Fairy Tales*]

WAUPEE, or the White Hawk, was known as the most skilful hunter of his tribe. He was straight as the cedar, and his eye shone with the fire of youth. He lived in the forest, and no part of it was too gloomy for him to penetrate. The note of every bird he knew, and the track of every animal.

One day he wandered out of the forest and came to the open plain. Blue grass covered the earth, and bright flowers grew on every side. He walked on and on over the prairie, enjoying the cool and fragrant breeze. Finally he came to a circle worn in the sward, as though many feet had trampled it. No path led to it, and he gazed on the spot in perplexity. The grass and flowers about it were undisturbed, as though no foot had ever approached it. The White Hawk could not understand how the ring came there; and secreting himself behind a bush, he lay in wait to discover its meaning. He had not waited long when from above his head came a faint sound of music.

Nearer and sweeter it grew, until he saw a large basket sailing through the air. When it touched the earth, twelve sisters of most enchanting beauty stepped lightly out, and began dancing around the magic

ring. A shining ball, which they struck, gave forth entrancing music, to which their feet kept time.

The White Hawk gazed, enchanted, upon these lovely forms. The youngest sister was fairer and more graceful than the others, and the desire to clasp her radiant form became so great that he sprang from his hiding place. The sisters saw him. Like frightened birds they jumped into the basket, and were drawn up into the sky. Waupee watched them fade into the clouds above, and then sadly returned to his lodge.

The next day at the same hour he went to the plain, and disguising himself as an opossum, awaited the coming of the beautiful sisters.

Before long he heard the same sweet music, and afar off he saw the basket approaching. He crept slowly toward the ring, but the sisters, seeing him, became startled, and the car again bore them away. When they had disappeared, Waupee put off his disguise and went back to his lonely lodge. All night he thought of the one fair sister whom he longed to possess.

The next day found him again at the spot where the sisters visited the earth. Near by was a stump, covered with moss, where some mice made their home. He first placed the stump near the magic ring, then turned himself into a little mouse, sleek and bright eyed like the others. In a short time the celestial maidens came and danced on the grass.

"I do not remember that stump," exclaimed one.

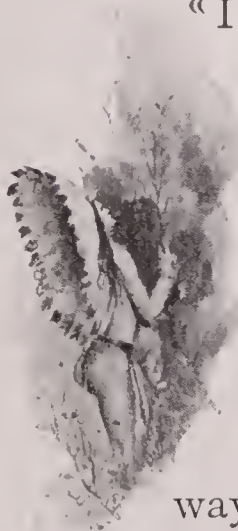
They all stopped their sport and gathered about it. One of them daringly struck the bark, and the little mice ran out. The sisters chased and killed them, until but one remained. This one, which the youngest sister pursued, was Waupee. As the maiden raised a silver stick to strike, the White Hawk turned and clasped her in his arms. The basket bore the eleven sisters away and left the youngest the prize of the brave hunter.

Waupee led the beautiful maiden to his lodge, and strove in every way to please her. When tears gathered in her eyes, he wiped them away, and told her of the charms of the earth. He fondly cared for her, and in time won her affections and was the happiest of men.

When the winter and another summer had passed, a beautiful little boy came to bless their lodge.

They were very happy for a long time, but at length Waupee's wife, who was a daughter of one of the stars, longed to go back to her home in the heavens. She dared not tell Waupee of her desire, but secretly made a little basket; and one day when Waupee was absent she took the little boy and went to the magic ring.

She entered the car, and as she began the sad song it bore her and the little boy above the earth. Waupee recognized the music and ran to



the plain in time to see his wife and child borne away from him. He cried in anguish for her to come back, and when he could no longer see them he bowed his head in misery.

The mother reached her home in the stars, where she forgot the stricken husband she had left upon the earth. The boy, however, was restless to return. He grew fair and strong like his father. One day his grandfather said to his mother:—

“Go back to earth with your son, my daughter. Find his father, and ask him to come and make his home with us in the stars. Tell him to bring with him a specimen of all the birds and animals which he finds in the chase.”

So she descended to the earth, and found her husband waiting near the enchanted ring. Waupee clasped his wife and son in his arms; and when she told him the message from the star, he began at once to do her father's bidding. When every curious kind of bird and animal had been gathered, he took a specimen of each, and bidding farewell to his lodge and the plains he loved, went with his wife and child to their home above the flight of birds.

The chief star greeted them with joy, and gave a great feast to honor his daughter's husband.

Then to each of the assembled guests he gave permission to remain as he was in the starry fields, or to select whichever most suited him of the shapes of earth. They all selected some form of bird or animal, into which shape they were immediately changed. The animals ran away and the birds took flight.

Waupee chose the feather of a white hawk, and gave one also to his wife and another to his little son. Then they became three beautiful white hawks and together flew to earth. There they may still be found, with the brightness of the stars in their eyes and the heavenly breezes in their wings.

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PART II

FABLES

INTRODUCTION

FABLES have been somewhat ponderously defined as "analogical narratives, intended to convey some moral lesson, in which irrational animals or objects are introduced as speaking." It will be seen that this definition is intended to cover only a very small portion of the field to which fables belong. It applies principally to the fables of Æsop, although we must consider Æsop to be a name which stands for a class, as the name of Homer stands for a class. The fabulistic class in Greece consisted of men who in the heroic ages took the same place as that occupied by the buffoons in princely, royal courts of the Middle Ages. They were the censors of manners, and were as necessary to social and national vitality as the minstrel and the bard. The works of Æsop have not survived, except so far as they have been translated or imitated. Although the Latin fabulist Phædrus constantly makes reference to Æsop, it is doubtful whether the writings of the Greek survived even to the dawn of Christianity. As we see Æsop in the pages of his Latin imitator, he appears to be nothing more than the high priest of common-sense. He uttered, through the beasts and other personages who are his mouthpiece, a mild and genial protest against common vices and errors of society. There is very little of bitterness or intentional satire in his fables. It was reserved for more recent writers to make the fable the vehicle of deliberate and rancorous satire and cynicism.

With regard to the form of the fable, it must be classed with the proverb and the epigram. The proverb has been said to contain the wisdom of many and the wit of one. The proverb is principally indispensable because it exacts so little exertion from the memory, and hence among common people, as for instance Sancho Panza, makes wisdom portable. The fable is more like the epigram in that it gives room for the elaboration of literary form. The old Latin poet says that an epigram is like a bee; it must be slender in form; it must contain a drop of honey, and it must end with a point if not a sting. All the ancient fables possess this point, and a very admirable, humane, and useful point it generally is. It remained for modern fabulists to turn this point into a sting, and sometimes to add venom to the honeyed sweetness of literary elegance. Louis XIV. hated La Fontaine because he could point out under his veiled satire more plainly than any of his contemporaries the vanity and ingratitude of kings. The fable enabled him to speak with impunity, because in it, to use his own expression, he spoke "from a distance." The modern Russian fabulist Kriloff was almost persecuted by the government of his country because in some of his most exquisitely finished productions he made a veiled though cutting allusion to the narrowness and cruelty of despotism. In his own day Lessing was complete master of this form of literature,

but his fables lacked geniality, and the venom of his trenchant apothegms is far more apparent than his moral enthusiasm, and his futile cynicism very often puzzles us as to the genuine ethical purpose and tendency of his work.

The collection of fables which we here introduce admirably represents the salient features and historic proportions of this department in literature. It covers the whole ground, from the heroic age in Greece down to our own time. The Hindoo fables which are included in our selection can scarcely be looked upon as contributions to the illustration of moral principle. They are chiefly remarkable for exuberant fancy and amazing ingenuity. The Turkish and Armenian fables are almost invariably deficient in aphoristic point and clearness. They are valuable, however, as expressive of national character.

It is very apparent that the fable, in these days, is an obsolete instrument for educating public opinion. It aims at too long range, to use the metaphor of the great French fabulist. The great fables of the world have always been the rebellious protests of the weak against the oppression of the strong. These protests are nowadays spoken out plainly in the press. Yet fables have exhibited in a most instructive manner the struggles of common-sense and morality to assert themselves under adverse circumstances. The witty and fanciful fables of such a writer as Gay have the charm and the power of mere *jeu d'esprit*, while such works as those of Swift manifest an unreasoning misanthropy which is allied to dementia; and so gross and exaggerated is the satire of Gulliver, directed as it was against the whole human race, that its very keenness has caused the edge to be turned and it is read by children as a fairy tale and has never been taken seriously even by those who discern the object of its composition. Very different was the case with the German apologue "Reynard the Fox," which restricts itself to circumstances of real life and experience and had indirectly very much influence in abolishing the abuses of the feudal system in medieval Europe.

It is to be hoped that from the perusal of the fables in this collection our readers will learn something of the development of public opinion in Europe and the world at large. The fable is interesting to children, but it may be instructive also to their elders; and we consider that from a study of this form of literature as illustrated in our anthology the form, purpose, and history of the fable may be very clearly understood.

EPIPHANIUS WILSON.

HINDOO SECTION

BIDPAI

THERE are two great collections of fables, apologues, and stories in Hindoo literature, with one of which, Bidpai, whose name is sometimes corrupted into Pilpay, is traditionally connected. Bidpai, however, is no more than a name; we know nothing of his life or nationality, for the author is thus called only in the Arabic version of the Pancha-tantra or Five Sections. The selection which we have made from the Pancha-tantra well illustrates the character of the work, as a continuous and connected *mélange* of story, apothegm, and epigrammatic verse.

THE FOX AND THE JACKAL

THE Leopard said: "They have related that a hungry Fox had come forth from his hole in quest of food, and was roaming about in every direction and was measuring the forest sides with the step of greediness and with avidity in his nostrils. Turning on the scent of it, he saw a fresh piece of skin, the flesh of which had been eaten by some wild beast that had left the hide. When the eyes of the Fox lit upon that piece of skin they brightened, and the greatest vigor was diffused through his limbs at viewing that quantity of food.

COUPLET

The fragrance of my much loved friend came to me e'en in death,
And to my body back returned life's then departed breath.

"The Fox, having got that piece of skin into the claw of possession, turned his face toward his own abode.

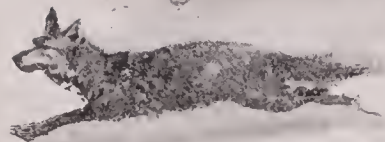
HEMISTICH

Hast gained a friend? Then privacy is best.

"In the midst of the way, he happened to pass beside a village, where he beheld fat fowls busy feeding on the wide plains, while a slave named Zirak, that is, subtle, had girt the loins of guardianship in watching them. The Fox's appetite for the flesh of the fowls was excited, and the delightful idea of the brains of their heads made him forget the piece of skin. In the midst of this state of things a Jackal chanced to pass by

the hamlet. He inquired, saying, 'O brother! I observe that thou art very thoughtful. What event has occurred?'

"The Fox replied, 'O friend! Thou seest those fowls, the tongue of whose individual condition continues to repeat the meaning of the verse—therein shall ye have that which your soul shall desire.'



COUPLET

From head to foot incarnate soul is there—
A soul so delicate and pure is rare.

"The Jackal said, 'Alack! alack! a long time has passed over me, during which I have been in ambush for these fowls and on the watch to make a prey of one of them, but that slave Zirak keeps his eye on the path of protection after such a fashion that the huntsman of imagination, from dread of his guardianship, cannot bring their forms under the net of his scheming; and the painter of the mind, from fear of his defensive care, is unable to draw their lineaments on the tablet of fancy; and I pass my life in this longing, and live from day to night and from night to day on a mere idea. Thou hast found a fresh piece of skin; regard it as a piece of good fortune and relinquish this vain pretension.'

COUPLET

To thine own mistress be thy heart inclined,
And shut thine eyelids upon all mankind.

"The Fox said, 'O brother! till we can elevate ourselves according to our heart's wish upon the higher apsis of desire, to sit down disappointed in the lower apsis of mortification and abasement would be a great pity; and until we can gaze on the rose of enjoyment in the parterre of repose, to direct our steps into the thorny wake of adversity and suffering, would be a glaring fault, and high spirit does not suffer me to cover over an insipid piece of skin and give up the thought of the delicious flavor of fat flesh.'

COUPLET

On honor's cushion till our foot we place,
Why in the dust sit down of foul disgrace?

"The Jackal replied, 'O thou vain longings! to reprehensible greediness thou hast given the name of high spirit, and on culpable cupidity thou hast imposed the title of the preamble of greatness, and art insensible to the maxim that greatness is in the poverty of the dervish, and happiness in contentment.'

COUPLET

If in this market there be gain, 'tis what the poor contented know.
On me the blessing of content, O God! and poverty bestow.

“Thou hast no better course than to be content with the portion which they have assigned to thee from the court of ‘our daily bread is allotted by fate,’ and not tamper with vain and unsuitable aims, to which the result ‘whoever seeks what does not concern him, verily he relinquishes what does concern him,’ is attached.

COUPLET

Our daily food is destined, and the time too they allot,
Aught more or aught before this our struggles we win not.

“And I fear that through this impertinent scheming thou wilt lose that piece of skin also, and wilt thyself be overthrown.”

THE HITOPADESA

AMONG the treasures of Sanskrit lore, as Sir Edwin Arnold so truly says, is the key to the heart of modern India, as well as the splendid record of her ancient gods and glories. The Hitopadesa, a collection of stories from the Sanskrit, is inferior in importance only to the Pancha-tantra of Bidpai. It has aptly been styled “The Father of all Fables,” as from its numerous translations have been derived the tales of Æsop and other fabulists. Sometime during the sixth century, the Hitopadesa was translated into Persian, and two centuries later into Arabic, then the language of abstruse knowledge in Europe. Later it was turned into Greek, and then into Hebrew and Latin. To this day the stories, under other names than the Hitopadesa, are widely current in the East, having representatives in all Indian vernaculars.

The scheme of the Hitopadesa is simple. A king, Sudarsana, having become disquieted because his sons were not gaining in wisdom, gave them into the charge of a great sage, Vishnu-Sarman, who engaged to teach them. This he did by relating to them certain stories, two of which are presented here.

King Tawny-hide, the Lion, after having given them a magnificent gift of flesh, sent the jackals, Karataka and Damanaka, sons of his prime minister, into the forest to discover the origin of a great bellowing, which has alarmed him. After leaving his presence——

“But, brother,” began Karataka, “haven’t we eaten the king’s dinner without knowing what the danger is which we are to meet, and whether we can obviate it?”

"Hold thy peace," said Damanaka, laughing; "I know very well what the danger is! It was a bull, aha! that bellowed—a bull, my brother—whose beef you and I could pick, much more than the king, our master."

"And why not tell him so?" asked Karataka.

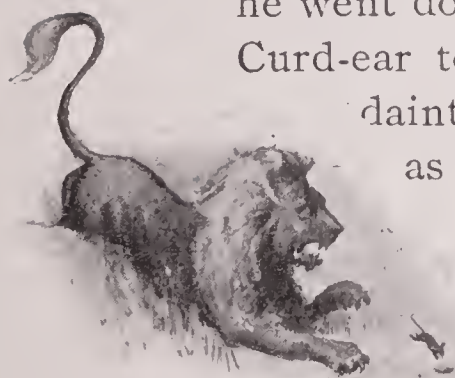
"What! and quiet his Majesty's fears! And where would our splendid dinner have been then? No, no, my friend,—

Set not your lord at ease; for, doing that,
Might starve you as it starved Curd-ear, the Cat."

"Who was Curd-ear, the Cat?" inquired Karataka. Damanaka related:—

THE STORY OF THE CAT WHO SERVED THE LION

FAR away in the North, on a mountain named Thousand Crag, there lived a lion called Mighty Heart; and he was much annoyed by a certain Mouse, who made a custom of nibbling his mane while he lay asleep in his den. The Lion would wake in a great rage at finding the ends of his magnificent mane made ragged, but the little Mouse ran into his hole and he could never catch him. After much consideration he went down to a village and with much persuasion got a Cat named Curd-ear to come to his cave. He kept the Cat royally on all kinds of dainties, and slept comfortably without having his mane nibbled, as the Mouse would now never venture out. Whenever the Lion heard the Mouse scratching about it was always a signal for regaling the Cat in most distinguished style. But one day the wretched Mouse, being nearly starved, took courage to creep timidly from his hole, and was directly pounced upon by Curd-ear and killed. After that the Lion heard no more of the Mouse, and quite left off his regular entertainment of the Cat. "No!" concluded Damanaka, "we will keep our Mouse alive for his Majesty."



So conversing, the Jackals went away to find Lusty-life, the Bull, and upon discovering him, Karataka squatted down with great dignity at the foot of a tree, while Damanaka approached to accost him.

"Bull," said Damanaka, "I am the warder of this forest under the King Tawny-hide, and Karataka, the Jackal, there is his Général. The General bids thee come before him, or else instantly depart from the wood. It were better for thee to obey, for his anger is terrible."

Thereupon Lusty-life, knowing nothing of the country customs, advanced at once to Karataka, made the respectful prostration of the eight members, and said timidly, "My Lord General! what dost thou bid me do?"

‘Strength serves Reason.’ Saith the Mahout, when he beats the brazen drum,

Ho! ye elephants, to this work must your mightinesses come.”

“Bull,” answered Karataka, “thou canst remain in the wood no longer unless thou goest directly to lay thyself at our royal master’s imperial feet.”

“My Lord,” replied the Bull, “give me a guarantee of safety, and I will go.”

“Bull,” said Karataka, “thou art foolish; fear nothing:—

When the King of Chedi cursed him,
Krishna scorned to make reply;
Lions roar the thunder quiet,
Jackals’-yells they let go by.

Our Lord the King will not vouchsafe his anger to thee; knowest thou not:—

Mighty natures war with mighty: when the raging tempests blow,
O’er the green rice harmless pass they, but they lay the palm-trees low.”

So the Jackals, keeping Lusty-life in the rear, went toward the palace of King Tawny-hide, where the Rajah received them with much graciousness, and bade them sit down.

“Have you seen him?” asked the King.

“We have seen him, your Majesty,” answered Damanaka; “It is quite as your Majesty expected—the creature has enormous strength, and wishes to see your Majesty. Will you be seated, sire, and prepare yourself? it will never do to appear alarmed at a noise.”

“Oh, if it was only a noise,”—began the Rajah.

“Ah, but the cause, sire! that was what had to be found out; like the secret of Swing-ear, the Spirit.”

“And who might Swing-ear be?” asked the King.

THE STORY OF THE TERRIBLE BULL

“A GOBLIN, your Majesty,” responded Damanaka, “it seemed so, at least, to the good people of Brahmapoora. A thief had stolen a bell from the city, and was making off with that plunder, and more, into the Sri-parvata hills, when he was killed by a tiger. The bell lay in the jungle till some monkeys picked it up, and amused themselves by constantly ringing it. The townspeople found the bones of the man, and heard the noise of the bell all about the hills; so they gave out that there was a terrible devil there, whose ears rang like bells as he swung them about, and whose delight was to devour men. Every

one, accordingly, was leaving the town, when a peasant woman named Karála, who liked belief the better for a little proof, came to the Rajah.

“ ‘Highness!’ she observed, ‘for a consideration I could settle this Swing-ear.’ ”

“ ‘You could!’ exclaimed the Rajah.

“ ‘I think so!’ repeated the woman.

“ ‘Give her a consideration forthwith,’ said the Rajah.

“ Karála, who had her own ideas upon the matter, took the present and set out. Being come to the hills, she made a circle, and did homage to Gunputtee, without whom nothing prospers. Then taking some fruit she had brought, such as monkeys love extremely, she scattered it up and down in the wood, and withdrew to watch. Very soon the monkeys, finding the fruit, put down the bell, to do justice to it, and the woman, picking it up, bore it back to the town, where she became an object of uncommon veneration. We, indeed,” concluded Damanaka, “bring you a Bull instead of a bell—your Majesty shall now see him!”

Thereupon Lusty-life was introduced, and, the interview passing off well, he remained many days in the forest on excellent terms with the Lion.

One day another lion, named “Stiff-ears,” the brother of King Tawny-hide, came to visit him. The King received him with all imaginable respect, bade him be seated, and rose from his throne to go and kill some beasts for his refreshment.

“May it please your Majesty,” interposed the Bull, “a deer was slain to-day—where is its flesh?”

“Damanaka and his brother know best,” said the King.

“Let us ascertain if there be any,” suggested the Bull.

“It is useless,” said the King, laughing—“they leave none.”

“What!” exclaimed the Bull, “have those Jackals eaten a whole deer?”

“Eaten it, spoiled it, and given it away,” answered Tawny-hide; “they always do so.”

“And this without your Majesty’s sanction?” asked the Bull.

“Oh! certainly not with my sanction,” said the King.

“Then,” exclaimed the Bull, “it is too bad; and in Ministers too!

Narrow-necked to let out little, big of belly to keep much,
As a flagon is—the Vizier of a Sultan should be such.

No wealth will stand such waste, your Majesty—

He who thinks a minute little, like a fool misuses more;
He who counts a cowry nothing, being wealthy, will be poor.

A king’s treasury, my liege, is the king’s life.”

"Good brother," observed Stiff-ears, who had heard what the Bull said, "these Jackals are your Ministers of Home and Foreign Affairs—they should not have direction of the Treasury. They are old servants, too, and you know the saying—

'Brahmans, soldiers these and kinsmen—of the three set none in charge:
For the Brahman, tho' you rack him, yields no treasures, small or large;
And the soldier, being trusted, writes his quittance with his sword,
And the kinsman cheats his kindred by the charter of the word;
But a servant old in service, worse than any one is thought,
Who, by long-tried license, fearless, knows his master's anger naught.'

Ministers, my royal brother, are often like obstinate swellings that want squeezing, and yours must be kept in order."

"They are not particularly obedient, I confess," said Tawny-hide.

"It is very wrong," replied Stiff-ears; "and if you will be advised by me—as we have banqueted enough to-day—you will appoint this grain-eating and sagacious Bull your Superintendent of Stores."

"It shall be so," exclaimed the King.

Lusty-life was accordingly appointed to serve out the provisions, and for many days Tawny-hide showed him favor beyond all others in the Court.

Now the Jackals soon found that food was no longer so freely provided by this arrangement as before, and they met to consult about it.

"It is all our own fault," said Damanaka, "and people must suffer for their own mistakes. You know who said:—

'I that could not leave alone
"Streak-of-gold," must therefore moan.
She that took the housewife's place
Lost the nose from off her face.
Take this lesson to thy heart—
Fools for folly suffer smart.'

LATIN SECTION

PHÆDRUS

PHÆDRUS is the name given to the author of certain fables whose style belongs to the Augustan Age of Latin literature. It is doubtful whether all these fables are by the same hand. Æsop was doubtless the source from which most of the material for these apologues was drawn.

THE SAPIENT ASS



IN ALL the changes of a state,
 The poor are the most fortunate,
 Who, save the name of him they call
 Their king, can find no odds at all.
 The truth of this you now may read —
 A fearful old man in a mead,
 While leading of his Ass about,
 Was startled at the sudden shout
 Of enemies approaching nigh.
 He then advised the Ass to fly,
 “Lest we be taken in the place”;
 But, loath at all to mend his pace,
 “Pray, will the conqueror,” quoth Jack,
 “With double panniers load my back?”
 “No,” says the man. “If that’s the thing,”
 Cries he, “I care not who is king.”

THE MAN AND THE WEASEL

A WEASEL, by a person caught,
 And willing to get off, besought
 The man to spare. “Be not severe
 On him that keeps the pantry clear
 Of those intolerable mice.”
 “This were,” says he, “a work of price,
 If done entirely for my sake,
 And good had been the plea you make;
 But since, with all these pains and care,
 You seize yourself the dainty fare
 On which those vermin used to fall,
 And then devour the mice and all.
 Urge not a benefit in vain.”
 This said, the miscreant was slain.

The satire here those chaps will own,
 Who, useful to themselves alone,
 And bustling for a private end,
 Would boast the merit of a friend.

THE EAGLE, THE CAT, AND THE SOW

AN EAGLE built upon an oak;
A Cat and kittens had bespoke
A hole about the middle bough;
And underneath a woodland Sow
Had placed her pigs upon the ground.
Then treach'rous Puss a method found
To overthrow, for her own good,
The peace of this chance neighborhood.
First to the Eagle she ascends —
"Perdition on your head impends,
And, far too probable, on mine;
For you observe that grubbing Swine
Still works the tree to overset,
Us and our young with ease to get."
Thus having filled the Eagle's pate
With consternation very great,
Down creeps she to the Sow below:
"The Eagle is your deadly foe,
And is determined not to spare
Your pigs, when you shall take the air."
Here, too, a terror being spread,
By what this tattling gossip said,
She slyly to her kittens stole,
And rested snug within her hole.
Sneaking thence with silent tread
By night her family she fed,
But look'd out sharply all the day,
Affecting terror and dismay.
The Eagle, lest the tree should fall,
Keeps to the boughs, nor stirs at all;
And anxious for her grunting race,
The Sow is loath to quit her place.
In short, they and their young ones starve
And leave a prey for Puss to carve.

Hence warn'd ye credulous and young,
Be cautious of a double tongue.

THE APE'S HEAD

A CERTAIN person, as he stood
 Within the shambles buying food,
 Amongst the other kitchen fare
 Beheld an Ape suspended there;
 And asking how 'twould taste, when dress'd,
 The Butcher shook his head in jest:
 "If for such prog your fancy is,
 Judge of the flavor by the phiz."

This speech was not so true as keen,
 For I in life have often seen
 Good features with a wicked heart,
 And plainness acting virtue's part.

THE VIPER AND THE FILE

H E THAT a greater biter bites,
 His folly on himself requites,
 As we shall manifest forthwith;
 There was a hovel of a smith,
 Where a poor Viper chanced to steal,
 And being greedy of a meal,
 When she had seized upon a File,
 Was answered in this rugged style:
 "Why do you think, O stupid snake!
 On me your usual meal to make,
 Who've sharper teeth than thee by far,
 And can corrode an iron bar?"

THE THIEF AND THE TRAVELERS

TWO men equipp'd were on their way;
 One fearful; one without dismay,
 An able fencer. As they went,
 A Robber came with black intent;
 Demanding, upon pain of death,
 Their gold and silver in a breath.
 At which the man of spirit drew,
 And instantly disarm'd and slew
 The Thief, his honor to maintain.
 Soon as the rogue was fairly slain,

The tim'rous chap began to puff,
 And drew his sword, and stripp'd in buff —
 "Leave me alone with him! stand back!
 I'll teach him whom he should attack."
 Then he who fought, "I wish, my friend,
 But now you'd had such words to lend;
 I might have been confirm'd the more,
 Supposing truth to all you swore;
 Then put your weapon in the sheath,
 And keep your tongue within your teeth.
 Though you may play an actor's part
 On them who do not know your heart,
 I, who have seen this very day,
 How lustily you ran away,
 Experience when one comes to blows
 How far your resolution goes."

This narrative to those I tell
 Who stand their ground when all is well;
 But in the hour of pressing need
 Abash'd, most shamefully recede.

ARMENIAN SECTION

VARTAN

THE author of these fables was Vartabied, *i. e.*, Doctor Vartan, an eminent Armenian writer of the thirteenth century. He was born at Padserpert, a town in Armenia, among the mountains which separate Cilicia and Syria. He died in 1271, and for his works in history and theology is renowned among Armenian authors.

THE AGED LION

THE Lion was old and no longer able to hunt for his prey. He therefore feigned sickness, and retired to a cave, placing a Goat as porter at its entrance. The Goat published the news, that the King was sick, and invited all the beasts to visit him. They began to come in crowds; but whoever entered never came out again, because he was devoured by the Lion. The Hog also came to see the Lion, but as it is his nature to look down, he saw that all the footprints faced the entrance,

and none turned outward. The Goat said to him, "Will you not enter?" "I should die if I did" replied the Hog; "no, I will not enter, for those who enter do not come out again."

The Porter flew into a rage and struck him; the Hog bristled with anger, smote him with his tusks, rent him asunder, and thus punished him for his treachery.

It appears from this fable that the Lion is death, the cave is the tomb, and we deluded creatures who are no more than the Hog, know that those who die do not rise again, yet pile up wealth unceasingly.

THE GATHERING OF THE BIRDS

THE Birds assembled themselves and said, "Who is it that has a strong voice? We will make him our king, so that he can summon us in the day of battle." The Stork soared into the heavens, and uttered his cry; they were delighted, and at once crowned him king. Then came the Ass. "Ah," said he, "only put me in her place, and give me a spot where I can stand on my hind feet, and you will soon learn who it is has a strong voice."

This fable shows that, provided a man be poor and weak, he is always pleasing to the people and soldiers, who appoint him king or chieftain; but can he govern his kingdom when he attains to power?

THE POOR MAN AND THE EAGLE

A POOR Man was roasting a small piece of flesh in the desert; but suddenly an Eagle swooped down upon him, picked up the roast and flew off with it. The Poor Man was in despair; he threw himself on his face in a thicket, saying, "Was ever man so afflicted as I am?"



Men still use such language in their times of trouble. The Eagle carried off the meat, laid it in his nest before his eaglets, and went off again. A spark was concealed in the piece of flesh, and it set fire to the eyrie and burned the nestlings to death.

This fable shows that the man who is unjust toward the innocent brings down retribution upon his own head.

TURKISH SECTION

THE CURIOUS IMPERTINENT

THERE once lived a Gardener who had a young and beautiful Wife. She had gone on a certain occasion, according to her custom, to wash her linen in the river, and the Gardener, as he entered his house in her absence, said to himself, "I am not really certain whether my Wife loves me or not. I must put her to the test." Saying this he lay down full length upon the floor, in the middle of the room, as if he were dead.

Soon afterward his Wife came home, carrying her linen on her head, and saw at once the condition of her husband.

"Worn out and famished as I am," she muttered to herself, "is it absolutely necessary that I should begin my mourning and lamentation at once? Would it not be far better first to eat a morsel of food?"

Accordingly, she cut off a slice of smoked meat, and set it on the hearth to roast; then she hastened upstairs to the attic, seized a basin of milk, swallowed a part of it and set the remainder on the fire. Just as she had done this a withered harridan, one of her neighbors, came to the house with an earthen pan in her hand to beg for some lighted coals.

"Keep your eye on the pot till it boils," cried the Gardener's Wife. Then rising from her seat she burst into the most violent sobs and lamentations.

"Alas! Alas!" she exclaimed, "my poor husband lies dead."

The neighbors, hearing her shrieks of lamentation, came rushing into the house and the hypocritical hussy kept on repeating:—

"Alas! Alas! how dreadful is the fate that has fallen on my husband," and as she spoke her tears flowed afresh.

Now just at this moment, the dead man opened his eyes and gazed about.

"What are you about? Finish first the roasting of the meat, quench your thirst thoroughly with milk, and boil what you can't drink, you will have plenty of time for mourning over me afterward."

"First myself, and then those I love," says the proverb.

THE WIDOW AND HER FRIEND

A CERTAIN Widow grew tired of living without a mate, and was anxious to marry again, but she dreaded to provoke the criticism of the public. One of her friends, in order to show her that anything would cause the tongues of the neighbors to wag, painted the Widow's ass an emerald green and passed through all the streets of the town leading the beast by a halter.

On her first appearance, young and old alike came out to see the sight, and followed behind the ass, for they had never seen anything like it before. In a few days, when the Widow's ass was led forth as usual, the passers-by simply said, "A most remarkable creature!"

In a short time, however, no one paid the least attention to the sight. The friend of the Widow who wished to marry again then came to her house and said to her, "You have noticed what has just happened. The same thing will happen to you; for a few days you will be the talk of the town and will have to put up with the gossip and tittle-tattle of all, but they will finally cease to mention even your name."

There is nothing in the world so strange as not to become familiar in time.

THE FLY

A FLY had heedlessly fallen into a pot of soup and struggled in the pangs of death.

"What does it matter?" she said, "for hereafter I shall feel no hunger; up to the present I have eaten and drunk my fill, and have received a good bath!"

Patience to accept the calamities which can neither be averted nor avoided, is a proof of wisdom.

THE TWO YOUNG MEN AND THE RESTAURANT-KEEPER

A COUPLE of Young Men entered a restaurant, for the purpose of obtaining refreshment. While the restaurant-keeper was engaged in serving one of them, the other snatched a large piece of meat and popped it into his companion's pouch.

The cook began looking about for his meat, but in vain. Then he inquired of the two friends.

"I have not seen the meat," said the first.

"As for me," added the other, "I am certain I never took it."

Then each of them confirmed his statement with an oath.

"Really, gentlemen," said the owner of the restaurant, who well understood their rascality, "altho' I do not know who has robbed me, the God in whose name you have made oath does."

Although a man may hide things from men like himself, God is not deceived.

THE OXEN AND THE BALK OF TIMBER

A PAIR of Oxen were yoked to a heavy balk of elm wood, and were dragging it along.

"You are so stupid," said the Log, reproachfully, "that even when you are hitched to a light burden like me, you do not break into a gallop."

"You fool," they answered, "we would certainly step out more rapidly if we were not fastened to you. But if we went fast now, another log would be placed on top of you, to make up the load, and we do not wish to see you broken down by exhaustion."

This answer plunged the Log into profound thought.

The proverbial expression — "The oxen's reply," an excuse for laziness, is founded on this fable.

THE OLD MAN AND HIS SON

AN OLD Man, feeling his end approaching, had given his house to his Son; soon the hapless Father found himself driven from his home and forced to take refuge in a hospital.

Sometime afterward he saw his Son passing by, and called out to him.

"For the love of God, my Son," he said in a pleading voice, "send me, out of all that I have gained for you with the sweat of my brow, a pair of sheets."

The Son promised his unfortunate Father to do so.

"I will send them at once," he answered.

When he arrived home he said to his own son, "Take this pair of sheets off and carry them to your Grandfather, at the hospital."

The Young Man left one of the sheets at home and carried the other to his Grandfather. Sometime after his Father happened to count over his sheets.

"Why didn't you do as I bade you, and carry the two sheets to your Grandfather?" he asked of his son.

"When my Father becomes old, and goes to the hospital," I said to myself "I shall need one of them to send to him."

Your child will behave himself toward you, just as you behave toward your parents.

THE BIRD-CATCHER AND THE THRUSH

A BIRD-CATCHER was setting his gins, and a Thrush, as he flew by, caught sight of him.

"Tell me for the love of God," he cried to him, "whatever are you building there?"

"I am laying the foundation of a perfect city," was the reply.

The Thrush believed his deceitful answer and alighted on the net. Scarcely had he touched it, before he found himself in captivity. As the bird-catcher came up the Thrush said to him:—

"If this is the way you build your city, you will not attract many colonists!"

All men shun tyrannical magistrates and despots, who by violence spread ruin around them.

THE HENS AND THE EAGLES

THE Hens were at war with the Eagles. When the day of battle came, the Hens went and asked the Foxes for help.

"We would gladly help you," answered the Foxes; "if only we could forget what you are, and what Eagles are."

He who enters upon a quarrel with one more powerful than himself runs a great risk, and is certain to meet with disaster.

THE AMBITIOUS LABORER

A LABORER working in his field, saw a Band of Soldiers returning from the war with rich spoils and abundant provisions. Discontented with his lot of toil and moved by the sight of the victorious warriors, he set to work to sell his sheep, goats, and oxen; with the price received for these he procured horses, arms, and ammunition, with a view of joining the army on campaign.

Just on his arrival this army was defeated by the enemy, and utterly routed; the baggage of the newcomer was seized, and he himself returned home, crippled with wounds.

"I am disgusted with the military profession," he said, "and I am going to be a merchant. In spite of my small capital I shall be able to make great profits in trade."

He accordingly sold his remaining weapons and ammunition and laid out the proceeds in the purchase of goods which he put on board a ship and embarked himself as passenger. No sooner had they put to sea than a tempest fell upon the vessel, which went down with the merchant on board.

He who hankers after a higher position in life finds a worse one and falls at last into misery. Do not try to learn by experience the disadvantages of each condition.

THE HUNTER AND HIS HOUNDS

A CERTAIN Hunter, who was seized with an ardent desire to make captive a superb *anqua*,* spent large sums of money in the keeping of hounds. By accident one of his dogs bit his Son, and the child died of the wound.

"Since the hounds have caused my Son's death," said the Master to the servants, "let us put them all to death."

"Alas!" cried one of the poor creatures, "All of us must die for the fault committed by a single one of us!"

A single rascal is sufficient to bring ruin on a whole district.

THE PIGEON AND THE PAINTING

A PIGEON, in her simplicity, mistook for actual water the streams represented in a painting. She flew down toward it with a sudden swoop, fell to the ground and was quickly caught.

How many stupid and senseless people ignore the conditions of real life, follow their own silly notions solely, and at last are brought to serious trouble.

* A fabulous bird; a kind of vulture or gigantic condor.

THE LION AND THE MAN

A LION and a Man were journeying together as friends; they took turns in boasting, each of his own merits. As they went on their way they saw a tomb, on which was carved in marble a man trampling a Lion under his feet.

The Man called the attention of the Lion to this sculpture.

"I need say no more," he remarked; "this is sufficient to show that Man surpasses the Lion in strength and valor."

"The chisel is in Man's hands," replied the beast, "so that the Man can represent in sculpture whatever he likes. If we could only handle it as you do, you would soon see how we should choose the subjects of our art."

Artists do not base their creations upon the realities of life, but follow the ideas which pass through their heads.

THE COMPLIMENT TO THE VIZIER

A VIZIER had just received his appointment; those who had supported him came to compliment him on his promotion to a post of honor.

He was so puffed up by the homage he received that he used, at last, to pass by his former friends without even looking at them.

"Who are you?" he asked one of them.

"My God," exclaimed the other, who was a wit, "I feel sorry for you indeed, for your Excellency, like most of those who have attained eminence, has suddenly lost your sight, your hearing, and your memory, so that you no longer know your former friends."

It usually happens that those who are raised to high station feel contempt for their friends.

THE ASS AND THE FROGS

AN Ass was walking along the road carrying a load of wood; as he journeyed, he tumbled into a pond and made a grievous outcry, because he could not get out.

The Frogs, dwellers in the pond, heard his voice and ran to him.

"Pray tell us," they said to him, "how it is that you, who have been but a moment in this pond, cry out so vehemently? What would you do if, like us, you had been here for an infinite time?"

Such were the sarcastic consolations they addressed to him.

Young people full of vigor, and capable of enduring all sorts of hardship, too often deride the feebleness of the old.

FRENCH SECTION

MARIE DE FRANCE

MARIE DE FRANCE, but for her works, would be little more than a name. That she was born in France, that she was the first of her sex to write French poetry, that she lived in the reign of Henry III. of England, is about all that we certainly know of her. She was probably born in Normandy, and from the Continent passed to England, where she resided in the county of York and acquired her knowledge of the English language at the home of her parents, whose ancestors had followed the standard of William the Conqueror and had received from him a gift of lands in return for their military services. This is practically all that can be guessed in regard to Marie, who has been called the French Sappho of her century. She is absolutely silent about herself, and is known only by her Lays and her Fables. Her fables go by the name of "Dit d'Ysopet," for all the fables of ancient times range themselves under the name of Æsop, the Phrygian fabulist, of whom, as we have seen, no authentic works are extant. Marie has not much originality as a fabulist; most of her fables belong to the commonplaces of fable literature which form the basis of the works of both Phædrus and his French counterpart, and in some respects imitator, La Fontaine. The fables of the thirteenth-century French fabulist which I here translate seem to be among the few which are original in motive and moral.

THE COUNTRYMAN AND HIS PET JAY

A CERTAIN Countryman possessed a tame Jay, which he loved very much; he trained it to speak, but one of his neighbors killed it.

He made a complaint to the Judge and told him what great delight he took in the bird. The Jay would talk in the daytime and sing in the morning. The Judge said that his neighbor had done wrong and summoned him before his tribunal.

On the day on which he was summoned to make answer to the complaint, the offender took a skin of cordovan leather and put it under his mantle, letting one corner hang down so as to be seen, that the Judge might know that it was brought to him for a bribe, in case he acquitted the prisoner. The accused frequently opened his mantle, that the Judge might see the hide. The other Countryman came forward and made his complaint. The Judge asked him what it was that the Jay sang

and what were the words he spoke. The other replied that he did not know.

"Since," said the Judge, "you know nothing about the bird's song, nor understand either his words or his dialect, you deserve no redress."

So he went away without obtaining any satisfaction for his injury, by reason of the bribe which the Judge received.

Therefore princes and kings ought not to commit the administration of their laws to the covetous, for thereby justice is defeated.

THE RICH MAN'S PRAYER

A RICH Man wished to go into another country, and he prayed God to guide his way, and lead him aright into safety, and not delay him on his journey. Once set out on his way he wished to return, and prayed God to conduct him home again and not to permit him to perish. His prayer was heard, and he embarked on ship for a homeward voyage; but immediately prayed God to bring him to land again; but the more he cried out for land the farther seaward went the ship.

When he saw that God did not grant his prayer, and that he could not reach the shore, he asked God to do His own pleasure, and soon after this he arrived at the place he desired to reach.

MORAL—The prayers of the wise man should be reasonable, and should ask of Almighty God that He would do His own pleasure with regard to the suppliant; great blessings follow such a course, for God knows better what is beneficial than the fickle, changeable heart of man.

LA FONTAINE

JEAN DE LA FONTAINE was born at Château-Thierry, Champagne, in 1621. He died in Paris in 1695. Thus he flourished as the most famous fabulist of France, and one of the most famous in the world, as a contemporary of Racine, Boileau, and Molière, in the golden age of French literature. He was never, however, a favorite with Louis XIV., who may have dreaded and disliked the light but rankling shafts of his satire, but he found many friends and patrons among the greatest men at the French court. He is the author of numerous works, dramas, and tales, but his chief claim to immortality rests on his fables.

The fables of La Fontaine are remarkable for the veiled melancholy, the profound misanthropy, often masked under a sneer or an epigram, which suffuse them. There is nothing optimistic or hopeful in them,

but they are full of the keenest wit, the most subtle wisdom, and the range of life and experience from which they are drawn, and to which they are applicable, far transcends that of any known fabulist, ancient or modern.

THE BIRD WOUNDED BY AN ARROW

BY A winged arrow wounded to the death,
 A Bird lamented with his parting breath;
 And said, amid dire pangs, "Unhappy me!
 Forced the accomplice in my doom to be.
 Hard-hearted Man, 'tis from your wings you glean
 The feathers that impel your arrows keen;
 Boast not, ye cruel ones, in triumph vain,
 For oft ye share the fate of which I now complain."

The half of Japhet's children forge the steel,
 With which the other half death and destitution deal.

THE EARTHEN POT AND THE POT OF IRON

THE Iron Pot besought the Pot of Clay
 To join him on his wandering way;
 The Earthen Vessel answered it were best
 That he should in the ingle rest;
 So weak he was, so little it would take
 His feeble shell to break.
 "But as for you," he said, "thick skinned and strong,
 No shock can do you wrong."
 "I'll keep you safe," the Iron Pot replied,
 "And sound, whate'er betide.
 I'll interpose, whatever threatens hurt,
 Will every ill avert,
 And save my comrade from the impending blow."
 The Pot of Clay consented then to go.
 The Iron Pot, his comrade stanch and strong,
 Close at his elbow trudged along.
 On their three feet the eager travelers strode.
 Hobbling along the road;
 Jostling each other at the slightest trip
 That forced their feet to slip.
 But the Clay Pot had all the brunt to bear,
 For scarce a hundred yards they fare,
 Ere he, against his comrade dashed,
 Is into fragments smashed.

None could he blame for the catastrophe
 And all who would in safety be,
 Must bide among their equals, or await
 The Earthen Pot's untimely fate.

THE OAK AND THE REED

ONE day the Oak addressed the Reed:
 "Nature has served you ill indeed;
 A wren's light weight can bend you low;
 The faintest wind that leaves its trace
 In ripples on the water's face
 Forces your quivering head to bow.
 While I maintain my forehead thus
 Erect, as crag of Caucasus,
 Unhurt by fiercest noontide ray,
 Or wildest storms that round me play.
 The winds that threaten you with death,
 To me are but a zephyr's breath.
 Still, if you rise within a glade
 Protected by my mighty shade,
 No danger shall your life betide,
 For I will sweep the storms aside;
 Yet you too oft your dwelling find
 In marshes harried by the wind;

Great wrong to you, has nature wrought."
 "Your pity," answered him the Reed,
 "Does from a generous heart proceed;
 But pray dismiss your anxious thought.
 To me less dangerous is the breeze
 Than to the monarch of the trees.

I break not, though I often bend;
 You, when the threshing wind is loud
 Have never yet your forehead bowed;

But wait, we have not seen the end."
 And as he tendered this reply,
 From the horizon's verge there fly
 With fury, blasts the fiercest e'er
 The wild north in her bosom bare.
 The Oak unshaken stands; the Reed
 Bends low before the tempest speed.
 Redoubled gusts convulse the skies,
 Till lo! the tree uprooted lies,
 Who touched heaven's arches with his head,
 And with his roots the kingdom of the dead.

A SAYING OF SOCRATES

WHEN Socrates his house was raising
 Many began condemning, none praising;
 One candid friend found fault with the inside,
 Another the exterior vilified;
 'Twas all too small for such a personage,—
 In fact a very cage.
 They all agreed in such a place as that
 Impossible to swing a cat!
 "I'd thank the gods if they should will it,"
 He answered, "that my fortune sends
 Enough true friends,
 Small as it is, to fill it."
 And Socrates was right, for still,
 To life's last bound,
 He never found
 True friends enough that little house to fill.
 Many of friendship make profession fair;
 'Tis folly to allow their claim!
 Naught is more common than the name,
 And naught is the reality so rare.

THE MAN AND THE SNAKE

ONE day a Man a Serpent found;
 "O miscreant," he cried, "by duty am I bound
 To do the world a service true,—
 That is, by killing you."
 Hearing these words the creature of base mind
 (I mean the Serpent, tho' I should not find
 It strange, should you suppose the man was meant)
 Was caught and in a sack was pent;
 And worse, condemned to feel the headman's blow,
 Whether he guilty were or no.
 But to make show of reason, thus the Man
 His argument began:
 "O emblem of ingratitude, 'twere blind
 And foolish to the wicked to be kind.
 Then die, thy wrath, thy fangs I dread no more!"
 The Snake in his own tongue, tho' ne'er before
 Has he been known to speak, this answer made:
 "If all the ungrateful people in the world
 Must to perdition thus be hurled,

What mortal would exception find?
 And you are self-condemned; my plea I base
 On your example; in the mirror's face

Examine your own mind.

My life is in your hands, then cut it short,
 Yet what you call your justice, is it aught
 But your advantage, pleasure, or caprice?
 Condemn me then, by laws like these.

But pray be good enough, before I die,

To let me tell you that not I

Nor any of the serpent brood,

But Man is emblem of ingratitude."

The other paused, one moment turned aside,

Then in these words replied:

"Your argument is frivolous and vain;

But tho' the right of judgment I retain,

And can decision make, I still consent

To put the matter to arbitrament."

"So let it be" the Reptile made reply;

And, as a Cow was standing by,

They called to her, and made to her their plea.

"Is it for this you summoned me?

The Serpent sure is right, wherefore disguise it,

And he is foolish whoso'er denies it.

This Man have I given food to many a year;

My gifts he takes as day to day succeeds.

All has been his, my milk and offspring dear—

With these his household he in plenty feeds;

And when the years his health impair at length,

I give him back his strength.

My only object is that I succeed

In ministering to his need.

But now that I am old, he lets me lie

In empty stall, with naught to satisfy —

No, not a blade of grass—my appetite.

If only I might wander with delight

In yonder pasture, by the waters clear!

But no!—for I am closely tethered here.

Had I a Snake for master, could he sink

To depths so low

Of black ingratitude? I answer No;

Good-bye; I've told you what I think."

The Man, astounded at this word severe,

Exclaimed, "Can we believe the words we hear?

She raves, this babbler; we can give more heed

To what the Ox may answer." "Yes, indeed,"

Replied the Snake. No sooner said than done;
The Ox is called, then slowly he draws near,
Ponders the case and gives this sentence clear:
For man, he said, he year-long labor bore,
His round of toil repeating o'er and o'er;
The gifts that Ceres gave and mankind sold
To beasts, he brought from many a teeming plain;
But blows were the sole guerdon of his pain;
And soon as he grew old, men thought
They honored him each time they brought,
With his shed blood, the favor of their god.
Thus to an end the Ox its sentence brought.
Then said the Man, "'Tis odd
This tedious fellow with his idle prate
Presumes thus to dictate;
He must be stopped; his words grandiloquent
Prove that he is not judge but advocate;
From all he says I heartily dissent."
And so he calls as judge the Tree,
Whose speech was harsher and more free:
"He was a shelter from the heat," he said,
"Kept off the showers, the winds' fierce rage allayed;
Not only shelter gave he, but to boot
Bowed 'neath the weight of fruit;
And all the recompense he found
Was that the ax had felled him to the ground.
Still did he too bare more, with bounteous heart,
Flowers in the spring, in autumn fruits impart;
Shade in the summer, fuel in the frost;
Yet all was labor lost!
Could they not trim
Without destroying him,
Destined by nature still to deck the plain?"
The Man unwillingly compelled to see
The justice of their plea,
And yet resolved by force the cause to gain,
Struck sack and Serpent furiously.
Against the wall, until the beast was slain.
Such is the manner of the great
Who reason hate;
A fond delusion puts it in their heads
That they own all—men, serpents, quadrupeds!—
Whoever shows his teeth and doubts their claim,
They think a fool—indeed I think the same.
What is then to be done to right this wrong?
Speak from a distance or else hold your tongue.

GERMAN SECTION

GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM LESSING (1729-1781)

LESSING was one of the greatest writers of the literary Renaissance of the eighteenth century in Germany. He published works on every subject,—poetry, history, philosophy, esthetics, and the drama. His fables, however, form no mean element in his prose works. They are distinguished by trenchant satire and a vein of cynicism which is sometimes the salt of this kind of literature.

THE WOLF ON HIS DEATHBED

THE Wolf lay in his last agony and cast a searching look backward upon his past life.

“I am undoubtedly a sinner, but I hope not one of the greatest of sinners. I have done evil; but I have also done a great deal of good. On one occasion I recollect that a bleating lamb came to me, a weakling that had wandered from the flock; it came so near to me that I could easily have choked it to death; and I did not do so. And at that very moment I heard the derisive voice and abusive language of a sheep with the most marvelous indifference; yet the dog that guarded them was too far away to cause me any alarm.”

“I can confirm all that,” said his friend, the Fox, interrupting him, “for I remember very well the whole incident. It was at the time when you were choking with the bone in your throat which afterward the tender-hearted Crane extracted.”

THE ASS AND THE WOLF

AN Ass happened to meet on his way a famished Wolf.

“Sympathize with me, said the trembling Ass, “I am nothing but a wretched sick beast; see what a great thorn I have run into my foot.”

“In very truth,” replied the Wolf, “you stir my compassion, and I feel myself bound by my conscience to assist you.”

The words were scarcely spoken when he tore the Ass to pieces.

THE GOATS ASK FOR HORNS

THE Goats asked of Zeus that he would give them horns; for goats had no horns at first.

"You have made a fair request," said Zeus; "but with the gift of horns is inseparably connected something else, which might be less agreeable to you."

But the Goats persisted in their petition and the god replied, "The horns are yours."

And so the Goats had horns and a beard. Thus for the first time Goats were bearded. Oh, how they hated that bestial beard, the possession of which afflicted them much more than the want of horns!

THE FOX AND THE STORK

"TELL me something more about the foreign countries that you have seen," said the Fox to the much-traveled Stork.

Then the Stork began to give him the name of every track and every watery way by which he had reached the daintiest worm and the fattest frog.

"You stayed a long time in Paris, my dear friend; what was the finest dainty to be obtained there, and what wine did you find best to your taste?"



THE YOUNG SWALLOW

"WHAT are you doing there?" asked a Swallow of the busy Ant.

"We are gathering provisions for the winter," was the immediate reply.

"That is right," said the Swallow, "and I will follow your example"; and she at once commenced to drag a pile of dead spiders and flies into her nest.

"What are you doing that for?" at last her mother asked her.

"Why, dear mother, I am making provision against the winter cold. This lesson of prudence I learned from the Ant."

"Leave to the crawling Ant the paltry expedients of her sagacity. What is suitable for them is not suitable for their superiors, the swallows. Kindly nature has provided for us a more delightful resource. When bounteous summer ends we depart hence; we take a journey into the realm of sleep, the warm swamp receives us and there we rest without hunger or thirst, until new spring awakes us to a new life."

HERCULES

WHEN Hercules was taken up into heaven he saluted all the gods, and Juno first. At this, all heaven, including Juno, was astounded.

"Do you treat your enemy," he was asked, "with such preëminent honor?"

"That I do," answered Hercules, "for it was through her persecution that I accomplished those labors which won for me a seat in heaven."

All Olympus approved the answer of the new god, and Juno was reconciled.

THE GHOST OF SOLOMON

AN HONEST Old Man was bearing the heat and burden of the day in plowing his field and scattering the seed in the soft bosom of the kindly earth. As he stood for a moment under the broad shadow of a lime-tree, a celestial radiance shone around. The Old Man stood speechless.

"I am Solomon," said the phantom, in a gentle voice; "what dost thou here, Old Man?"

"If thou art Solomon," answered the Old Man, "why shouldst thou ask such a question? In my youth thou didst send me to the Ant. I considered her ways and from her I learned to be industrious and to provide for the future. I am now practising what I learned from her."

"Thou hast not half learned thy lesson," replied the Ghost. "Once more consider her ways and learn from the Ants to rest thyself in the winter of thy years and to enjoy all that thou hast stored."

THE SHEPHERD AND THE NIGHTINGALE

ART thou angry, Darling of the Muses, at the noisy crowd which forms the dregs of Parnassus? Oh listen to me, and learn what once the Nightingale replied to one who addressed her. "Continue thy song, lovely Nightingale," said a Shepherd to the bird, who sat in silence one bewitching evening in spring.

"Pooh!" replied the Nightingale; "the frogs are making such a din that I can find no pleasure in singing. Dost thou not hear them?"

"I hear them right well," replied the Shepherd; "but thy silence is to blame for my listening to them."

ENGLISH SECTION

JOHN GAY (1688-1732)

JOHN GAY was born at Frithelstock, Devonshire, England, in 1688, and was educated at the grammar school at Barnstaple. He began life as apprentice to a silk-weaver, but left trade for letters, publishing a poem on Wine in 1710, in the mock heroic style. He became private secretary to the Duchess of Monmouth in 1712, and produced many insignificant works, making many friends, and among them his acknowledged superior, Pope. In 1716 appeared "Trivia, or the Art of Walking in the Streets of London," a poem full of wit and humorous description. In 1720 he obtained one thousand pounds from a subscription edition of his works, but lost all in South Sea stocks. The first edition of his fables appeared in 1726. The fables of Gay are characteristic of the genial, polished, but not great poet, whose vein of fancy, bright and genuine as it was, never went far below the surface. Yet the fables are characteristically English, and furnish the best examples of this kind of literature to be found in the English language.

THE ELEPHANT AND THE BOOKSELLER

THE man who with undaunted toils
Sails unknown seas to unknown soils,
With various wonders feasts his sight:
What stranger wonders does he write?
We read, and in description view
Creatures which Adam never knew;
For when we risk no contradiction,
It prompts the tongue to deal in fiction.
Those things that startle me or you,
I grant are strange, yet may be true.
Who doubts that Elephants are found
For science and for sense renown'd?
Borri records their strength of parts,
Extent of thought, and skill in arts;
How they perform the law's decrees,
And save the state the hangman's fees;
And how by travel understand
The language of another land.
Let those who question this report,
To Pliny's ancient page resort.

How learn'd was that sagacious breed!
 Who now (like them) the Greek can read?

As one of these in days of yore,
 Rummaged a shop of learning o'er;
 Not, like our modern dealers, minding
 Only the margin's breadth and binding;
 A book his curious eye detains,
 Where, with exactest care and pains,
 Were every beast and bird portray'd,
 That e'er the search of man survey'd;
 Their natures and their powers were writ
 With all the pride of human wit.
 The page, he, with attention spread,
 And thus remarked on what he said:
 "Man with strong reason is endow'd,
 A beast, scarce instinct is allow'd:
 But let his author's worth be tried,
 'Tis plain that neither was his guide.
 Can he discern the different natures,
 And weigh the power of other creatures,
 Who by the partial work hath shown,
 He knows so little of his own?
 How falsely is the spaniel drawn!
 Did man from him first learn to fawn?
 A dog,—proficient in the trade,—
 He, the chief flatterer Nature made?
 Go, Man! the ways of courts discern;
 You'll find a spaniel still might learn.
 How can the fox's theft and plunder
 Provoke his censure or his wonder?
 From courtiers' tricks and lawyers' arts,
 The fox might well improve his parts.
 The lion, wolf, and tiger's brood,
 He curses, for their thirst of blood:
 But is not man to man a prey?
 Beasts kill for hunger, men for pay."

The Bookseller, who heard him speak,
 And saw him turn a page of Greek,
 Thought, "What a genius have I found!"
 Then thus addressed, with bow profound:—
 "Learn'd Sir, if you'd employ your pen
 Against the senseless sons of men,
 Or write the history of Siam,
 No man is better pay than I am;

Or, since you're learn'd in Greek, let's see
Something against the 'Trinity.'
When, wrinkling with a sneer his trunk,
"Friend," quoth the Elephant, "you're drunk;
E'en keep your money, and be wise;
Leave man on man, to criticise!
For that you ne'er can want a pen,
Among the senseless sons of men.
They, unprovoked, will court the fray:
Envy's a sharper spur than pay.
No author ever spared a brother;
Wits are game-cocks, to one another."

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE PHEASANTS

THE Sage, awaked at early day,
Through the deep forest took his way;
Drawn by the music of the groves,
Along the winding gloom he roves;
From tree to tree the warbling throats
Prolong the sweet alternate notes.
But where he passed he terror threw,
The song broke short, the warblers flew;
The thrushes chatter'd with affright,
And nightingales abhorr'd his sight;
All animals before him ran,
To shun the hateful sight of man.
"Whence is this dread of every creature?
Fly they our figure or our nature?"
As thus he walk'd in musing thought,
His ear imperfect accents caught.
With cautious step he nearer drew,
By the thick shade conceal'd from view.
High on the branch a Pheasant stood,
Around her all her listening brood;
Proud of the blessings of her nest,
She thus a mother's care express'd:
"No dangers here shall circumvent;
Within the woods enjoy content.
Sooner the hawk or vulture trust
Than man, of animals the worst:
In him ingratitude you find,
A vice peculiar to the kind:
The sheep, whose annual fleece is dyed
To guard his health and serve his pride;

Forced from his fold and native plain,
 Is in the cruel shambles slain.
 The swarms, who, with industrious skill,
 Their hives with wax and honey fill,
 In vain whole summer days employ'd;
 Their stores are sold, the race destroy'd.
 What tribute from the goose is paid!
 Does not her wing all science aid?
 Does it not lovers' hearts explain,
 And drudge to raise the merchant's gain?
 What now rewards this general use?
 He takes the quills, and eats the goose.
 Man, then, avoid, detest his ways,
 So safety shall prolong your days.
 When services are thus acquitted,
 Be sure we Pheasants must be spitted."

THE LADY AND THE WASP

WHAT whispers must the Beauty bear!
 What hourly nonsense haunts her ear!
 Where'er her eyes dispense their charms,
 Impertinence around her swarms.
 Did not the tender nonsense strike,
 Contempt and scorn might look dislike;
 Forbidding airs might thin the place,
 The slightest flap a fly can chase:
 But who can drive the num'rous breed?—
 Chase one, another will succeed;
 Who knows a fool, must know his brother;
 One fop will recommend another:
 And with this plague she's rightly cursed,
 Because she listen'd to the first.

As Doris, at her toilette's duty,
 Sat meditating on her beauty,
 She now was pensive, now was gay,
 And loll'd the sultry hours away.
 As thus in indolence she lies,
 A giddy Wasp around her flies;
 He now advances, now retires,
 Now to her neck and cheek aspires.
 Her fan in vain defends her charms,
 Swift he returns, again alarms;
 For by repulse he bolder grew,
 Perch'd on her lip, and sipt the dew.

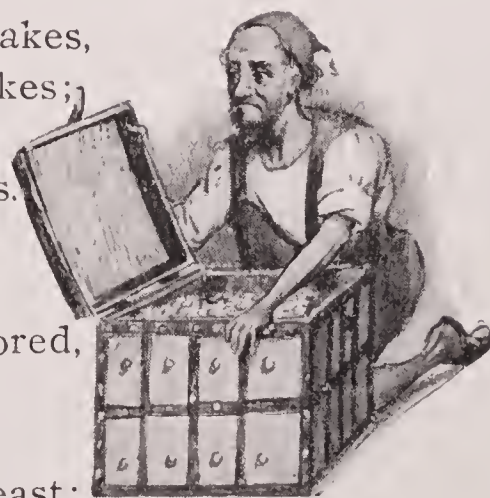
She frowns,—she frets. “Good gods!” she cries,
 “Protect me from these teasing flies:
 Of all the plagues that heaven hath sent,
 A Wasp is most impertinent.”

The hovering insect thus complain'd,—
 “Am I then slighted, scorn'd, disdain'd?
 Can such offense your anger wake?
 'Twas beauty caused the bold mistake.
 Those cherry lips that breathe perfume,
 That cheek so ripe with youthful bloom,
 Make me with strong desire pursue
 The fairest peach that ever grew.”
 “Strike him not, Jenny!” Doris cries,
 “Nor murder Wasps like vulgar flies;
 For though he's free (to do him right),
 The creature's civil and polite.”
 In ecstasies, away he posts;
 Where'er he came, the favor boasts;
 Brags how her sweetest tea he sips,
 And shows the sugar on his lips.

The hint alarm'd the forward crew.
 Sure of success, away they flew:
 They share the dainties of the day,
 Round her with airy music play:
 And now they flutter, now they rest,
 Now soar again, and skim her breast.
 Nor were they banish'd till she found
 That Wasps have stings, and felt the wound.

THE MISER AND PLUTUS

THE wind was high, the window shakes,
 With sudden start the Miser wakes;
 Along the silent room he stalks,
 Looks back, and trembles as he walks.
 Each lock and every bolt he tries,
 In every nook and corner pries;
 Then opes the chest with treasure stored,
 And stands in rapture o'er his hoard.
 But now with sudden qualms possest,
 He wrings his hands, he beats his breast;
 By conscience stung he wildly stares,
 And thus his guilty soul declares:—



"Had the deep earth her stores confined,
This heart had known sweet peace of mind.
But virtue's sold. Good gods! what price
Can recompense the pangs of vice!
O bane of good! seducing cheat!
Can man, weak man, thy power defeat?
Gold banish'd honor from the mind,
And only left the name behind;
Gold sow'd the world with every ill;
Gold taught the murderer's sword to kill;
'Twas gold instructed coward hearts
In treachery's more pernicious arts.
Who can recount the mischiefs o'er?
Virtue resides on earth no more!"

He spoke, and sigh'd. In angry mood
Plutus, his god, before him stood.
The Miser, trembling, lock'd his chest;
The vision frown'd, and thus address'd:—
"Whence is this vile, ungrateful rant,
Each sordid rascal's daily cant?
Did I, base wretch! corrupt mankind?—
The fault's in thy rapacious mind.
Because my blessings are abused,
Must I be censured, cursed, accused?
E'en Virtue's self by knaves is made
A cloak to carry on the trade;
And power (when lodged in their possession)
Grows tyranny and rank oppression.
Thus, when the villain crams his chest,
Gold is the canker of the breast;
'Tis avarice, insolence, and pride,
And every shocking vice beside;
But when to virtuous hands 'tis given,
It blesses, like the dews of heaven;
Like heaven, it hears the orphan's cries,
And wipes the tears from widows' eyes.
Their crimes on gold shall misers lay,
Who pawned their sordid souls for pay!
Let bravos, then, when blood is spilt,
Upbraid the passive sword with guilt."

THE TOWN AND COUNTRY MOUSE

[Translated from *Horace, Sat. ii. 6, by Alexander Pope*]

ONCE on a time (so runs the fable)
A Country Mouse, right hospitable,
Received a Town Mouse at his board,
Just as a farmer might a lord.
A frugal Mouse upon the whole,
Yet loved his friend and had a soul,
Knew what was handsome and would do
On just occasion, *coûte qui coûte*.
He brought him bacon (nothing lean),
Pudding that might have pleased a dean;
Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
But wish'd it Stilton for his sake;
Yet, to his guest though no way sparing,
He ate himself the rind and paring.
Our courtier scarce could touch a bit,
But show'd his breeding and his wit;
He did his best to seem to eat,
And cried, "I vow you're mighty neat.
But, lord, my friend, this savage scene!
For God's sake come, and live with men;
Consider, mice, like men, must die,
Both small and great, both you and I:
Then spend your life in joy and sport;
(This doctrine, friend, I learn'd at court)."

The veriest hermit in the nation
May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.
Away they came, through thick and thin
To a tall house near Lincoln's Inn:
('Twas on the night of a debate,
When all their lordships had sat late).
Behold the place, where if a poet
Shined in description, he might show it:
Tell how the moonbeam trembling falls,
And tips with silver all the walls;
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Grottesco roofs, and stucco floors:
But let it (in a word) be said,
The moon was up, and men a-bed,
The napkins white, the carpet red;
The guests withdrawn had left the treat
And down the mice sat, "tête-à-tête."

Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
 Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish;
 Tells all their names, lays down the law:
"Que ça est bon! Ah goûtez ça!
 That jelly's rich, this malmsey healing.
 Pray dip your whiskers and your tail in."
 Was ever such a happy swain?
 He stuffs, and swills, and stuffs again.
 "I'm quite ashamed—'tis mighty rude
 To eat so much—but all's so good.
 I have a thousand thanks to give—
 My lord alone knows how to live."

No sooner said, but from the hall
 Rush chaplain, butler, dogs, and all:
 "A rat, a rat! clap to the door"—
 The cat comes bouncing on the floor
 O for the heart of Homer's mice,
 Or gods to save them, in a trice!
 "An't, please your honor," quoth the peasant;
 "This same dessert is not so pleasant:
 Give me again my hollow tree,
 A crust of bread, and liberty."

SPANISH SECTION

TOMAS DE IRIARTE (1750–1791)

THE famous Spanish poet Tomas de Iriarte, or Yriarte, was born in 1750 at Orotava, in the Island of Teneriffe. He was educated under a learned uncle at Madrid, and began literary life by translating French plays for the royal theater. In 1771 he was appointed official translator to the government, and five years later became keeper of records to the war office. As a poet, Iriarte has but slight merit, but his "Fabulas Literarias," which appeared in 1782, is worthy of a people who produced "Don Quixote." The fables are intended to expose and correct the foibles and follies of poets and authors, and their composition was the first attempt by a Spaniard to produce original fables in the Castilian tongue.

THE SILKWORM AND THE SPIDER

THE Spider, with a scornful smile,
 Weaving with fury all the while,
 Thus to the modest Silkworm said,
 Who calmly spun her precious thread:
 "Pray, my slow sister, what d'ye say
 To this, my web, begun to-day,
 Which now, just finished, decks my cell:
 Don't it look delicate and well?"
 "It does look well and that is all."
 The Silkworm answered from her ball.

THE FLINT AND THE STEEL

THE Flint, with language harsh and high,
 Accused the Steel of cruelty,
 In striking her with all his might,
 Whene'er he wanted fire and light.
 The Steel the imputation spurned,
 And with such warmth the contest burned,
 That both, at last, agreed to slip
 Their contract of companionship.
 "Good-bye, then, madam," said the one,
 "And since my company you shun,
 And to continue with me doubt,
 We'll see what use you are, without."
 "About as much as you will be,
 Good sir," she answered, "without me."

Writers, revolve this tale of mine,
 Nor think it needless to combine
 With powers naturally strong,
 The help of study, close and long.
 Does not this fable true reveal
 The flint shines not without the steel?
 No more can talent without art,
 For both are useless when apart.

THE TEA AND THE SAGE

THE Tea, from China on her way,
 Met in some sea, or gulf, or bay
 (Would to her log I might refer!)
 The Sage, who thus accosted her:

"Sister, — ahoy! ho! whither bound?"
 "I leave," she said, "my native ground,
 For Europe's markets, where, I'm told,
 They purchase me by weight of gold."
 "And I," the Sage returned, "am seeking
 The route to Canton, or to Peking;
 Your Chinese use me largely, in
 Their cookery and medicine;
 They know my virtues, nor deny
 The price I ask, however 'high,
 While Europe scorns me, just, indeed,
 As if I were the vilest weed.
 Go: and good luck t'ye; know full well
 That you are sure enough to sell,
 For nations all (fools that they are!),
 Value whatever comes from far,
 And give their money, nothing loath,
 For anything of foreign growth."

I humbly ask the Sage's pardon
 (His race is honored in my garden),
 The sneer parenthetical he made
 Attacks the very life of trade;
 But had his satire been designed
 For trade of literary kind,
 I had completely acquiesced
 In all the censure it expressed.
 How frequently, alas! we meet
 Men who can readily repeat
 Whole poems in a foreign tongue,
 That Boileau wrote, or Tasso sung,
 Yet scarcely know what land may claim
 The honor of a Spenser's name.

THE DUCK AND THE SERPENT

A SELF-CONCEITED Duck, they say,
 Was waddling from her pond one day,
 "What other race can boast," she cried,
 "The many gifts to ours allied?
 Earth — water — air — are all for us.
 When I am tired of walking thus,
 I fly, if so I take the whim,
 Or, if it pleases me, I swim."

A cunning Serpent overheard
 The boasting of the clumsy bird,



And, with contempt and scorn inflamed,
Came hissing up, and thus exclaimed:
"It strikes me, ma'am there's small occasion
For your just uttered proclamation;
These gifts of yours shine rather dim,
Since, neither like the trout you swim,
Nor, like the deer, step swift and light,
Nor, match the eagle in your flight."

They err who think that merit clings
To knowledge slight of many things;
He who his fellows would excel,
What'er he does should do it well.

THE MUFF, THE FAN, AND THE PARASOL

IT SOUNDS presumptuous and ill
To boast of universal skill,
But 'tis a scarce less fault, I own,
To serve one sort of use alone.
An idle Parasol, one day,
Within a lady's chamber lay,
And having nothing else to do,
Addressing his companions two,
Reclining near, a Muff and Fan,
He thus insultingly began,
Using that form of dialect
In which, if Æsop is correct,
The brass and earthen jars of old
Conversed as down the stream they rolled:
"Oh! sirs, ye merit mighty praise!
You, Muff, may do for wintry days,
A corner is your lot in spring;
While you, Fan, are a useless thing,
When cold succeeds to heat, for neither
Can change yourself to suit the weather.
Learn, if you're able, to possess,
Like me a double usefulness,
For winter's rain I help to shun
And guard in summer from the sun."

THE COCK AND HIS COMBATS

A HAUGHTY Cock, who thought, no doubt,
 That he was mighty brave, fell out
 (It was a quarrel of his picking)
 With a young sturdy Bantam Chicken.
 Such high words passed between the two,
 That both at last indignant flew,
 Flapped, pecked, and spurred, like fiends of hell,
 And the young dunghill fought so well,
 He quickly made the other yield
 The battle, and the battle-field.
 "Hem!" said the conquered sultan, sneering
 (But not till he was out of hearing),
 "He'll make no bad a cock, I vow,
 The little fellow's youthful now."
 He never fought that chicken more,
 But, from an ancient grudge he bore
 Against an aged cock, whose scars
 Showed him a veteran in the wars,
 Our champion challenged him one day
 And got so worsted in the fray
 That, with the two defeats together,
 He was quite stripped of coat and feather.
 As, thus defaced in every feature,
 He slunk away — "The poor old creature!"
 He muttered, "Limb by limb I'd tear him —
 Only he dotes, and so I spare him."

 In strife of literary kind,
 Authors, this lesson bear in mind —
 With whomsoever you engage,
 Judge not their talents by their age.

RUSSIAN SECTION

 IVAN ANDREEVITCH KRILOFF (1768–1844)

IVAN ANDREEVITCH KRILOFF, or Kryloff, is to Russia what Gay is to England, La Fontaine to France, and Iriarte to Spain. He was the son of a distinguished military man, and on his father's death secured a post in the civil service at St. Petersburg, but gave up the uncongenial employment on his mother's death, in 1788. He was, indeed, taken by

the spell cast over so many clever youths by the prospects of a literary life; he wrote a play, tried to start a magazine, and was for some time private secretary to the military governor of Livonia. But a settled life did not please this slovenly, absent-minded, and ill-mannered poet, and he seems to have wandered from town to town for many years, haunting taverns and indulging a passion for card-playing. His first collection of fables appeared in 1809, and in 1812 he was appointed to a post in the Imperial Public Library. He died in 1844, while holding the position of head of the Russian book department.

The fables of Kriloff are among the finest to be found in any language. They were enthusiastically received by the Russian people, and the author was rewarded by the diploma and gold medal of the Academy of Sciences during his lifetime, and by a fine statue in the Summer Garden after his death. Wit, imagination, inexhaustible invention abound in these apologues, whose style is flawless. The directness and idiomatic vigor of Swift are united with a poetic color and vivacity which make each fable a jewel of the purest water. The wisdom and point which Kriloff's works possess are only equaled by the perfection of their poetic form.

THE ASS AND THE NIGHTINGALE

AN Ass happened to see a Nightingale one day, and said to it:—

“Listen, my dear. They say you have a great mastery over song. I have long wished very much to hear you sing, and to judge as to whether your talent is really so great.”

On this the Nightingale began to make manifest its art—whistled in countless ways, sobbed, sustained notes, passed from one song to another; at one time let her voice die away, and echoed the distant murmur of the languishing reed; at another, poured through the wood a shower of tiny notes. They all listened to the favorite singer of Aurora. The breezes died away; the feathered choir was hushed; the cattle lay down on the grass. Scarcely breathing, the shepherd reveled in it, and only now and then, as he listened to it, smiled on the shepherdess.

At length the singer ended. Then the Ass, bending its head toward the ground, observed:—

“It's tolerable. To speak the truth, one can listen to you without being bored. But it's a pity you don't know our Cock. You would sing a great deal better if you were to take a few lessons from him.”

Having heard such a judgment, our poor Nightingale took to its wings and flew far away.

THE GRANDEE

ONCE, in the days of old, a certain Grandee passed from his richly dight bed into the realm which Pluto sways. To speak more simply, he died. And so, as was anciently the custom, he appeared before the justice-seat of Hades. Straightway he was asked, "Where were you born? What have you been?"

"I was born in Persia, and my rank was that of a Satrap. But, as my health was feeble during my lifetime, I never exercised any personal control in my province, but left everything to be done by my secretary."

"But you — what did you do?"

"I ate, drank, and slept; and I signed everything he set before me."

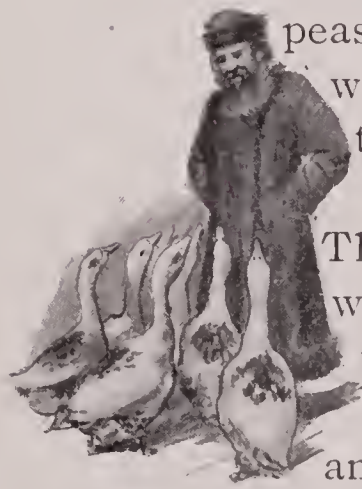
"In with him, then, at once into paradise!"

"How now! Where is the justice of this?" thereupon exclaimed Mercury, forgetting all politeness.

"Ah, brother," answered Eacus, "you know nothing about it. But don't you see this? The dead man was a fool. What would have happened if he, who had such power in his hands, had unfortunately interfered in business? Why, he would have ruined the whole province. The tears which would have flowed then would have been beyond all calculation. Therefore it is that he has gone into paradise, because he did not interfere with business."

THE GEESSE

A PEASANT, with a long rod in his hand, was driving some Geese to a town where they were to be sold; and, to tell the truth, he did not treat them over-politely. In hopes of making a good bargain, he was hastening on so as not to lose the market-day (and when gain is concerned, geese and men alike are apt to suffer). I do not blame the peasant; but the Geese talked about him in a different spirit, and, whenever they met any passers-by, abused him to them in such terms as these: —



"Is it possible to find any Geese more unfortunate than we are? This Moujik harasses us so terribly, and chases us about just as if we were common geese. The ignoramus does know that he ought to pay us reverence, seeing that we are the noble descendants of those geese to whom Rome was once indebted for her salvation, and in whose honor even feast-days were specially appointed there."

"And do you want to have honor paid you on that account?" a passer-by asked them.

"Why, our ancestors —"

"I know that — I have read all about it; but I want to know this — of what use have you been yourselves?"

"Why, our ancestors saved Rome!"

"Quite so; but what have you done?"

"We? Nothing."

"Then what merit is there in you? Let your ancestors rest in peace — they justly received honorable reward; but you, my friends, are only fit to be roasted!"

It would be easy to make this fable still more intelligible; but I am afraid of irritating the Geese.

THE PEBBLE AND THE DIAMOND

A DIAMOND, which some one had lost, lay for some time on the high road. At last it happened that a merchant picked it up. By him it was offered to the king, who bought it, had it set in gold, and made it one of the ornaments of the royal crown. Having heard of this, a Pebble began to make a fuss. The brilliant fate of the Diamond fascinated it; and, one day, seeing a Moujik passing, it besought him thus:

"Do me a kindness, fellow-countryman, and take me with you to the capital. Why should I go on suffering here in rain and mud, while our Diamond is, men say, in honor there? I don't understand why it has been treated with such respect. Side by side with me here it lay so many years; it is just such a stone as I am — my close companion. Do take me! How can one tell? If I am seen there, I too, perhaps, may be found worthy of being turned to account."

The Moujik took the stone into his lumbering cart, and conveyed it to the city. Our stone tumbled into the cart, thinking that it would so soon be sitting by the side of the Diamond. But a quite different fate befell it. It really was turned to account, but only to mend a hole in the road.

THE MAN AND HIS SHADOW

THERE was a certain Original who must needs desire to catch his own Shadow. He makes a step or two toward it, but it moves away before him. He quickens his pace; it does the same. At last he takes to running; but the quicker he goes, the quicker runs the Shadow also, utterly refusing to give itself up, just as if it had been a treasure. But see! our eccentric friend suddenly turns round, and walks away from it. And presently he looks behind him; the Shadow runs after him now.

Ladies fair, I have often observed — what do you suppose? — no, no; I assure you I am not going to speak about you — that Fortune treats us in a similar way. One man tries with all his might to seize the goddess, and only loses his time and his trouble. Another seems, to all appearance, to be running out of her sight; but, no: she herself takes a pleasure in pursuing him.

THE DIVERS

A CERTAIN King could not make up his mind as to whether knowledge and science produce more good or harm. He consulted divers learned men on the subject, but they could not solve the problem to his satisfaction. At last, one day, he met a venerable and remarkably intelligent hermit, to whom he confided his doubts, and who favored him with the following apologue: *—

“There was once a fisherman, in India, who lived on the seacoast. After a long life of poverty and privation, he died, leaving three sons. They, seeing that their nets brought them in but a scanty livelihood, and detesting their father’s vocation, determined to make the sea yield them a richer recompense — not fish, but pearls. So, as they knew how to swim and to dive, they gave themselves up to collecting that form of tribute from it. But the three brothers met with very different kinds of success.

“The first, the laziest of the family, spent his time in sauntering along the shore. He had an objection to wetting even so much as his feet, so he confined his expectations to picking up such pearls as the waves might wash ashore. But the result of this laziness of his was that he scarcely made enough to keep him alive. As to the second, he used to dive and find rich pearls at the bottom of the sea, never sparing any pains, and knowing how to choose those depths only which were within his power to sound.

“But the third brother, troubled by a craving after vast treasures, reasoned with himself as follows: ‘It is true that there are pearls which one can find near the shore; but what treasures, apparently, might I not expect if I could only succeed in reaching the lowest depths of the open sea! There, no doubt, lie heaps of countless riches — corals, pearls, and precious stones — all of which one might pick up and carry away at will.’ Captivated by this idea, the foolish fellow straightway sought the open sea, chose the spot where the depths seemed blackest, and plunged into the abyss. But his recklessness cost him his life; for the deep swallowed him down, and he never returned to the light of day.

*I have thought it best to abridge the introduction, which is of inordinate length in the original.

PART III

THE OLD TESTAMENT IN ARABIC
LEGENDS

INTRODUCTION

IT HAS been said that the Bible is not finished and that it will not be finished until the human heart ceases to glow with emotion and conscience ceases to bear witness to moral truth. Whatever the sectarian may say about such thoughts, it is certain that they reach to the very roots of revelation and religion, to that deepest well in the human soul which the mystics call "the ground," and whence flow all imagination and religious feeling; and they carry with them thence the secrets of the deep, *viz.*, that the Infinite is forever pouring Itself forth, revealing Itself, or, "is coming to be," as the philosopher would say.

Men differ in their vision of the revelation of the Infinite. Some will see it only in the cosmic spheres, others in morals, others in soul-unfoldments; and others, again, place the fact under the influence of their imagination, and in the glow of the emotions they pour forth poetry and other literature. But if the facts underlying all these forms are really the same and fully express "the coming to be" of the Divine, then all these forms must in the main agree and mutually support each other, and they do. No matter how widely they differ, they all stir that mysterious something in the constitution of man which holds relationship with "the essential spirit of things."

The following Old Testament stories from Arabic sources illustrate what I have said. They differ essentially from the Hebrew stories of the same name, and they are fancy-free pranks, utterly disregarding historic time and geographic space; but they overflow with poetic imagery of a religious character, and they use Hebrew and Talmudic tradition in such a way that their unconscious poetry utters itself in a symbolism that is full of spiritual truth. In this way they rise high in value, and though they disregard history and geography, they have their place in literature, if not in religious lore.

There are four school views of the Old Testament, and it is to the last of these that these stories belong. One school is the radical one. It is represented by such men as Wellhausen and Nöldeke, who deny the Old Testament narratives all historic truth. Another is the comparative school which calls Adolph Kuhn and Max Müller its masters. It reduces all Old Testament characters to solar heroes and moon goddesses. Both of these schools are fought bitterly by the orthodox adherents of the Book. They have caused numerous excavations to be made in Bible lands, and they hold all Old Testament characters to be historic persons. The last school is the one which considers the Old Testament simply as literature and which, like the scholars of the Higher Criticism, treats the Book to literary criticisms according to standards adopted for other books.

With the exception of a few later additions, the following legends are derived from Mohammed himself, and their essential features are found in the Koran. The translator, Dr. G. Weil, has, besides the Koran and the commentaries upon it used the following manuscripts:—

(1) The *Chamis*, by Husein Ibn Mohammed, Ibn Ahasur Addiarbekri, which, as the introduction to the biography of Mohammed, contains many legends respecting the ancient prophets, especially Adam, Abraham, and Solomon.

(2) The *Dsachirat Alulum Wanatidjal Alfuhum* (storehouse of wisdom and fruits of knowledge), by Ahmed Ibn Zein Alabidin Albekri, in which also the ancient legends from Adam to Christ are prefixed to the History of Islam, and more especially the lives of Moses and Aaron minutely narrated.

(3) A collection of legends by anonymous authors. (No. 909 in the Arabian manuscripts in the library of the Duke of Gotha.)

(4) The *Legends of the Prophets* (*Kissat Alanbija*), by Mohammed Ibn Ahmed Alkissai.

In compiling the stories, Mohammed drew mainly upon oral traditions and the narratives of Jews and Christians with whom he came in contact. He learned only late in life to write and even to read Arabic, and was unquestionably ignorant of every other spoken or written language. He lived on intimate terms with Abd Allah Ibn Salam, a learned Jew, and Salman, the Persian, who, before he became a Mohammedan, was successively a magician, a Jew, and a Christian. From these and a monk, Bahira, Mohammed derived his material.

The general ideas of the narratives are two: the unity of God, and the prophets. The first idea is the main teaching of Mohammed and is constantly emphasized in the Koran; it was the doctrine wherewith he conquered the wild and polytheistic Arabs. The second idea of Mohammed's teachings and of the Old Testament stories found in the following is that God's teachings to men come through prophets, and that Mohammed himself is the last and final of a long line beginning with Adam. Among the prophets he dwelt most on Abraham and Ismael, and changed and amplified the traditions to suit his own purposes. Mohammed acknowledged Christ as the living Word and as a great prophet, but he rejected the doctrine which placed Christ and his mother on a level with the Most High God.

The stories which are reproduced in the following pages were evidently all prepared for a purpose, *viz.*, to teach Mohammed's doctrine. They are to that end realistic and free from all obscurity or attempts at style. But they are nevertheless interesting to us of this date, because of their romance and folk-lore. We meet Oriental imagery in Iblis's resources and ingenious ways of getting into paradise, and there is moral pathos in the tale of Adam who was flung out of paradise through the gate of Repentance, teaching him that he might return through contrition, while Eve was sent out through the gate of Mercy. How touching is the folk-tale that Eve's tears flowing into the ocean were changed into costly pearls, while those that fell upon the earth brought forth all beautiful flowers! Ideas of this order touch any unsophisticated soul and create that feeling of pleasure and emotion which we expect from good imaginative literature.

I think the Editor has conferred a favor upon the readers of this volume by introducing these Mohammedan renderings of Old Testament narratives.

C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

ADAM

THE most authentic records of antiquity which have come down to us state that Adam was created on Friday afternoon at the hour of Assr.*

The four most exalted angels, Gabriel, Michael, Israfil, and Israil, were commanded to bring from the four corners of the earth the dust out of which Allah formed the body of Adam, all save the head and heart. For these He employed exclusively the sacred earth of Mecca and Medina, from the very spots on which, in later times, the holy Kaaba and the sepulcher of Mohammed were erected.

Even before it was animated, Adam's beautiful form excited the admiration of the angels who were passing by the gates of paradise where Allah had laid it down. But Iblis coveted man's noble form, and the spiritual and lovely expression of his countenance, and said, therefore, to his fellows, "How can this hollow piece of earth be well pleasing in your sight? Nothing but weakness and frailty may be expected of this creature." When all the inhabitants of heaven, save Iblis, had gazed on Adam in long and silent wonder, they burst out in praises to Allah, the creator of the first man, who was so tall, that when he stood erect upon the earth his head reached to the seventh heaven.

Allah then directed the angels to bathe the Soul of Adam, which he had created a thousand years before his body, in the sea of glory which proceedeth from himself, and commanded her to animate his yet lifeless form. The Soul hesitated, for she was unwilling to exchange the boundless heavens for this narrow home; but Allah said, "Thou must animate Adam even against thy will; and as the punishment of thy disobedience, thou shalt one day be separated from him also against thy will." Allah then breathed on her with such violence that she rushed through the nostrils of Adam into his head. On reaching his eyes, they were opened, and he saw the throne of Allah, with the inscription, "There is but one God, and Mohammed is his Messenger." The Soul then penetrated to his ears, and he heard the angels praising Allah; thereupon his own tongue was loosed, and he cried, "Blessed be thou, my Creator, the only One and Eternal!" and Allah answered, "For this end wast thou created; thou and thy descendants shall worship me; so shall ye ever obtain grace and mercy." The Soul at last pervaded all the limbs of Adam; and when she had reached his feet, she gave him the power to rise; but, on rising, he was obliged to shut his eyes, for a light shone

* The hour of Assr is between noon and evening, and is set apart by the Musulman for the performance of his third daily prayer.

on him from the throne of the Lord which he was unable to endure; and pointing with one hand toward it, while he shaded his eyes with the other, he inquired, "O Allah! what flames are those?" "It is the light of a prophet who shall descend from thee and appear on earth in the latter times. By my glory, only for his sake have I created thee and the whole world. In heaven his name is Ahmed, but he shall be called Mohammed on earth, and he shall restore mankind from vice and falsehood to the path of virtue and truth."

All created things were then assembled before Adam, and Allah taught him the names of all beasts, of birds, and of fish; the manner in which they are sustained and propagated, and explained their peculiarities, and the ends of their existence. Finally, the angels were convoked, and Allah commanded them to bow down to Adam, as the most free and perfect of His creatures, and as the only one that was animated by His breath. Israfil was the first to obey, whence Allah confided to him the book of Fate. The other angels followed his example: Iblis alone was disobedient, saying, with disdain, "Shall I, who am created of fire, worship a being formed of the dust?" He was therefore expelled from heaven, and the entrance into paradise was forbidden him.

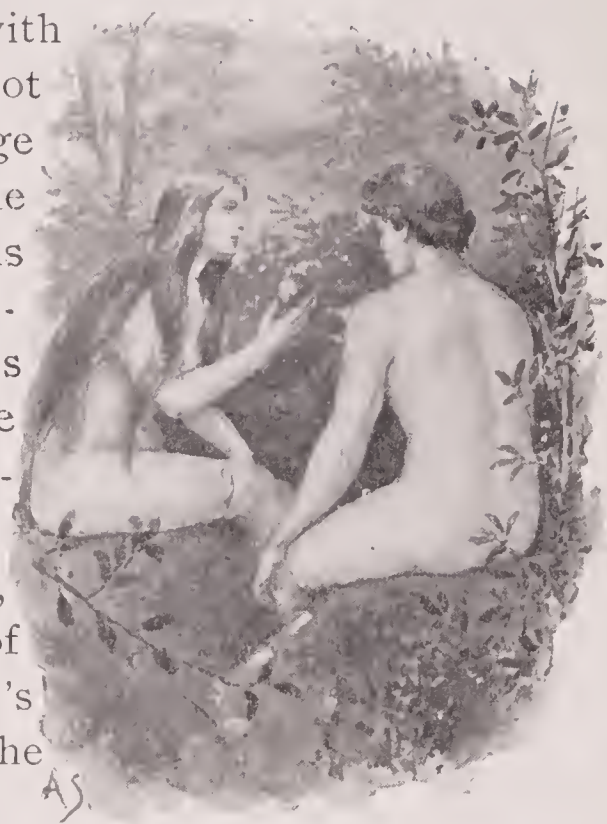
Adam breathed more freely after the removal of Iblis; and by command of Allah, he addressed the myriads of angels who were standing around him, in praise of His omnipotence and the wonders of His universe; and on this occasion he manifested to the angels that he far surpassed them in wisdom, and more especially in the knowledge of languages, for he knew the name of every created thing in seventy different tongues.*

After this discourse, Allah presented him, through Gabriel, with a bunch of grapes from paradise, and when he had eaten them he fell into a deep sleep. The Lord then took a rib from Adam's side, and formed a woman of it, whom he called Hava (Eve), for he said, I have taken her from (hai) the living. She bore a perfect resemblance to Adam; but her features were more delicate than his, and her eyes shone with a sweeter luster, her hair was longer, and divided into seven hundred braids; her form was lighter, and her voice more soft and pure.

While Allah was endowing Eve with every female charm, Adam was dreaming of a second human being resembling himself. Nor was this

* When the Lord intended to create man, he consulted with the angels, and said to them, "We will create man after our image." But they replied, "What is man, that thou art mindful of him? What are his excellences?" He said, "His wisdom exceeds your own." He then took all kinds of wild beasts and birds, and when he asked the angels to give their names, they were not able to do so. After the creation, he brought these animals to Adam, who, on being asked their names, replied immediately, "This is an ox, this is an ass, that a horse, a camel," etc.

strange, for had he not seen in pairs all the creatures which had been presented to him? When, therefore, he awoke; and found Eve near him, he desired to embrace her; yet, although her love exceeded his own, she forbade him and said, "Allah is my Lord; it is only with His permission that I may be thine! Besides, it is not meet that a woman should be wedded without a marriage gift." Adam then prayed the angel Gabriel to intercede for him with Allah, that he might obtain Eve for his wife, and to inquire what marriage gift would be demanded. The angel soon returned, and said, "Eve is thine, for Allah has created her only for thee! Love her as thyself, and treat her with indulgence and kindness. The marriage gift which he requires of thee is, that thou shouldst pray twenty times for Mohammed, his beloved, whose body shall one day be formed out of thy flesh and blood, but whose soul has dwelt in Allah's presence many thousand years before the creation of the world." *



Ridwhan, the guardian of Eden, came leading Meimun, the winged horse, and a fleet she-camel. The one he presented to Adam, the other to Eve. The angel Gabriel assisted them in mounting, and conducted them to paradise, where all the angels and animals present saluted them with the words, "Hail! ye parents of Mohammed!"

In the midst of paradise there stood a green silken tent, supported on golden pillars, and in the midst of it there was a throne, on which Adam seated himself with Eve, whereupon the curtains of the tent closed around them of their own accord.

When Adam and Eve were afterward walking through the garden, Gabriel came and commanded them, in the name of Allah, to go and bathe in one of the four rivers of paradise. Allah himself then said to them, "I have appointed this garden for your abode; it will shelter you from cold and heat, from hunger and thirst. Take, at your discretion, of every thing that it contains; only one of its fruits shall be denied you. Beware that ye transgress not this one command, and watch against the wily rancor of Iblis! He is your enemy, because he was overthrown on your account; his cunning is infinite, and he aims at your destruction."

* The idea that many things existed before the creation of the world is purely Jewish. The Mussulmans adopted it. Some of them maintained that the Koran had existed before the world, which assertion excited many bloody contests among them. The "Midrash Jalkut," p. 7, says: Seven things were in existence before the creation of the world: The Thora, Repentance, Paradise, Hell, the Throne of God, the name of the Messiah, and the holy Temple. Some maintain that the Throne and the Thora really existed, while the Lord only thought of the other five before he created the world.

The newly-created pair attended to Allah's words, and lived a long time, some say five hundred years, in paradise without approaching the forbidden tree. But Iblis also had listened to Allah, and resolving to lead man into sin, wandered constantly in the outskirts of heaven, seeking to glide unobserved into paradise. But its gates were shut, and guarded by the angel Ridwhān. One day the peacock came out of the garden. He was then the finest of the birds of paradise, for his plumage shone like pearl and emerald, and his voice was so melodious that he was appointed to sing the praises of Allah daily in the main streets of heaven.

Iblis, on seeing him, said to himself, "Doubtless this beautiful bird is very vain: perhaps I may be able to induce him by flattery to bring me secretly into the garden."

When the peacock had gone so far from the gates that he could no longer be overheard by Ridwhān, Iblis said to him:—

"Most wonderful and beautiful bird! art thou of the birds of paradise?"

"I am; but who art thou, who seemest frightened as if some one did pursue thee?"

"I am one of those cherubim who are appointed to sing without ceasing the praises of Allah, but have glided away for an instant to visit the paradise which he has prepared for the faithful. Wilt thou conceal me under thy beautiful wings?"

"Why should I do an act which must bring the displeasure of Allah upon me?"

"Take me with thee, charming bird, and I will teach thee three mysterious words, which shall preserve thee from sickness, age, and death."

"Must, then, the inhabitants of paradise die?"

"All, without exception, who know not the three words which I possess."

"Speakest thou the truth?"

"By Allah, the Almighty!"

The peacock believed him, for he did not even dream that any creature would swear falsely by its maker; yet, fearing lest Ridwhān might search him too closely on his return, he steadily refused to take Iblis along with him, but promised to send out the serpent, who might more easily discover the means of introducing him unobservedly into the garden.

Now the serpent was at first the queen of all beasts. Her head was like rubies, and her eyes like emerald. Her skin shone like a mirror of various hues. Her hair was soft like that of a noble virgin; and her form resembled the stately camel; her breath was sweet like musk and amber, and all her words were songs of praise. She fed on saffron, and her resting-places were on the blooming borders of the beautiful Can-

tharus.* She was created a thousand years before Adam, and destined to be the playmate of Eve.

"This fair and prudent being," said the peacock to himself, "must be even more desirous than I to remain in eternal youth and vigor, and will undoubtedly dare the displeasure of Ridwhan at the price of the three invaluable words." He was right in his conjecture, for no sooner had he informed the serpent of his adventure than she exclaimed, "Can it be so? Shall I be visited by death? Shall my breath expire, my tongue be paralyzed, and my limbs become impotent? Shall my eyes and ears be closed in night? And this noble form of mine, shall it perish in the dust? Never, never! Even if Ridwhan's wrath should light upon me, I will hasten to the cherub, and will lead him into paradise, so he but teach me the three mysterious words."

The serpent ran forthwith out of the gate, and Iblis repeated to her what he had said to the peacock, confirming his words by an oath.

"How can I bring thee into paradise unobserved?" inquired the serpent.

"I will contract myself into so small a bulk that I shall find room in a cavity of thy teeth!"

"But how shall I answer Ridwhan if he addresses me?"

"Fear nothing; I will utter holy names that shall render him speechless."

The serpent then opened her mouth: Iblis flew into it, and, seating himself in the hollow part of her front teeth, poisoned them to all eternity. When they had passed Ridwhan, who was not able to utter a sound, the serpent opened her mouth again, expecting that the cherub would resume his natural shape, but Iblis preferred to remain where he was, and to speak to Adam from the serpent's mouth, and in her name. After some resistance, she consented, from fear of Ridwhan, and from her anxiety to obtain the mysterious words. Arrived at Eve's tent, Iblis heaved a deep sigh: the first which envy had forced from any living breast.

"Why art thou so cast down to-day, my beloved serpent?" inquired Eve, who had heard the sigh.

"I am anxious for the future destiny of thee and of thy husband," replied Iblis, imitating the voice of the serpent.

"How! Do we not possess in this garden of Eden all that we can desire?"

"True; and yet the best of the fruits of this garden, and the only one which can procure you perfect felicity, is denied you."

"Have we not fruits in abundance of every taste and color? why should we regret this one?"

* One of the rivers of paradise.

"If thou knewest why this fruit is denied you, all the rest would afford thee no pleasure."

"Knowest thou the reason?"

"I do; and it is precisely this knowledge which fills my heart with care; for while all the fruits which are given you bring with them weakness, disease, old age, and death, that is, the entire cessation of life, this forbidden fruit alone bestows eternal youth and vigor."

"Thou hast never spoken of these things until now, beloved serpent; whence derivest thou this knowledge?"

"An angel informed me of it, whom I met under the forbidden tree."

Eve answered, "I will go and speak with him"; and, leaving her tent, she hurried toward the tree.

On the instant, Iblis, who knew Eve's curiosity, sprang out of the serpent's mouth, and was standing under the forbidden tree, in the shape of an angel, but with a human face, before Eve had reached it.

"Who art thou, singular being," she inquired, "whose like I have never seen?"

"I was man, but have become an angel."

"By what means?"

"By eating of this blessed fruit, which an envious God had forbidden me to taste on pain of death. I long submitted to his command, until I became old and frail; my eyes lost their luster and grew dim, my ears no longer heard, my teeth decayed, and I could neither eat without pain nor speak with distinctness. My hands trembled, my feet shook, my head hung down upon my breast, my back was bent, and my whole appearance became at last so frightful that all the inhabitants of paradise fled from me. I then longed for death, and expecting to meet it by eating of this fruit, I stretched out my hands and took of it; but lo! it had scarcely touched my lips, when I became strong and beautiful as at first; and though many thousand years have since elapsed, I am not sensible of the slightest change either in my appearance or in my energies."

"Speakest thou the truth?"

"By Allah, who created me, I do."

Eve trusted to his oath, and plucked an ear of the wheat-tree.

Now, before Adam's sin, wheat grew upon the finest tree of paradise. Its trunk was of gold, its branches were of silver, and its leaves of emerald. From every branch there sprung seven ears of ruby; each ear contained five grains, and every grain was white as snow, sweet as honey, fragrant as musk, and as large as an ostrich's egg. Eve ate one of these grains, and finding it more pleasant than all she had hitherto tasted, she took a second one and presented it to her husband.

Adam resisted long — our doctors say, a whole hour of paradise, which means eighty years of our time on earth — but when he observed

that Eve remained fair and happy as before, he yielded to her importunity at last, and ate the second grain of wheat, which she had had constantly with her, and presented to him three times every day.

Scarcely had Adam received the fruit when his crown rose toward heaven, his rings fell from his fingers, and his silken robe dropped from him. Eve, too, stood spoiled of her ornaments and naked before him, and they heard how all these things cried to them with one voice, "Woe unto you! your calamity is great, and your mourning will be long: we were created for the obedient only: farewell until the resurrection!" The throne which had been erected for them in the tent thrust them away and cried, "Rebels, depart!" The horse, Meimun, upon which Adam attempted to fly, would not suffer him to mount, and said, "Hast thou thus kept the covenant of Allah?"

All the creatures of paradise then turned from them, and besought Allah to remove the human pair from that hallowed spot. Allah himself addressed Adam in a voice of thunder, and said, "Wast thou not commanded to abstain from this fruit, and forewarned of the cunning of Iblis, thy foe?" Adam attempted to flee from these upbraidings, and Eve would have followed him; but was held fast by the branches of the tree Talh, and Eve was entangled in her own disheveled hair, while a voice from the tree exclaimed, "From the wrath of Allah there is no escape: submit to his divine decree! Leave this paradise," continued Allah, in tones of wrath, "both you, and the creatures which have seduced you to transgress: by the sweat of your brow alone shall you earn your bread; the earth shall henceforth be your abode, and its possessions shall fill your hearts with envy and malice! Eve shall be visited with all kinds of sickness and bear children in pain. The peacock shall be deprived of his voice, and the serpent of her feet. The darkest caverns of the earth shall be her dwelling-place, dust shall be her food, and to kill her, bring sevenfold reward. But Iblis shall depart into the eternal pains of hell."

Hereupon they were hurled down from paradise with such precipitancy that Adam and Eve could scarcely snatch a leaf from one of the trees wherewith to cover themselves. Adam was flung out through the Gate of Repentance, teaching him that he might return through contrition; Eve through the Gate of Mercy; the peacock and the serpent through the Gate of Wrath, but Iblis through that of the Curse.

Adam came down on the island Serendib, Eve on Djidda, the serpent fell into the Sahara, the peacock into Persia, and Iblis dropped into the torrent Aila.

When Adam touched the earth, the eagle said to the whale, with whom he had hitherto lived on friendly terms, and had whiled away

many an hour in pleasant converse on the shores of the Indian Ocean, "We must now part forever; for the lowest depths of the sea and the loftiest mountain tops will henceforth scarcely preserve us from the cunning and malice of men."

Adam's distress in his solitude was so great that his beard began to grow, though his face had hitherto been smooth; and this new appearance increased his grief until he heard a voice which said to him, "The beard is the ornament of man upon the earth, and distinguishes him from the weaker woman."

Adam shed such an abundance of tears that all beasts and birds satisfied their thirst therewith; but some of them sunk into the earth, and, as they still contained some of the juices of his food in paradise, produced the most fragrant trees and spices.

Eve was also desolate in Djidda, for she did not see Adam, although he was so tall that his head touched the lowest heaven, and the songs of the angels were distinctly audible to him. She wept bitterly, and her tears, which flowed into the ocean, were changed into costly pearls, while those which fell on the earth brought forth all beautiful flowers.

Adam and Eve lamented so loudly that the east wind carried Eve's voice to Adam, while the west wind bore his to Eve. She wrung her hands over her head, which women in despair are still in the habit of doing; while Adam laid his right hand on his beard, which custom is still followed by men in sorrow unto this day.

The tears flowed at last in such torrents from Adam's eyes, that those of his right eye started the Euphrates, while those of his left set the Tigris in motion.

All nature wept with him, and the birds, and beasts, and insects, which had fled from Adam by reason of his sin, were now touched by his lamentations, and came back to manifest their sympathy.

First came the locusts, for they were formed out of the earth which remained after Adam was created. Of these there are seven thousand different kinds, of every color and size, some even as large as an eagle. They are governed by a king, to whom Allah reveals his will whenever he intends to chasten a wicked people, such as, for instance, the Egyptians were at the time of Pharaoh. The black letters on the back of their wings are ancient Hebrew, and signify, "There is but one only God. He overcomes the mighty, and the locusts are part of his armies, which he sends against sinners."

When at last the whole universe grew loud with lamentation, and all created beings, from the smallest insect up to the angels who hold whole worlds in one hand, were weeping with Adam, Allah sent Gabriel to him with the words which were destined to save also the prophet Jonah in the whale's belly:—

"There is no God besides thee. I have sinned; forgive me through Mohammed, thy last and greatest prophet, whose name is engraved upon thy holy throne."

As soon as Adam had pronounced these words with penitent heart, the portals of heaven were opened to him again, and Gabriel cried, "Allah has accepted thy repentance. Pray to him, and he will grant all thy requests, and even restore thee to paradise at the appointed time." Adam prayed:—

"Defend me against the future artifices of Iblis, my foe!"

Allah replied:—

"Say continually there is no God but one, and thou shalt wound him as with a poisoned arrow."

"Will not the meats and drinks of the earth, and its dwellings, ensnare me?"

"Drink water, eat clean animals slain in the name of Allah, and build mosques for thy abode; so shall Iblis have no power over thee."

"But if he pursue me with evil thoughts and dreams in the night?"

"Then rise from thy couch and pray."

"O Allah! how shall I always distinguish between good and evil?"

"I will grant thee my guidance: two angels shall dwell in thy heart; one to warn thee against sin, the other to lead thee to the practice of good."

"Lord, assure me of thy pardon also for my future sins."

"This thou canst only gain by works of righteousness! I shall punish sin but once, and reward sevenfold the good which thou shalt do."

At the same time the angel Michael was sent to Eve, announcing to her also the mercy of Allah.

"With what weapons," inquired she, "shall I, who am weak in heart and mind, fight against sin?"

"Allah has endued thee with the feeling of shame, and through its power thou shalt subdue thy passions, even as man conquers his own by faith."

"Who shall protect me against the power of man, who is not only stronger in body and mind, but whom also the law prefers as heir and witness?"

"His love and compassion toward thee, which I have put into his heart."

"Will Allah grant me no other token of his favor?"

"Thou shalt be rewarded for all the pains of motherhood, and the death of a woman in childbed shall be accounted as martyrdom."

Iblis, emboldened by the pardon of the human pair, ventured also to pray for a mitigation of his sentence, and obtained its deferment until the resurrection, as well as an unlimited power over sinners who do not accept the word of Allah.

"Where shall I dwell in the meantime?" said he.

"In ruins, in tombs, and all other unclean places shunned by man!"

"What shall be my food?"

"All things slain in the name of idols."

"How shall I quench my thirst?"

"With wine and intoxicating liquors!"

"What shall occupy my leisure hours?"

"Music, song, love-poetry, and dancing."

"What is my watchword?"

"The curse of Allah until the day of judgment."

"But how shall I contend with man, to whom thou has granted two guardian angels, and who has received thy revelation?"

"Thy progeny shall be more numerous than his; for every man that is born, there shall come into the world seven evil spirits; but they shall be powerless against the faithful."

Allah then made a covenant with the descendants of Adam. He touched Adam's back, and lo! the whole human family which shall be born to the end of time issued forth from it, as small as ants, and ranged themselves right and left.

At the head of the former stood Mohammed, with the prophets and the rest of the faithful, whose radiant whiteness distinguished them from the sinners, who were standing on Adam's left, headed by Kabil (Cain), the murderer of his brother.

Allah then acquainted the progenitor of man with the names and destinies of each individual; and when it came to King David the prophet's turn, to whom was originally assigned a lifetime of only thirty years, Adam inquired, "How many years are appointed to me?"

"One thousand," was the answer.*

"I will renounce seventy if thou wilt add them to the life of David!"

Allah consented; but, aware of Adam's forgetfulness, directed this grant to be recorded on a parchment, which Gabriel and Michael signed as witnesses.†

* Nine hundred and thirty years was the lifetime of Adam, according to Gen. v., 3.

† The Lord showed to Adam every future generation, with their heads, sages, and scribes. He saw that David was destined to live only three hours, and said, "Lord and Creator of the world, is this unalterably fixed?" The Lord answered:—

"It was my original design!"

"How many years shall I live?"

"One thousand."

"Are grants known in heaven?"

"Certainly!"

"I grant, then, seventy years of my life to David!"

What did Adam therefore do? He gave a written grant, set his seal to it and the same was done by the Lord and Metatron. — *Midrash Falkut*, p. 12.

Allah then cried to the assembled human family, "Confess that I am the only God, and that Mohammed is my Messenger." The hosts to the right made their confession immediately; but those to the left hesitated, some repeating but one-half of Allah's words, and others remaining entirely silent. And Allah continued, "The disobedient and impenitent shall suffer the pains of eternal fire, but the faithful shall be blessed in paradise!"

"So be it!" responded Adam; who shall call every man by name in the day of the resurrection, and pronounce his sentence according as the balance of justice shall decide.

When the covenant was concluded, Allah once more touched Adam's back, and the whole human race returned to him.

And when Allah was now about to withdraw his presence for the whole of this life from Adam, the latter uttered so loud a cry, that the whole earth shook to its foundations: the All-merciful thereupon extended his clemency, and said, "Follow yonder cloud; it shall lead thee to the place which lies directly opposite my heavenly throne; build me a temple there, and when thou walkest around it, I shall be as near to thee as to the angels which encompass my throne!"

Adam, who still retained his original stature, in a few hours made the journey from India to Mecca, where the cloud which had conducted him stood still. On Mount Arafah, near Mecca, he found, to his great joy, Eve, his wife, whence also this mountain (from Arafah, *to know, to recognize*) derives its name. They immediately began to build a temple with four gates, and they called the first gate the Gate of Adam; the second, the Gate of Abraham; the third, the Gate of Ismael; and the fourth, the Gate of Mohammed. The plan of the building they had received from the angel Gabriel, who had, at the same time, brought them a large diamond of exquisite brightness, which was afterward sullied by the sins of men, and at last became entirely black.

This black stone, the most sacred treasure of the blessed Kaaba, was originally the angel who guarded the forbidden tree, and was charged to warn Adam if he should approach it, but, having neglected his trust, he was changed into a jewel, and at the day of judgment he shall resume his pristine form and return to the holy angels.

Gabriel then instructed Adam in all the ceremonies of pilgrimage, precisely as they were instituted by Mohammed at a later period; nor was he permitted to behold Eve his wife until the evening of Thursday, when the holy days were ended.

On the following morning Adam returned with his wife to India, and abode there during the remainder of his life. But he went every year on a pilgrimage to Mecca, until he at last lost his original size, retaining a height of only sixty yards. This diminution of his stature, according

to the tradition of the learned, was caused by the excessive terror and grief which he experienced in consequence of the murder of Abel.

For Eve had borne him two sons, whom he named Kabil and Habil (Cain and Abel), and several daughters, whom he gave in marriage to their brothers. The fairest of them he intended for Abel, but Cain was displeased, and desired to obtain her, though he had a wife already. Adam referred the decision to Allah, and said to his sons, "Let each of you offer a sacrifice, and he to whom Allah vouchsafes a sign of acceptance shall marry her." Abel offered a fatted ram, and fire came down from heaven and consumed it; but Cain brought some fruits, which remained untouched upon the altar. He was thereupon filled with envy and hatred toward his brother, but knew not how he might destroy his life.*

One day Iblis placed himself in Cain's way as he walked with Abel in the field, and seizing a stone, shattered therewith the head of an approaching wolf; Cain followed his example, and with a large stone struck his brother's forehead till he fell lifeless to the ground. Iblis then assumed the shape of a raven, and, having killed another raven, dug a hole in the earth with his bill, and laying the dead one into it, covered it with the earth which he had dug up. Cain did the same with his brother, † so that Adam was long in ignorance of the fate of his son, and shrunk together through care and sorrow. It was not until he had fully learned what had befallen Abel that he resigned himself to the will of Allah, and was comforted.

Now the discovery of Abel's corpse took place in this wise: Since his expulsion from Eden, Adam had lived on wild herbs, fruits, and meat, when, at Allah's command, the angel Gabriel brought him the remaining grains of wheat which Eve had plucked, a yoke of oxen, the

*Cain and Abel divided the world between them, the one taking possession of the movable, and the other of the immovable property. Cain said to his brother, "The earth on which thou standest is mine; then betake thyself to the air"; but Abel replied, "The garments which thou wearest are mine; take them off!" There arose a conflict between them, which ended in Abel's death. R. Huna teaches, They contended for a twin sister of Abel: the latter claimed her because she was born with him, but Cain pleaded his right of primogeniture.—*Midrash*, p. 11.

† The dog which had watched Abel's flocks guarded also his corpse, protecting it against the beasts and birds of prey. Adam and Eve sat beside it, and wept, not knowing what to do. But a raven, whose friend had died, said, "I will go and teach Adam what he must do with his son." It dug a grave and laid the dead raven in it. When Adam saw this, he said to Eve, "Let us do the same with our child." The Lord rewarded the raven, and no one is allowed, therefore, to harm their young; they have food in abundance, and their cry for rain is always heard. R. Johanan teaches, Cain was not aware of the Lord's knowledge of hidden things; he therefore buried Abel, and replied to the Lord's inquiry, "Where is Abel, thy brother?" "Am I my brother's keeper?" — *Midrash*, p. 11.

various implements of husbandry, and instructed him in plowing, sowing, and reaping.

While he was one day working in the field, his plow suddenly stopped, nor were all the exertions of his cattle able to move it. Adam struck the oxen, and the eldest of them said to him:—

“Why dost thou strike me? Did Allah strike thee when thou wast disobedient?”

Adam prayed: “O Allah! after thou hast forgiven my sin, shall every beast of the field be permitted to reprove me?”

Allah heard him, and from that moment the brute creation lost the power of speech. Meanwhile, as the plow still remained immovable, Adam opened the ground, and found the still distinguishable remains of his son Abel.

At the time of harvest, Gabriel came again and instructed Eve in making bread. Adam then built an oven, and Gabriel brought fire from hell, but first washed it seventy times in the sea, otherwise it would have consumed the earth with all that it contained. When the bread was baked, he said to Adam:—

“This shall be thy and thy children’s chief nourishment.”

Although Adam had shed so many tears over the labor of the plow that they served instead of rain to moisten and to fructify the seed, yet were his descendants doomed to still greater toil by reason of their iniquities. Even in the days of (Enoch) Idris, the grain of wheat was no larger than a goose’s egg: in those of Elias it shrunk to the size of a hen’s egg: when the Jews attempted to kill Christ, it became like a pigeon’s egg; and, finally, under Uzier’s (Esdras’s) rule it took its present bulk.

When Adam and Eve were fully instructed in agricultural cookery, the angel Gabriel brought a lamb, and taught Adam to kill it in the name of Allah, to shear its wool, to strip its hide, and to tan it. Eve spun and wove under the angel’s direction, making a veil for herself, and a garment for Adam, and both Adam and Eve imparted the information which they had received from Gabriel to their grandchildren and great-grandchildren, in number forty, or, according to others, seventy thousand.

After the death of Abel and Cain, the latter of whom was slain by the blood-avenging angel, Eve gave birth to a third son, whom she called Sheth: he became the father of many sons and daughters, and is the ancestor of all prophets.

The nine hundred and thirtieth year of Adam’s life came at last to its close, and the Angel of Death appeared to him in the shape of an unsightly he-goat, and demanded his soul, while the earth opened under his feet, and demanded his body. Adam trembled with fear, and said

to the Angel of Death, "Allah has promised me a lifetime of a thousand years: thou hast come too soon." "Hast thou not granted seventy years of thy life to David?" replied the angel. Adam denied it, for he had indeed forgotten the circumstance; but the Angel of Death drew forth from his (Adam's) beard the parchment in which the grant was written, and spread it out before Adam, who, on seeing it, willingly gave up his soul.

His son Sheth washed and buried him, after that Gabriel, or, according to others, Allah himself, had pronounced a blessing. The same was done with Eve, who died in the following year.

In regard to the places of their burial, the learned differ. Some have named India; other traditions fix on Mount Kubeis, and even on Jerusalem. Allah alone is omniscient.

ENOCH, OR IDRIS

ENOCH, or Idris, was the son of Jarid, the son of Mahlalel, but was called Idris, from *darasa* (to study), for he was constantly occupied with the study of the holy books, both those which Allah had revealed to Adam, and those which Gabriel brought to him from heaven. He was so virtuous and pious, that Allah anointed him to be his prophet, and sent him as a preacher to the descendants of Cain, who employed only in deeds of sin the gigantic frames and surpassing strength with which Allah had endowed them. Enoch exhorted them unceasingly to purity of conduct, and was often compelled to draw his sword in defense of his life. He was the first who fought for Allah, the first who invented the balance to prevent deception in traffic, and the first also to sew garments, and to write with the Kalam. Enoch longed ardently for paradise; still he was not desirous of death, for he was anxious to do good on the earth; and but for his preaching and his sword, the sons of Cain would have flooded the earth with iniquity. Allah sent him the Angel of Death in the form of a beautiful virgin, in order to see whether he would approve himself worthy of the peculiar favor which no man before him had ever received.

"Come with me," said the disguised angel to Enoch, "and thou shalt do an acceptable work to Allah. My younger sister has been carried off by an ungodly descendant of Cain, who has confined her in the farthest regions of the West! Gird on thy sword, and help me to deliver her!"

Enoch girded on his sword, and took up his bow and the club, with which he had laid low at a single stroke whole ranks of the enemy, and

followed the virgin from morn till eve, through desolate and arid deserts, but he said not a word and looked not upon her. At nightfall she erected a tent, but Enoch laid himself down at its entrance to sleep on the stony ground. On her inviting him to share her tent with her, he answered, "If thou hast anything to eat give it to me." She pointed to a sheep which was roving through the desert without a keeper, but he said, "I prefer hunger to theft; the sheep belongs to another."

Next day they continued their journey as before, Enoch still following the virgin and uttering no complaint, though he was nearly overcome with hunger and thirst. Toward evening they found a bottle of water on the ground. The virgin took it up, and opening it, would have forced Enoch to drink, but he refused, and said, "Some luckless traveler has lost it, and will return to seek for it."

During the night, Enoch having once more baffled all the wiles of the virgin, who had again endeavored to draw him into her tent, Allah caused a spring of clear, fresh water to gush forth at his feet, and a date-tree to rise up laden with the choicest fruit. Enoch invited the virgin to eat and to drink, and concealed himself behind the tree, waiting her return to the tent; but when, after a long interval, she came not, he stepped to the door and said, "Who art thou, singular maiden? These two days thou hast been without nourishment, and art even now unwilling to break thy fast, though Allah himself has miraculously supplied us with meat and drink; and yet thou art fresh and blooming like the dewy rose in spring, and thy form is full and rounded like the moon in her fifteenth night."

"I am the Angel of Death," she replied, "sent by Allah to prove thee. Thou hast conquered; ask now, and he will assuredly fulfill all thy wishes."

"If thou art the Angel of Death, take my soul."

"Death is bitter: wherefore desirest thou to die?"

"I will pray to Allah to animate me once more, that after the terrors of the grave, I may serve him with greater zeal."

"Wilt thou, then, die twice? Thy time has not yet come: but pray thou to Allah, and I shall execute his will."

Enoch prayed:—

"Lord permit the Angel of Death to let me taste death, but recall me soon to life! Art thou not almighty and merciful?"

The Angel of Death was commanded to take the soul of Enoch, but at the same moment to restore it to him. On his return to life, Enoch requested the angel to show him hell, that he might be in a position to describe it to sinners with all its terrors. The angel led him to Malik, its keeper, who seized him, and was in the act of flinging him into the abyss, when a voice from heaven exclaimed:—

“Malik, beware! Harm not my prophet Idris, but show him the terrors of thy kingdom.”

He then placed him on the wall which separates hell from the place appointed as the abode of those who have merited neither hell nor heaven. Thence he saw every variety of scorpions and other venomous reptiles, and vast flames of fire, monstrous caldrons of boiling water, trees with prickly fruits, rivers of blood and putrefaction, red-hot chains, garments of pitch, and so many other objects prepared for the torture of sinners, that he besought Malik to spare him their further inspection, and to consign him once more to the Angel of Death.

Enoch now prayed the latter to show him paradise also. The angel conducted him to the gate before which Ridwhan kept his watch. But the guardian would not suffer him to enter: then Allah commanded the tree Tuba, which is planted in the midst of the garden, and is known to be, after Sirdrat Almontaha, the most beautiful and tallest tree of paradise, to bend its branches over the wall. Enoch seized hold of them, and was drawn in unobserved by Ridwhan. The Angel of Death attempted to prevent it, but Allah said, “Wilt thou slay him twice?” Thus it came to pass that Enoch was taken alive into paradise, and was permitted by the most gracious One to remain there in spite of the Angel of Death and of Ridwhan.*

NOAH, HUD, AND SALIH

AFTER the translation of Enoch, the depravity of men waxed so mightily, that Allah determined to destroy them by a flood. But the prophet Noah, who had in vain attempted to restore his followers to the path of virtue, was saved: for Allah commanded him to build an ark for himself and his family, and to enter it as soon as his wife should see the scalding waters streaming from the oven.† This was the beginning of the flood; for it was followed by incessant rains from heaven (as from well-filled leathern bottles into which a sharp instrument had been plunged), which, mingling with the subterraneous waters that issued forth from all the veins of the earth, produced an inundation which none save the giant Audj, the son of Anak, survived.‡ The ark floated during

* In the Bible it is said the Lord took Enoch; but the “Midrash” adds, nine human beings entered paradise alive: Enoch, Messiah, Elias, Eliëzer the servant of Abraham, the servant of the king of Kush, Chiram the king of Tyre, Jaabez the son of the Prince and Rabbi Juda, Serach the daughter of Asher, and Bitje the daughter of Pharaoh.

† The generation of the flood was chastised with scalding water.—*Midrash*, p. 14.

‡ Besides Noah, Og the king of Bashan was saved, for he seized hold on one of the beams of the ark, and swore to Noah that he and his posterity would serve him

forty days from one end of the earth to the other, passing over the highest mountains; but when it came to Mount Abu Kubeis, on whose peak Allah had concealed the black diamond of the Kaaba, that it might serve in the second building of this blessed temple, it rode seven times round the sacred spot. At the lapse of six months the ark rested on Mount Djudi in Mesopotamia, and Noah left it as soon as the dove which he had sent to examine the state of the earth returned with an olive leaf in its mouth. Noah blessed the dove, and Allah gave her a necklace of green feathers; but the raven which Noah had sent out before the dove, he cursed, because, instead of returning to him, it stayed to feast on a carcass which it found on the earth,* wherefore the raven is no longer able to walk like other birds.

But, spite of the calamities of the flood, which Allah intended to serve forever as a warning against sin, Iblis soon succeeded in banishing virtue and goodness from the human family as before. Even Noah's sons, Cham and Japhet, forgot the reverence that was due to their father, and left him uncovered when one day they found him asleep. Cham even derided him, and became on this account the father of all the black races of mankind. Japhet's descendants remained white, indeed, but it was written that none of them should attain to the dignity of a prophet. Sham (Shem) is the sole ancestor of the prophets, among whom Hud and Salih, who lived immediately after the flood, attained to high distinction.† Hud was sent to the nation of giants which dwelt in Edom, a province of the southern Arabia, then governed by King Shaddad, the son of Aad. When the prophet exhorted this king to the faith and fear of Allah, he inquired, "What shall be the reward of my obedience?" "My Lord," replied the prophet, "will give thee in the life to come, gardens of eternal verdure, and palaces of gold and jewels." But the king answered, "I stand not in need of thy promises, for I can even in this world build me gardens and pleasure-houses of gold, and costly pearls, and jewels." He then built Irem, and called it the City of Columns, for each of its palaces rested on a thousand columns of rubies and emeralds, and each column was a hundred cubits high. He next constructed canals, and planted gardens teeming with the finest fruit-trees and the fairest flowers.

as bondmen. Noah made an opening through the wall of the ark, and gave Og some food daily, for it is written, "Only Og the king of Bashan survived of all the giants." — *Midrash*, p. 14.

* The "Midrash" p. 15, relates the same, and draws from it the conclusion that no one should seek to accomplish his ends by (unclean) unlawful means: the raven being unclean (unlawful) but the dove being clean.

† Hud is probably the Eber of the Scriptures, whom the Rabbis esteem as a prophet, and the founder of a celebrated school of divinity.

When all was completed with prodigal magnificence, Shaddad said, "I am now in actual possession of all that Hud has promised me for the life to come." But when he would have made his entrance into the city, Allah concealed it from him and his followers, nor has it since been seen by man, save once in the reign of Maccavia.

The king and his people then wandered through the wilderness in rain and tempest, and at last sought shelter in caves. But Allah caused them to fall in, and only Hud escaped.

The destruction of this tribe induced their kinsmen, the Thamudites, who numbered seventy thousand warriors, to choose the regions between Syria and Hedjaz as their abode, for they also feared to be destroyed, and hoped to secure themselves against the wrath of Allah by building their houses in the rocks. Djundu Eben Omer, the king of the Thamudites, built him a palace there, whose splendor had never been equaled on earth, and the high-priest Kanuch erected a similar one for himself. But their most costly and most perfect building was the temple. In it there stood an idol of the finest gold, and adorned with precious stones: it had a human face, a lion's figure, a bull's neck, and a horse's feet. One day when Kanuch, after his prayers, had fallen asleep in the temple, he heard a voice which said, "Truth shall appear, and delusion shall vanish." He sprang to his feet in terror, and rushed toward the idol, but lo! it was lying on the ground, and beside it lay the crown which had fallen from its head. Kanuch cried for help; the king and his viziers hastened to the spot, restored the idol to its place, and replaced the crown on its head. But the occurrence made a deep impression on the high-priest's mind. His faith in the idol failed, and his zeal to serve it cooled. The king soon discovered the change that had passed within him, and one day sent both his viziers to apprehend and to examine him. But scarcely had his messengers left the royal palace when they were struck blind, and were unable to find Kanuch's dwelling. Meanwhile, Allah sent two angels, who carried the high-priest to a distant valley unknown to his tribe, where a shady grotto, supplied with every convenience of life, was prepared for him. Here he lived peaceably in the service of the one God, and secure against the persecutions of Djundu, who in vain sent out messengers in every direction to discover him. The king gave up, at length, all hope of his capture, and appointed his own cousin, Davud, as high-priest in Kanuch's stead. But on the third day after his inauguration, Davud came to the king in haste, and reported that the idol had again fallen from its place. The king once more restored it, and Iblis cried from the idol, "Be steadfast in my worship, and resist all the temptations into which some innovators would lead you." On the following feast-day, when Davud was about to offer two fat bulls to the idol, they said

to him, with a human voice, "Why will you offer us, whom Allah has endued with life, as a sacrifice to a dead mass of gold, which your own hands have dug from the earth, though Allah has created it? Destroy, O Allah, so sinful a people!" At these words the bulls fled, nor were the swiftest riders of the king able to overtake them. Yet it pleased Allah, in his wisdom and long suffering, to spare the Thamudites still longer, and to send to them a prophet who should labor by many wonders to convince them of the truth.

Ragwha, the wife of Kanuch, had not ceased to mourn since the flight of her husband; yet in the third year, Allah sent to her a bird from paradise, to conduct her to his grotto. This bird was a raven, but its head was as white as snow, its back was of emerald, its feet were of crimson, its beak was like the clearest sunbeam, and its eyes shone like diamonds, only its breast was black, for the curse of Noah, which made all ravens entirely black, had not fallen on this sacred bird. It was the hour of midnight when it stepped into Ragwha's dark chamber, where she lay weeping on a carpet, but the glance of its eyes lit up the chamber as if the sun had suddenly risen therein. She rose from her couch, and gazed with wonder on the beautiful bird, which opened its mouth and said, "Rise and follow me, for Allah has pitied thy tears, and will unite thee to thy husband." She rose and followed the raven, which flew before her, changing the night into day by the light of its eyes, and the morning star had not yet risen when she arrived at the grotto. The raven now cried, "Kanuch, arise, and admit thy wife," and then vanished.

Within a year after their reunion she gave birth to a son, who was the very image of Seth, and the light of prophecy shone on his brow. His father called him Salih (the pious), for he trusted to bring him up in the faith of the one only God, and in piety of life; but soon after Salih's birth Kanuch died, and the raven from paradise came again to the grotto to take back Ragwha and her son to the city of Djundu, where Salih grew rapidly in mind and body, to the admiration of his mother, and of all who came to visit them; and at the age of eighteen he was the most powerful and handsome, as well as the most gifted youth of his time.

It then came to pass that the descendants of Ham undertook an expedition against the Thamudites, and were to all appearance on the point of destroying them. Their best warriors had already fallen, and the rest were preparing for flight, when Salih suddenly appeared on the battle-field at the head of a few of his friends, and by his personal valor and excellent maneuvers wrested the victory from the enemy, and routed them completely. This achievement secured to him the love and gratitude of the more virtuous part of his tribe, but the king envied him

from this day, and sought after his life. Yet, as often as the assassins came to Salih's dwelling to slay him by the king's command, their hands were paralyzed, and were restored only by Salih's intercession with Allah. In this wise, the believers in Salih and his invisible God gradually increased, so that there was soon formed a community of forty men, who built a mosque, in which they worshiped in common.

One day the king surrounded the mosque with his soldiers, and threatened Salih and his adherents with death unless Allah should save them by a special miracle. Salih prayed, and the leaves of the date-tree that grew before the mosque were instantly changed to scorpions and adders, which fell upon the king and his men, while two doves which dwelt on the roof of the mosque exclaimed, "Believe in Salih, for he is the prophet and messenger of Allah." To this twofold wonder a second and third one were added, for at Salih's prayer the tree resumed its former shape, and some of the Thamudites who had been killed by the serpents returned to life again.

But the king continued in unbelief, for Iblis spoke from the mouth of the idol, calling Salih a magician and a demon.

The tribe was then visited by famine, but this also failed to convert them. When Salih beheld the stubbornness of the Thamudites, he prayed to Allah to destroy so sinful a people.

But he, too, like his father, was carried by an angel to a subterraneous cave in sleep, and slept there twenty years. On waking, he was about to go into the mosque to perform his morning devotions, for he imagined that he had slept only one night; but the mosque lay in ruins; he then went to see his friends and followers, but some of them were dead; others, in the idea that he had abandoned them or been secretly slain, had gone to other countries, or returned to idolatry. Salih knew not what to do. Then appeared to him the angel Gabriel, and said, "Because thou hast hastily condemned thy people, Allah has taken from thee twenty years of thy life; and thou hast passed them sleeping in the cave. But rise and preach again. Allah sends thee here Adam's shirt, Abel's sandals, the tunic of Sheth, the seal of Idris, the sword of Noah, and the staff of Hud, with all of which thou shalt perform many wonders to confirm my words." On the following day, the king, and priests, and heads of the people, attended by many citizens, went in procession to a neighboring chapel, in which an idol, similar to that of the temple, was worshiped. Salih stepped between the king and the door of the chapel; and when the king asked him who he was—for Salih's appearance had so changed during the twenty years which he had spent in the cavern that the king did not recognize him—he answered, "I am Salih, the messenger of the one only God, who, twenty years ago, preached to thee, and showed thee many clear proofs of the truth of my mission. But since

thou, as I perceive, still persistest in idolatry, I once more appear before thee in the name of the Lord, and by his permission offer to perform before thine eyes any miracle thou mayest desire in testimony of my prophetic calling."

The king took counsel with Shihab, his brother, and Davud his high-priest, who stood near him. Then said the latter, "If he be the messenger of Allah, let a camel come forth from this rocky mountain, one hundred cubits high, with all imaginable colors united on its back, with eyes flaming like lightning, with a voice like thunder, and with feet swifter than the wind." When Salih declared his readiness to produce such a camel, Davud added, "Its fore legs must be of gold, and its hind legs of silver, its head of emerald, and its ears of rubies, and its back must bear a silken tent, supported on four diamond pillars inlaid with gold." Salih was not deterred by all these additional requirements; and the king added, "Hear, O Salih! if thou be the prophet of Allah, let this mountain be cleft open, and a camel step forth with skin, hair, flesh, blood, bones, muscles, and veins, like other camels, only much larger, and let it immediately give birth to a young camel, which shall follow it everywhere as a child follows its mother, and when scarcely produced, exclaim, 'There is but one Allah, and Salih is his messenger and prophet.'"

"And will you turn to Allah if I pray to him, and if he perform such a miracle before your eyes?"

"Assuredly!" replied Davud. "Yet must this camel yield its milk spontaneously, and the milk must be cold in summer and warm in winter."

"Are these all your conditions?" asked Salih.

"Still farther," continued Shihab; "the milk must heal all diseases, and enrich all the poor; and the camel must go alone to every house, calling the inmates by name, and filling all their empty vessels with its milk."

"Thy will be done!" replied Salih. "Yet I must also stipulate that no one shall harm the camel, or drive it from its pasture, or ride on it, or use it for any labor."

On their swearing to him to treat the camel as a holy thing, Salih prayed: "O God! who hast created Adam out of the earth, and formed Eve from a rib, and to whom the hardest things are easy, let these rocks bring forth a camel, such as their king has described, for the conversion of the Thamudites."

Scarcely had Salih concluded his prayer, when the earth opened at his feet, and there gushed forth a fountain of fresh water fragrant with musk: the tent which had been erected for Adam in paradise descended from heaven, and thereupon the rocky wall which supported the eastern

side of the temple groaned like a woman in travail; a flight of birds descended, and filling their beaks with the water of the fountain, sprinkled it over the rock, and lo! there was seen the head of the camel, which was gradually followed by the rest of its body; when it stood upon the earth, it was exactly as it had been described by the king, and it cried out immediately, "There is no God but Allah; Salih is his messenger and prophet." The angel Gabriel then came down and touched the camel with his flaming sword, and it gave birth to a young camel which resembled it entirely, and repeated the confession that had been required. The camel then went to the dwellings of the people, calling them by name, and filling every empty vessel with its milk. On its way all animals bowed before it, and all the trees bent their branches to it in reverence.

The king could no longer shut his heart to such proofs of God's almightiness and Salih's mission: he fell on the prophet's neck, kissed him, and said, "I confess there is but one God, and that thou art his messenger!"

But the brother of the king, as well as Davud and all the priesthood, called it only sorcery and delusion, and invented all kinds of calumnies and falsehoods to retain the people in unbelief and idolatry. Meanwhile, since the camel, by constantly yielding its milk and praising Allah as often as it went down to the water, made daily new converts, the chiefs of the infidels resolved to kill it. But when many days had passed before they ventured to approach it, Shihab issued a proclamation, that whosoever should kill the mountain camel should have his daughter Ranjan to wife. Kadbar, a young man who had long loved this maiden, distinguished as she was for grace and beauty, but without daring to woo her, being only a man of the people, armed himself with a huge sword, and, attended by Davud and some other priests, fell upon the camel from behind while it was descending to the waters, and wounded it in its hoof.

At that moment all nature uttered a frightful shriek of woe. The little camel ran moaning to the highest pinnacle of the mountain, and cried, "May the curse of Allah light upon thee, thou sinful people!" Salih and the king, who had not quitted him since his conversion, went into the city, demanding the punishment of Kadbar and his accomplices. But Shihab, who had in the meantime usurped the throne, threatened them with instant death. Salih, flying, had only time to say that Allah would wait their repentance only three days longer, and on the expiration of the third day would annihilate them like their brethren the Aadites. His threat was fulfilled, for they were irreclaimable. Already on the next day the people grew as yellow as the seared leaves of autumn; and wherever the wounded camel trod, there issued fountains of blood from

the earth. On the second day their faces became red as blood; but on the third day they turned black as coal, and on the same day, toward nightfall, they saw the camel hovering in the air on crimson wings, whereupon some of the angels hurled down whole mountains of fire, while others opened the subterraneous vaults of fire which are connected with hell, so that the earth vomited forth firebrands in the shape of camels. At sunset, all the Thamudites were a heap of ashes. Only Salih and King Djundu escaped, and wandered in company to Palestine, where they ended their days as hermits.

ABRAHAM

SOON after the death of Salih, the prophet Abraham was born at Susa, or, according to others, at Babylon. He was a contemporary of the mighty king, Nimrod, and his birth falls into the year 1081 after the Flood, which happened in 2242 from the Fall. He was welcomed at his birth by the angel Gabriel, who immediately wrapped him in a white robe. Nimrod, on the night in which Abraham was born—it was between the night of Thursday and Friday morning—heard a voice in his dream which cried aloud, “Woe to them that shall not confess the God of Abraham: the truth has come to light, delusion vanishes!” He also dreamed that the idol which he worshiped had fallen down; and convened, therefore, on the following morning, all his priests and sorcerers, communicating to them his dream. Yet no one knew how to interpret it, or to give any account of Abraham. Nimrod had already once in a dream seen a star which eclipsed the light of the sun and moon, and had, therefore, been warned by his sorcerers of a boy who threatened to deprive him of his throne, and to annihilate the people’s faith in him; for Nimrod caused himself to be worshiped as God. Yet, seeing that since that dream he had commanded every newborn male to be slain at its birth, he did not think there was any need for further apprehension. Abraham alone, by a miracle of heaven, was saved of the children who were born at that time.

In a cave Abraham remained concealed during fifteen months, and his mother visited him sometimes to nurse him. But he had no need of her food, for Allah commanded water to flow from one of Abraham’s fingers, milk from another, honey from the third, the juice of dates from the fourth, and butter from the fifth. On stepping, for the first time, beyond the cave, and seeing a beautiful star, Abraham said, “This is my God, which has given me meat and drink in the cave.” Yet anon the moon rose in full splendor, exceeding the light of the star, and he said, “This is not God; I will worship the moon.” But when, toward

morning, the moon waxed more and more pale, and the sun rose, he acknowledged the latter as a divinity, until he also disappeared from the horizon. He then asked his mother, "Who is my God?" and she replied: —

"It is I."

"And who is thy God?" he inquired further.

"Thy father."

"And who is my father's God?"

"Nimrod!"

"And Nimrod's God?"

She then struck him on the face, and said, "Be silent!" He was silent, but thought within himself, "I acknowledge no other God than Him who has created heaven and earth, and all that is in them." When he was a little older, his father, Aser, who was a maker of idols, sent him out to sell them; but Abraham cried, "Who will buy what can only do him harm, and bring no good?" so that no one bought of him. One day, when all his townsmen had gone on a pilgrimage to some idol, he feigned sickness, and, remaining alone at home, destroyed two-and-seventy idols, which were set up in the temple. It was then that he obtained the honorable surname of Chalil Allah (the friend of God). But on the return of the pilgrims he was arrested, and brought before Nimrod; for suspicion soon rested upon him, both on account of his stay at home, and the contemptuous reflections on the worship of idols in which he was known to indulge. Nimrod condemned him to be burned alive as a blasphemer. The people of Babel then collected wood for a pile during a whole month, or, according to some of the learned, during forty days, and at that time knew of no more God-pleasing work than this: so that if any one was sick, or desired to obtain any favor from his gods, he vowed to carry a certain quantity of wood upon his recovery, or on the fulfilment of his wish. The women were especially active; they washed, or did other manual work, for hire, and bought wood with their earnings. When at last the pile had attained a height of thirty cubits and a breadth of twenty, Nimrod commanded it to be set on fire. Then there mounted on high such a mighty flame, that many birds in the air were consumed by it; the smoke which arose darkened the whole city, and the crackling of the wood was heard at the distance of a day's journey. Then Nimrod summoned Abraham, and asked him again, "Who is thy God?"

"He that has power to kill and to make alive again," Abraham replied. He thereupon conjured up a man from the grave who had died many years ago, and commanded him to bring a white cock, a black raven, a green pigeon, and a speckled peacock. When he had brought these birds, Abraham cut them into a thousand pieces, and flung them

in four different directions, retaining only the four heads in his hands. Over these he said a prayer, then called each bird by name, and behold, the little pieces came flying toward him, and, combining as they had been, united themselves to their heads. The birds lived as before, but he who had been raised from the dead at Abraham's command, descended again into the grave.

Nimrod then caused two malefactors to be brought from prison, and commanded one of them to be executed, but pardoned the other, saying, "I also am God, for I too have the disposal of life and death." However childish this remark was—for he had the power only of remitting the sentence of a living man, not of restoring the dead to life—Abraham did not object, but, in order to silence him at once, said, "Allah causes the sun to rise in the east; if thou be Allah, let it for once rise in the west." But, instead of replying, Nimrod commanded his servants to fling Abraham into the fire, by means of an engine which Satan himself had suggested to him.

At the same instant, the heaven with all its angels, and the earth with all its creatures, cried as with one voice, "God of Abraham! thy friend, who alone worships thee on earth, is being thrown into the fire; permit us to rescue him." The angel that presideth over the reservoirs was about to extinguish the flames by a deluge from on high, and he that keepeth the winds to scatter them by a tempest to all parts of the world; but Allah, blessed be his name! said, "I permit every one of you to whom Abraham shall cry for protection to assist him; yet if he turn only to me, then let me by my own immediate aid rescue him from death."* Then cried Abraham from the midst of the pile, "There is no God besides thee; thou art supreme, and unto thee alone belong praise and glory!" The flame had already consumed his robe, when the angel Gabriel stepped before him and asked, "Hast thou need of me?"

But he replied, "The help of Allah alone is what I need!"

"Pray, then, to him, that he may save thee!" rejoined Gabriel.

"He knows my condition," answered Abraham.

All the creatures of the earth now attempted to quench the fire: the lizard alone blew upon it, and, as a punishment, became dumb from that hour.

At Allah's command Gabriel now cried to the fire, "Become cool, and do Abraham no harm!" To these last words Abraham was indebted for his escape; for at the sound of Gabriel's voice it grew so chill around him that he was well-nigh freezing, and the cold had therefore to

* The "Midrash," p. 20, says, "When the wicked Nimrod cast Abraham into the furnace, Gabriel said, 'Lord of the world, suffer me to save this saint from the fire!' but the Lord replied, 'I am the only one supreme in my world, and he is supreme in his; it is meet, therefore, that the supreme should save the supreme.'"

be diminished again. The fire then remained as it was, burning on as before, but it had miraculously lost all its warmth; and this was not only so with Abraham's pile, but with all fires lighted on that day throughout the whole world.

Allah then caused a fountain of fresh water to spring up in the midst of the fire, and roses and other flowers to rise out of the earth at the spot where Abraham was lying. He likewise sent him a silken robe from paradise, and an angel in human shape, who kept him company during seven days; for so long he remained in the fire. These seven days Abraham, in later times, frequently called the most precious of his life.

His miraculous preservation in the pile became the cause of his marriage with Radha, the daughter of Nimrod; for on the seventh day after Abraham was cast into the fire, she prayed to her father for permission to see him. Nimrod endeavored to dissuade her from it, and said, "What canst thou see of him? He has long ere now been changed into ashes." Yet she ceased not to entreat him, until he suffered her to go near the pile. There she beheld Abraham, through the fire, sitting, quite comfortable, in the midst of a blooming garden. Amazed, she called out, "O Abraham, does not the fire consume thee?" He replied, "Whoever keeps Allah in his heart, and the words, 'In the name of Allah, the All-merciful,' on his tongue, over him has fire no power."

Whereupon she begged his permission to approach him; but he said, "Confess that there is but one only God, who has chosen me to be his messenger!" As soon as she had made this confession of her faith, the flames parted before her, so that she was able to reach Abraham unharmed. But when she returned to her father, and told him in what condition she had found the prophet, and sought to convert him to his faith, he tormented and tortured her so cruelly, that Allah commanded an angel to deliver her from his hands, and to conduct her to Abraham, who had meanwhile left the city of Babel.

Still Nimrod was far from being reclaimed; he even resolved to build a lofty tower, wherewith, if possible, to scale the heavens, and to search therein for the God of Abraham. The tower rose to a height of five thousand cubits; but as heaven was still far off, and the workmen were unable to proceed farther with the building, Nimrod caught two eagles and kept them upon the tower, feeding them constantly with flesh. He then left them to fast for several days, and when they were ravenous with hunger, he fastened to their feet a light, closed palanquin, with one window above and another below, and seated himself in it with one of his huntsmen. The latter took a long spear, to which a bit of flesh was attached, and thrust it through the upper window, so that the famishing eagles flew instantly upward, bearing

the palanquin aloft. When they had flown toward heaven during a whole day, Nimrod heard a voice, which cried to him, "Godless man, whither goest thou?" Nimrod seized the bow of his huntsman, and discharged an arrow, which forthwith fell back through the window stained with blood, and this abandoned man believed that he had wounded the God of Abraham.

But as he was now so far from the earth that it appeared to him no larger than an egg, he ordered the spear to be held downward, and the eagles and the palanquin descended.

Respecting the blood which was seen on Nimrod's arrow, the learned are not agreed as to whence it came: many contend it was the blood of a fish which the clouds had carried with them from the sea, and adduce this circumstance as the reason why fish need not be slaughtered.* Others suppose that Nimrod's arrow had struck a bird which was flying still higher than the eagles. When Nimrod, in the swell of triumph, once more reached the pinnacle of his tower, Allah caused it to fall in with such frightful noise, that all the people were beside themselves from terror, and every one spoke in a different tongue. Since that period the languages of men vary, and, on account of the confusion arising from this circumstance, the capital of Nimrod was called Babel (the confusion).

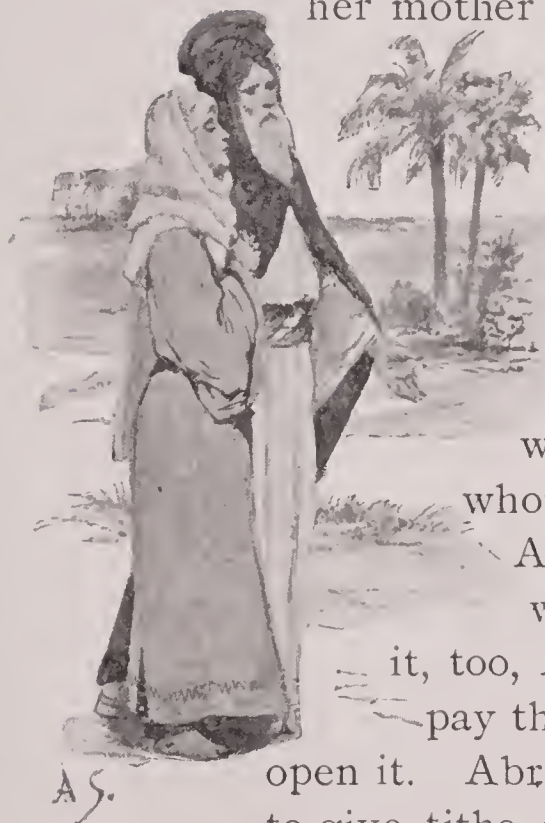
As soon, however, as Nimrod had recovered himself, he pursued Abraham with an army which covered the space of twelve square miles. Allah then sent Gabriel unto Abraham to ask him by what creature he should send him deliverance? Abraham chose the fly; and Allah said, "Verily, if he had not chosen the fly, an insect would have come to his aid, seventy of which are lighter than the wing of a fly."

The exalted Allah then summoned the king of flies, and commanded him to march with his host against Nimrod. He then collected all the flies and gnats of the whole earth, and with them attacked Nimrod's men with such violence, that they were soon obliged to take to flight, for they consumed their skin, and bones, and flesh, and picked the eyes out of their heads. Nimrod himself fled, and locked himself up in a thickly-walled tower; but one of the flies rushed in with him, and flew round his face during seven days, without his being able to catch it, the fly returning again and again to his lip, and sucking it so long that it began to swell. It then flew up into his nose, and the more he endeavored to get it out, the more deeply it pressed into it, until it came to the brain, which it began to devour. Then there remained no other means of relief to him than to run his head against the wall, or to have some one

* The laws of the Mohammedans, and of the Jews especially, regulate scrupulously the mode in which clean animals are to be slain; what part is to receive the mortal wound; how it is to be inflicted; the knife to be used; and the formula of prayer to be uttered. But no such laws exist in regard to fish.

strike his forehead with a hammer. But the fly grew continually larger until the fortieth day, when his head burst open, and the insect, which had grown to the size of a pigeon, flew out, and said to the dying Nimrod, who even now would not come to repentance, "Thus does Allah, whenever he pleases, permit the feeblest of his creatures to destroy the man who will not believe in him and in his messenger." The tower in which Nimrod was, then tumbled in upon him, and he must roll about under its ruins until the day of the resurrection.

After Nimrod's death, many persons, whom the fear of the king had prevented, turned to the only God, and to Abraham, his messenger. The first were his nephew, Lot, the son of Haran, and Lot's sister, Sarah, whom Abraham afterward married. She bore a perfect resemblance to her mother Eve, to whom Allah had given two-thirds of all beauty, while the whole human race have to be satisfied with the remaining third, and even of this quota Joseph alone obtained one-third.



Sarah was so beautiful that Abraham, who, in order to proclaim the true faith was obliged to make many journeys to Palestine, Syria, Egypt, and Arabia, found it necessary to carry her with him in a chest. One day he was arrested on the banks of the Jordan by a publican, to whom he was obliged to give tithe of all he carried with him. Abraham opened all his chests but the one in which Sarah was confined; and when the publican proceeded to search it, too, Abraham said, "Suppose it be filled with silks, and let me pay the tithe accordingly." But the officer commanded him to open it. Abraham begged him again to pass it unopened, and offered to give tithe as if it were filled with gold and jewels. Still the other insisted on his seeing the contents of the chest; and, when he beheld Sarah, he was so dazzled by her beauty, that he ran forthwith to the king, reporting what had happened.

The king immediately summoned Abraham and inquired of him, "Who is the maiden whom thou carriest with thee?" Abraham, from fear of being put to death if he avowed the truth, replied, "She is my sister!" At the same time he told no falsehood, for in his mind he meant, "She is my sister in the faith." When the king heard this, he took her with him to his palace. Abraham stood full of despair before it, not knowing what to do, when Allah caused the walls of the palace to become transparent as glass, and Abraham saw how the king, as soon as he had seated himself with Sarah on a divan, desired to embrace her. But at that instant his hand withered, the palace began to shake, and threatened to fall. The king fell on the ground from dread and fright, and Sarah said to him, "Let me go, for I am the wife of Abraham."

Pharaoh thereupon summoned Abraham, and reproached him for his untruth. The latter then prayed for him, and Allah healed the king, who now gave Abraham many rich presents, and among others, an Egyptian slave by the name of Hagar.* She bore him a son, whom he called Ismael. But as Sarah was barren, and the more jealous since the light of Mohammed already shone on Ismael's forehead, she demanded of Abraham to put away Hagar and her son. He was undecided, until commanded by Allah to obey Sarah in all things. Yet he entreated her again not to cast off her bondmaid and her son. But this so exasperated her, that she declared she would not rest until her hands had been imbued in Hagar's blood. Then Abraham pierced Hagar's ear quickly, and drew a ring through it, so that Sarah was able to dip her hand in the blood of Hagar without bringing the latter into danger.

From that time it became a custom among women to wear earrings.

Sarah now suffered Hagar to remain yet a few years longer with her; but when she had borne Isaac, and observed that Abraham loved him less than Ismael, her jealousy awoke afresh, and she now insisted on Hagar's removal. Abraham then went with her and Ismael on his way, and the angel Gabriel guided them into the Arabian desert, to the place where afterward the holy temple of Mecca was built. This place had been dedicated to the worship of Allah even before Adam's birth.† For when Allah made known to the angels his resolve of creating man, and they said, "Wilt thou fill the earth with sinful creatures?" Allah was so wroth at their dissuasion, that the angels, to reconcile Him, walked, singing praises, seven times round His throne. Allah pardoned them, but said, "Build me forthwith, in a direct line downward to the earth, a temple, which the sinners may one day encompass, that they also may obtain mercy, even as ye have now encircled my throne, and been forgiven." Allah afterward gave to Adam a diamond of paradise, which is now called the black stone; for it afterward grew black by the unclean touch of the heathen, but will one day rise with eyes and a tongue, to bear testimony to those who have touched it in their pilgrimage.‡ This jewel was originally an angel, appointed to watch over Adam,

* The "Midrash," fol. 21, says that Hagar was given as a slave to Abraham by her father Pharaoh, who said, "My daughter had better be a slave in the house of Abraham than mistress in any other." Elimelech, in like manner, and for the same reason, gave his daughter as a bondmaid to Abraham, after he had seen the wonders which were done for Sarah's sake.

† The sanctity which the Moslem attaches to *places* is akin to the feeling in the church of the Pharisees before Christ, and of Rome at present. But the Savior reproves it by these words, "*Wherever* two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."—*Matt.* xviii., 20.

‡ The black stone of the Kaaba is to this day an object of great veneration with the Mussulmans, and every pilgrim visiting the temple kisses it repeatedly.

that he might not eat of the forbidden tree; but, on account of his neglect, was changed into a stone. At the time of the flood, Allah lifted up this temple into heaven; yet the winds blew Noah's ark seven times round the spot where it had stood.

After having accompanied Hagar and Ismael unto Mecca, Abraham returned again to Sarah, in Syria, leaving the former, at Gabriel's command, to themselves, provided with a few dates and a bottle of water. But these

provisions were soon exhausted, and the whole region was waste, arid, and uninhabited. When Hagar and Ismael were suffering from hunger and thirst, the former ran seven times from Mount Susa to Marwa,* calling upon Allah for relief: the angel Gabriel then appeared to her, and stamped upon the earth with his foot, and behold, there started up a fountain, which is still known as the fountain of Semsem.† But at that time its waters were as sweet as honey and as nutritious as milk, so that Hagar was un-



willing again to leave these regions.

After some time there came two Amalekites to her, who were seeking a camel which had strayed there, and, finding good water, they informed their tribe thereof, which had encamped a few hours westward. They settled with her, and Ismael grew up among them; but Abraham visited him every month, riding on Barak, his miraculous horse, which carried him in half a day from Syria to Mecca.

When Ismael had attained the age of thirteen years, Abraham heard a voice in his dream, which cried, "Sacrifice Ismael, thy son."

The Jews, and even many Mussulmans, do indeed maintain that it was his son Isaac whom Abraham offered; but the true believers reject this opinion, inasmuch as Mohammed called himself the son of two men who had been set apart as sacrifices, meaning thereby Ismael and his own father, Abd Allah, whom his grandfather, Abdul Mattalib, intended to offer in fulfillment of a vow, but, by the decision of a priestess, redeemed with a hundred camels.

* The pilgrims to Mecca still run seven times from Mount Susa to Marwa, frequently looking round and stooping down, to imitate Hagar when seeking for water.

† This fountain is within the Kaaba: its water is brackish, though somewhat less so than the other water of Mecca.

When Abraham awoke, he was in doubt whether he should regard his dream as a Divine command or as the instigation of Satan. But, when the same dream was yet twice repeated, he dared not to hesitate any longer, and therefore took a knife and a rope, and said to Ismael, "Follow me!"

When Iblis saw this, he thought within himself, "An act so well pleasing to Allah I must seek to prevent," and he assumed the form of a man, and, going to Hagar, said to her, "Knowest thou whither Abraham has gone with thy son?" Hagar answered, "He has gone into the forest to cut wood."

"It is false," replied Iblis; "he intends to slaughter thy son."

"How is this possible?" rejoined Hagar; "does he not love him as much as I?"

"Yea," continued Iblis, "but he believes that Allah has commanded it."

"If it be so," rejoined Hagar, "let him do what he believes pleasing to Allah."

When Iblis could effect nothing with Hagar, he betook himself to Ismael, and said, "Knowest thou for what end this wood which thou hast gathered is to serve?"

Ismael replied, "It is for our use at home."

"No!" rejoined Iblis; "thy father designs to offer thee as a sacrifice, because he dreamed that Allah had commanded him."

"Well," replied Ismael, "if it be so, let him fulfill on me the will of Allah."

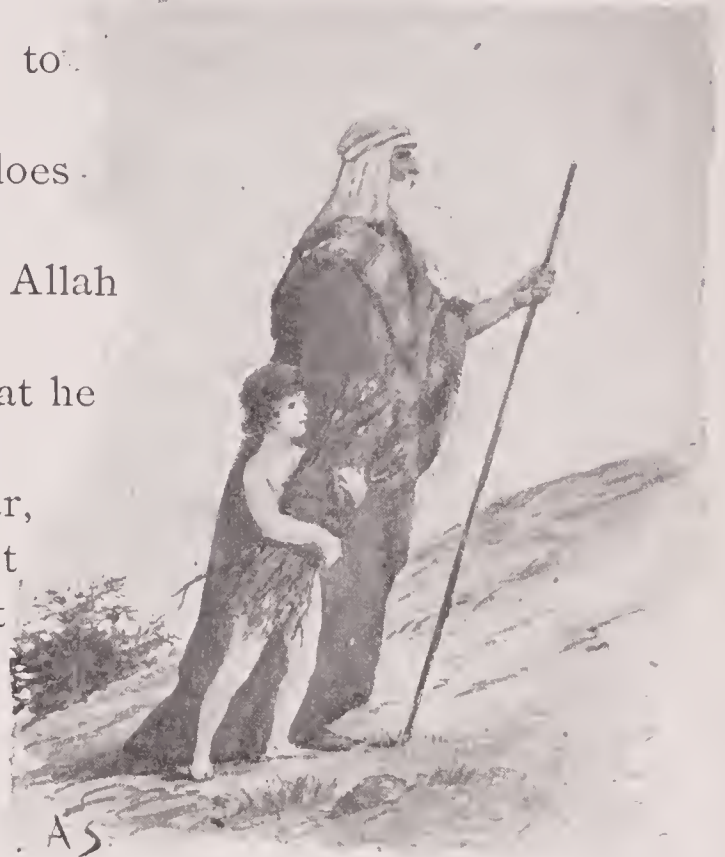
Iblis then turned to Abraham himself, and said, "Sheik, whither goest thou?"

"To cut wood."

"For what purpose?"

Abraham was silent; but Iblis continued, "I know thou designed to offer up thy son, because Iblis has suggested it to thee in a dream;" but at these words Abraham recognized Iblis, and flinging at him seven pebbles, a ceremony since observed by every pilgrim, he said, "Get thee gone, enemy of Allah; I will act according to the will of my Lord." Satan went away enraged, but stepped yet twice more in a different form into Abraham's way, seeking to stagger his resolve. Abraham discovered him each time, and each time flung at him seven pebbles.

When they came to Mina, upon the spot where Ismael was to be offered, the latter said to Abraham, "Father, bind me tightly, that I may not resist, and thrust back thy robe, that it may not be sprinkled with my



blood, lest my mother mourn at the sight of it. Sharpen thy knife well, that it may kill me quickly and easily, for, after all, death is hard. When thou reachest home again, greet my mother, and take this robe to her as a memento."

Abraham obeyed weepingly the will of his son, and was just on the point of slaying him, when the portals of heaven were opened, and the angels looked on and cried, "Well does this man deserve to be called the friend of Allah!"

At this moment the Lord placed an invisible collar of copper round Ismael's neck, so that Abraham, spite of his utmost exertions, was unable to wound him. But when he put his knife to Ismael's neck a third time, he heard a voice which cried, "Thou hast fulfilled the command which was imparted to thee in thy dream!"

At this call he raised his eyes, and Gabriel stood before him with a fine horned ram, and said, "Slaughter this ram as the ransom of thy son."

This ram was the same which Abel offered, and which, in the meantime, had pastured in paradise.*

The sacrifice over, Abraham returned to Syria, but Ismael remained with his mother among the Amalekites, of whom he took a wife.

One day Abraham desired to visit him; but Ismael was engaged in the chase, and his wife was alone at home. Abraham greeted her, but she did not return his salutation. He prayed her to admit him for the night, but she refused his prayer; he then demanded something to eat and to drink, and she answered, "I have nothing but some impure water." Then Abraham left her, and said, "When thy husband returns, greet him, and say, he must change the pillars of his house." When Ismael came home to inquire whether any one had been with her during his absence, she described Abraham, and told what he had enjoined upon her. By her description Ismael recognized his father, and his words he interpreted, that he should separate himself from his wife, which he soon did.

Not long after this, the Djorhamides wandered from Southern Arabia to the regions of Mecca, and drove out the Amalekites, who by their vicious courses had called down on themselves the punishment of Allah. Ismael married the daughter of their king, and learned of them the Arabic tongue. This woman, too, Abraham once found alone, and, on his greeting her, she returned his salutation kindly, rose up before

* Rabbi Elieser teaches: The ram came from the mountain Rabbi Jehoshua: an angel brought it from paradise, where it pastured under the tree of eternal life, and drank from the brook which flows beneath it. The ram diffused its perfume throughout the whole world. It was brought into paradise on the evening of the sixth day of the creation.—*Midrash*, p. 28.

him, and bade him welcome. On his inquiring how it fared with her, she replied, "Well, my lord. We have much milk, good meat, and fresh water."

"Have you any corn?" inquired Abraham.

"We shall obtain that too, by Allah's will. But we do not miss it. Only alight, and come in!"

"Allah bless you!" said Abraham; "but I can not tarry;" for he had given a promise to Sarah not to enter Hagar's house.

"Suffer me, at least, to wash thy feet," said the wife of Ismael, "for thou art indeed covered with dust."

Abraham then placed first his right foot, and then his left, upon a stone which lay before Ismael's house, and suffered himself to be washed. This stone was afterward employed in the temple, and the prints of Abraham's feet are visible upon it to this day.

After she had washed him, Abraham said "When Ismael returns, tell him to strengthen the pillars of his house!"

As soon as Ismael came home, his wife related to him what had happened to her with a stranger, and what message he had left.

Ismael inquired of his appearance; and when, from her answers he recognized who it was, he rejoiced greatly, and said, "It was my father, Abraham, the friend of Allah, who was doubtless well satisfied with thy reception, for his words signify nothing else than that I should bind thee more closely to me."

When Abraham was a hundred and ten years old, Allah commanded him, in a dream, to follow after the Sakinah; that is, a zephyr with two heads and two wings.

Abraham obeyed, and journeyed after the wind, which was changed into a cloud, at Mecca, on the spot where the temple still stands. A voice then called to him, "Build me a temple on the spot where the cloud is resting."

Abraham began to dig up the earth, and discovered the foundation-stone which Adam had laid. He then commanded Ismael to bring the other stones required for the building. But the black stone, which since the flood had been concealed in heaven, or, according to the opinion of some of the learned, on Mount Abu Kubeis, the angel Gabriel brought himself. This stone was even at that time so white and brilliant, that it illuminated during the night the whole sacred region belonging to Mecca.

One day, while Abraham was engaged with Ismael in the building of the temple, there came to him Alexander the Great, and asked what he was building; and when Abraham told him it was a temple to the one only God, in whom he believed, Alexander acknowledged him as the messenger of Allah, and encompassed the temple seven times on foot.

With regard to this Alexander, the opinions of the learned vary. Some believe him to have been a Greek, and maintain that he governed the whole world; first, like Nimrod before him as an unbeliever, and then, like Solomon after him, as a believer.

Alexander was the lord of light and darkness: when he went out with his army the light was before him, and behind him was the darkness, so that he was secure against all ambuscades; and by means of a miraculous white and black standard, he had also the power to transform the clearest day into midnight darkness, or black night into noonday, just as he unfurled the one or the other. Thus he was unconquerable, since he rendered his troops invisible at his pleasure, and came down suddenly upon his foes. He journeyed through the whole world in quest of the fountain of eternal life, of which, as his sacred books taught him, a descendant of Sam (Shem) was to drink, and become immortal. But his vizier, Al-kidhr, anticipated him, and drank of a fountain in the farthest west, thus obtaining eternal youth; and when Alexander came it was already dried up, for, according to the Divine decree, it had been created for one man only. His surname, the Two-cornered, he obtained, according to some, because he had wandered through the whole earth unto her two corners in the east and west; but according to others, because he wore two locks of hair which resembled horns; and according to a third opinion, his crown had two golden horns, to designate his dominion over the empires of the Greeks and Persians. But, lastly, it is maintained by many, that one day, in a dream, he found himself so close to the sun that he was able to seize him at his two ends in the east and west, and was therefore tauntingly called the Two-cornered.

The learned are similarly divided respecting the time in which he lived, his birthplace, parentage, and residence. Most of them, however, believe that there were two sovereigns of this name among the kings of antiquity. The elder of these, who is spoken of in the Koran, was a descendant of Ham, and contemporary of Abraham, and journeyed with Al-kidhr through the whole earth in search of the fountain of eternal life, and was commissioned by Allah to shut up behind an indestructible wall the wild nations of Jajug and Majug, lest they should have extirpated all the other inhabitants of the world. The younger Alexander was the son of Philip the Greek, one of the descendants of Japhet, and a disciple of the wise Aristotle at Athens.

But let us return to Abraham, who, after his interview with Alexander and Al-kidhr, continued the building of the temple until it had attained a height of nine, a breadth of thirty, and a depth of twenty-two cubits. He then ascended the Mount Abu Kubeis, and cried, "O ye inhabitants of the earth, Allah commands you to make a pilgrimage to this holy temple. Let his commandment be obeyed!"

Allah caused Abraham's voice to be heard by all men, both living and uncreated; and all cried with one voice, "We obey thy commandment, O Allah!" Abraham, together with the pilgrims, then performed those ceremonies which are yet observed to this day, appointed Ismael as the lord of the Kaaba, and returned to his son Isaac in Palestine.

When the latter attained the age of manhood, Abraham's beard became gray, which astonished him not a little, since no man before him had ever turned gray. But Allah had performed this wonder that Abraham might be distinguished from Isaac. For as he was a hundred years old when Sarah bore Isaac, the people of Palestine derided him, and doubted of Sarah's innocence; but Allah gave to Isaac such a perfect resemblance of his father, that every one who saw him was convinced of Sarah's conjugal fidelity. But to prevent their being mistaken for each other, Allah caused gray hairs to grow on Abraham as a mark of distinction; and it is only since that time that the hair loses its dark color in old age. When Abraham had attained to the age of two hundred, or, as some maintain, of a hundred and five-and-seventy years, Allah sent to him the Angel of Death in the form of an aged man. Abraham invited him to a meal; but the Angel of Death trembled so much, that, before he could put a morsel into his mouth, he besmeared therewith his forehead, eyes, and nose. Abraham then inquired, "Why tremblest thou thus?"

"From age," replied the Angel of Death.

"How old art thou?"

"One year older than thyself!"

Abraham lifted up his eyes to heaven, and exclaimed, "O Allah! take my soul to thee before I fall into such a state!"

"In what manner wouldst thou like to die, friend of Allah?" inquired the Angel of Death.

"I should like to breathe out my life at the moment when I fall down before Allah in prayer."

The angel remained with Abraham until he fell down in prayer, and then put an end to his life.

Abraham was buried by his son Isaac, near Sarah, in the cave of Hebron. For many ages the Jews visited this cave, in which also Isaac and Jacob were afterward buried. The Christians subsequently built a church over it, which was changed into a mosque when Allah gave this country unto the Mussulmans. But Hebron was called Kirjath Abraham (the city of Abraham), or simply Chalil (Friend), and is known by that name unto this day.

JOSEPH

JOSEPH, the son of Jacob, the son of Isaac, the son of Abraham, was from his childhood the darling of his father; and as he lived with an aunt at a distance from his home, Jacob's constant longing for him added much to the fervor of his parental love. When he was only six years of age, his aunt became so much attached to him, that, in order to prevent her ever being obliged to part with him, she invented the following expedient. She took the family girdle which she, being the firstborn, had inherited from Abraham through Isaac (it was the same which Abraham wore on his loins when thrown into the pile), girded Joseph with it, and accused him of theft, so that, according to the laws of those days, he became her slave for life. It was not until after her death that he returned again to the house of his father, and was naturally treated by him with greater care and tenderness than his elder brothers. Moreover, he was his eldest son by Rachael, the only one of his wives whom he had truly loved.

One morning Joseph told his father that he had seen in a dream how he and his brothers had each set a twig in the earth, and how those of his brothers withered, while his began to bloom, and shaded theirs with its foliage and blossoms. Jacob was so absorbed with the meaning of this dream, that he left a poor man who stood before him holding out his hand for alms unobserved, and allowed him to depart without a gift. It was this transgression that brought on him all those sufferings by which he was soon to be visited. On the following morning Joseph again related to his father: "I have dreamed that the sun, moon, and the eleven stars bowed down to me." Jacob could now no longer remain in doubt as to the meaning of these dreams; he perceived in them Joseph's future greatness, but recommended him not to speak of them to his brothers, who had long since envied him for the greater tenderness of his father. But although Jacob knew the sentiments of his sons toward Joseph, yet was he one day persuaded by them to send him with them to the pasture. Scarcely were they alone in the open field, when they began to beat and to mock him. He would have sunk under their ill treatment if Allah had not filled the heart of his brother Judah with compassion toward him. Judah said, "Do not kill your brother; if we but regain the undivided love of our father, we have attained our object. Let us therefore cast him into a pit till a caravan passes, and then sell him as a slave." Judah's advice was taken, and Joseph, stripped of his garments, was cast into a pit, where he must have been drowned had not Allah caused the angel Gabriel to place a large stone under his feet. Gabriel at the same time was instructed to illumine the pit by a jewel, and to cry,

“Joseph, the time will come when thou shalt call thy brothers to account, without their suspecting it.” The brothers then left the pit, but before returning home they slaughtered a lamb, and besmeared Joseph’s upper garment with its blood, which cannot be distinguished from that of man. They then said to their father, “While we were engaged in our occupations, there came a wolf and tore Joseph, who had remained with the stores; and, on seeking him afterward, we found this upper garment, which we recognized as his.”

“How,” said Jacob, “shall I believe that a wolf has devoured my son, while there is not a single rent in this garment?” (for the brothers had forgotten likewise to damage the garment). “Besides,” he added, “there has no wolf been seen in these regions for many years.”

“We imagined, indeed, that thou wouldst not give credence to our words,” said one of his sons; “but let us search for the wolf,” he continued, turning to his brothers, “in order to convince our father of the truth of our statement.”

They then provided themselves with all kinds of implements of the chase, and scoured the whole region round about, until they at last found a large wolf, which they caught alive, and accused it before Jacob as Joseph’s murderer; but Allah opened the mouth of the wolf, and he said:—

“Believe not, O son of Isaac! the accusation of thy envious sons. I am a wolf from a foreign country, and have long been wandering about to seek my young one, which one morning I missed on waking. How should I, who am mourning the loss of a wild beast, bereave the prophet of Allah of his son?”

Jacob then delivered the wolf from the hands of his sons, and sent them away again, so as not to have their faces before his eyes; only Benjamin, his youngest son, he kept with him. The ten brothers thereupon returned to the pit in which they had left Joseph, and arrived at the very moment when he was freed by some Bedouins, who, on their march from Madjan to Egypt, had sought to draw water from this pit, but had brought up Joseph instead, who clung to their bucket. “This youth,” said Judah to the leader of the caravan, ere Joseph could utter a word, “is our slave, whom we have confined in this pit on account of his disobedience. If you will take him with you to Egypt, and sell him there, you may buy him from us at a moderate rate.” The leader of the caravan was greatly rejoiced at this offer, for he knew well that so beautiful a youth would bring him much gain. He bought him, therefore, for a few drachms; and Joseph did not break silence, for he feared that his brothers might put him to death if he contradicted them. Trusting in Allah, he journeyed quietly with the Bedouins until he was passing the grave of his mother. There his grief overpowered him, and casting

himself on the ground, he wept and prayed. The leader of the caravan struck him, and would have dragged him away by force, when suddenly a black cloud overspread the sky, so that he started back affrighted, and prayed Joseph so long to forgive him, till the darkness again disappeared.

The sun was declining when the caravan entered the capital of Egypt, which was then governed by Rajjan, a descendant of the Amalekites. But Joseph's face shone brighter than the noonday sun, and the singular light which it diffused attracted all the maidens and matrons to their windows and terraces. On the following day he was exposed for sale before the royal palace. The richest women of the city sent their husbands and guardians to buy him; but they were outbidden by Potiphar, the treasurer of the king, who was childless, and designed to adopt Joseph as his son. Zuleicha, the wife of Potiphar, received Joseph kindly, and gave him new robes; she likewise appointed him a separate summer-house for his abode, because he refused to eat with the Egyptians, preferring to live on herbs and fruits. Joseph lived six years as Potiphar's gardener, and, although Zuleicha loved him passionately since his first entrance into her house, she conquered her feelings, and was satisfied to regard him from her kiosk as he performed his labors in the garden. But in the seventh year Zuleicha became love-sick: her cheeks grew pale, her gaze was lifeless, her form was bent, and her whole body consumed away. When no physician was able to heal her, her nurse said one day, "Zuleicha, confess that it is not thy body, but thy soul, which suffers in secret; sorrow is preying on thy health. Confide in thy nurse, who has fed thee with her own substance, and fostered thee since thy infancy like a mother. My advice, may, perhaps, be useful."

Zuleicha then threw herself into the arms of her aged friend, and avowed her love for Joseph, and her fruitless endeavors during six years to conquer it.

"Be of good cheer," said the matron to Zuleicha; "thou hast done more than others of thy sex, and art therefore excusable. Be thyself again; eat, drink, dress to advantage, take thy bath, that thy former beauty return; then shall Joseph's love surely exceed thy own. Besides, is he not thy slave? and from mere habit of obedience he will gratify all thy wishes."

Zuleicha followed her advice. In a short time she was as blooming and healthful as before; for she thought that only a favorable opportunity was needed to crown her wishes with success.

But Joseph resisted all her allurements; and when she at length found that all her efforts to lead him astray were in vain, she accused him before her husband, Potiphar, who threw him into prison; but Allah, who

knew his innocence, changed the dark cell in which he was confined to a bright and cheerful abode. He also commanded a fountain to spring up in the midst thereof, and a tree rose at his door, which gave him shade and pleasant fruit.

Joseph, who was soon universally known and feared for his wisdom and the skill which he possessed to interpret dreams, had not been long in prison when the following circumstance occurred: The king of the Greeks, who was then at war with Egypt, sent an ambassador to Rajjan, ostensibly with the design of negotiating for peace, but in reality only to seek the means of slaying this heroic king. The ambassador addressed himself to a Grecian matron who had for many years lived in Egypt, and asked her advice. "I know of no better means," said the Grecian to her countryman, "than to bribe either the king's chief cook or his butler to poison him." The ambassador made the acquaintance of them both, but, finding the chief cook the most tractable, he cultivated a closer intimacy with him, until he succeeded at last, by means of a few talents of gold, in determining him to poison the king.

As soon as he supposed that he had secured the object of his mission, he prepared for his departure, but previously visited his countrywoman, with the intention of communicating to her the chief cook's promise; but, as she was not alone, he could merely say that he had every reason to be gratified with his success. These words of the ambassador soon reached the king's ears; and as they could not be referred to his ostensible mission, since the negotiations for peace, on account of which he alleged that he had come, were entirely broken off, and the war had already recommenced, some secret or other was suspected. The Grecian was led before the king, and tortured, until she confessed all that she knew; and as Rajjan did not know which of them was guilty, he commanded that both the chief cook and butler should meanwhile be put into the same prison where Joseph was languishing. One morning they came to him and said, "We have heard of thy skill in the interpretation of dreams; tell us, we pray thee, what we may expect from our dreams of last night." The butler then related that he had pressed out grapes, and presented the wine to the king. But the chief cook said that he had carried meats in a basket in his hand, when the birds came and devoured the best of them. Joseph exhorted them first of all to faith in one God, and then foretold the butler's restoration to his former office, but to the chief cook he predicted the gallows. As soon as he had finished his speech, both of them burst out in laughter, and derided him, for they had not dreamed at all, and merely meant to put his skill to the test. But Joseph said to them, "Whether your dreams have been real or invented, I cannot say; but what I have prophesied is the judgment of Allah, which cannot be turned aside." He was not mistaken. The

spies of the king soon found out that the Greek ambassador had had frequent interviews with the chief cook, while he had seen the butler but once; the former was therefore condemned to death, but the latter was reinstated in his office.

Joseph entreated the butler, when out of prison, to remember him, and to obtain his freedom from the king. The butler did not remember him; but the tree before his door withered, and his fountain was dried up, because, instead of trusting in Allah, he had relied upon the help of a feeble man.* He was seven years in prison, when one morning he saw the butler again. He came to lead him before the king, who had had a dream which no one was able to interpret. But Joseph refused to appear unless he had first convinced the king of his innocence. He then related the cause of his imprisonment to the butler, who brought his answer to the king, and the latter immediately summoned Zuleicha and her friends. They confessed that they had falsely accused Joseph. Rajjan then sent a writing, which not only restored him to liberty, but even declared the imprisonment which he had endured to have been unjust, and the result of a calumnious charge.†

Joseph then put on the robes which Rajjan had sent him, and was conducted to the royal palace, where the king had assembled about him all the nobles, the priests, the astrologers, and the soothsayers of Egypt.

"I saw in my dream," said the king, as soon as Joseph was near him, "seven lean kine, which devoured seven fat ones; and seven blasted ears, which consumed seven rank and full ones. Canst thou tell me what this dream signifies?"

Joseph replied: "Allah will grant to thy kingdom seven plentiful years, which shall be succeeded by seven years of famine. Be therefore provident, and during the first seven years let as much grain be collected and stored up as shall be required for the maintenance of thy subjects during the seven years that shall follow."

This interpretation pleased the king so well that he made Joseph the high steward of his dominions in Potiphar's stead.

He now traveled through the country buying the grain, which, on account of the great abundance, was sold on most moderate terms, and built storehouses everywhere, but especially in the capital. One day, while riding out to inspect a granary beyond the city, he observed a

* The "Midrash" says: "Joseph remained yet two years in prison, because he had asked the chief butler to remember him."

† Potiphar's wife looked so ill, that her friends inquired what she complained of. She related her adventure with Joseph, and they said, "Accuse him before thy husband, that he may be put in prison." She entreated her friends to accuse him likewise to their husbands. They did so; and their husbands came to Potiphar complaining of Joseph's audacious demeanor toward their wives, etc.—*Midrash*, p. 45.

beggar in the street, whose whole appearance, though most distressing, bore the distinct traces of former greatness. Joseph approached her most compassionately, and held out to her a handful of gold. But she refused, and said, sobbing aloud: "Great prophet of Allah, I am unworthy of thy gift, although my transgression has been the stepping-stone to thy present fortune."

At these words, Joseph regarded her more closely, and behold, it was Zuleicha, the wife of his lord. He inquired after her husband, and was told that he had died of sorrow and poverty soon after his deposition.

On hearing this, Joseph led Zuleicha to a relative of the king, where she was treated like a sister, and she soon appeared to him as blooming and youthful as at the time of his entrance into her house. He asked her hand from the king, and married her with his permission, and she bore him two sons before the frightful years of famine, during which the Egyptians were obliged to sell to Rajjan, first their gold, their jewelry, and other costly things, for corn; then their estates and slaves, and at last their own persons, their wives and their children.

Yet not only in Egypt, but even in the adjacent countries, a great famine prevailed.

In the land of Canaan, too, there was no more corn to be found, and Jacob was forced to send all his sons, save Benjamin, to buy provisions in Egypt. He recommended them to enter the capital by the ten different gates, so as not to attract the evil eye by the beauty of their appearance, and to avoid public attention.

Joseph recognized his brothers, and called them spies, because they had come to him separately, though, according to their own confession, they were brothers. But when, to exculpate themselves, they explained to him the peculiar circumstances of their family, and, to justify their father's carefulness, they spoke of a lost brother, Joseph grew so angry, that he refused them the desired provisions, and demanded of them to bring down their brother Benjamin with them; and, to be certain of their return, he detained one of them as a hostage.

A few weeks after they returned again with Benjamin.

Jacob was indeed unwilling to let his youngest son depart, for he feared lest a misfortune similar to that of Joseph's would befall him: yet, to escape from famine, he was obliged at last to yield.

Joseph now directed that the corn which they had desired should be measured to them, but gave orders to his steward to conceal a silver cup in Benjamin's sack, to seize them as thieves at the gate of the city, and to lead them back to his palace.

"What punishment," demanded Joseph of the brethren, "is due to him that has stolen my cup?"

"Let him be thy slave," replied the sons of Jacob, certain that none of them was capable of committing so disgraceful an act. But when their sacks were opened, and the cup was found in Benjamin's, they cried to him; "Woe to thee! what hast thou done? Why hast thou followed the example of thy lost brother, who stole the idol of Laban, his grandfather, and the girdle of his aunt?"

Still, as they had sworn to their father not to step before his face without Benjamin, they prayed Joseph to keep one of their number as his slave in Benjamin's stead. But Joseph insisted on retaining Benjamin, and Reuben said therefore to his brothers, "Journey to our father, and tell him all that has befallen us; but I, who am the eldest of you, and have vowed unto him to sacrifice my life rather than to return without Benjamin, will remain here until he himself shall recall me. He will probably acknowledge that such an accident could not have been foreseen, and that, if our brother had been known to us as a thief, we should not have pledged ourselves for him."

But Jacob would not credit the story of his returning sons, and feared that they had now acted toward Benjamin as they had formerly done toward Joseph. He burst into tears, and wept till the light of his eyes was extinguished: his grief for Joseph also revived afresh, though he had never ceased to trust to the fulfilment of his dream.

But now the brothers returned once more into Egypt, determined to free Benjamin by force, for they were so powerful that they could engage single-handed with whole hosts of warriors. Judah, especially, when excited to wrath would roar like a lion, and kill the strongest men with his voice; nor could he be pacified until one of his kinsmen touched the prickly bunch of hair which, on such occasions, protruded from his neck.

However, they once more endeavored by entreaty to move Joseph to set Benjamin free; but when they spoke of their father's love for him, he inquired, "What, then, has become of Joseph?"

They said, "A wolf has devoured him."

But Joseph took his cup into his hand, and feigning to prophesy out of it, cried, "It is false; you have sold him."

When they denied this charge, Joseph told Zuleicha to give him the parchment which Judah had with his own hand given to the Bedouin when they sold him; and he showed it to them.

"We had a slave whose name was Joseph," said Judah; and he grew so enraged that he was on the point of roaring aloud; but his voice failed him, for Joseph had beckoned to his son Ephraim to touch his bunch of hair, which was so long that it nearly trailed on the ground. When his brothers saw this, there remained no doubt to them of their standing before Joseph, for they could have no other kinsman in Egypt. They

therefore fell down before him and cried: "Thou art our brother Joseph; forgive us!"

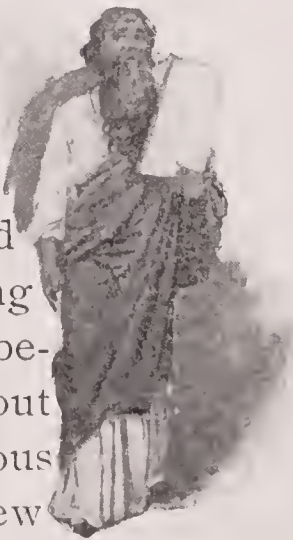
"You have nothing to fear from me," replied Joseph, "and Allah, the merciful, will also be gracious and pardon you. But rise, and go up quickly to our father, and bring him hither. Take my garment with you; cast it over his face, and his blindness will pass away."

Scarcely had they left the capital of Egypt when the wind carried the fragrance of Joseph's garment to their father, and when Judah, who was hastening in advance of his brothers, gave it to him, his eyes were opened again.* They now departed together for Egypt. Joseph came out to meet them, and, having embraced his father, exclaimed: "Lord, thou hast now fulfilled my dreams, and given me great power! Creator of heaven and earth, be thou my support in this world and the future! Let me die the death of a Moslem, and be gathered to the rest of the pious!"

Neither Jacob nor Joseph left Egypt any more; and both ordained in their testaments that they should be buried in Canaan by the side of Abraham, which was also done. May the peace of Allah be with them!

MOSES AND AARON

WHEN the time had come in which Allah again designed to send a prophet on the earth, Pharaoh, the king of Egypt, had three dreams in one night. In his first dream he heard a voice which called: "Pharaoh, repent! The end of thy dominion is at hand, for a youth of a foreign tribe shall humble thee and thy people before the whole world." The king awoke, disturbed by his dream, but after a short time he fell asleep again, and there appeared to him a lion, which threatened to tear a man in pieces. The man was armed only with a rod, but stood calmly until the lion rushed on him, when he struck it a single blow with his rod, and flung it dead into the Nile. The king awoke, more disturbed than before, and was able to sleep again only toward morning; but scarcely had he closed his eyes, when he saw Asia, his virtuous wife, riding through the air on a winged horse. The horse flew toward heaven; but she cried to him a last farewell, whereupon the earth split open under his feet, and swallowed him up. Pharaoh sprung



* The Jewish legend relates, that when the brothers learned of Joseph's safety, they were unwilling to communicate it to their father, fearing the violent effects of sudden joy. But the daughter of Asher, Jacob's grandchild, took her harp and sung to him the story of Joseph's life and greatness; and her beautiful music calmed his spirit. Jacob blessed her, and she was taken into paradise without having tasted death.

up from his couch as soon as he awoke, and summoned Haman, his vizier, commanding him to call together immediately all the magicians, the soothsayers, and astrologers of his capital. When they, many thousands in number, were assembled in the largest hall of the royal palace, Pharaoh ascended the throne, and told his dreams with a tremulous voice; but, although their interpretation was clear to every one in the whole assembly, no one ventured to avow the truth unto the king. Yet the latter, divining from their ghastly looks what was passing within them, commanded the chief of the astrologers not to conceal anything, and assured him beforehand of his grace, though he should predict the worst.

"Most mighty king!" said the chief of the astrologers, a man of nine-and-ninety years of age, whose silvery beard reached down to his breast, "it never was so difficult to thy servant to obey thy commands as at the present moment, when I am forced to predict to thee the greatest calamity. One of thy slaves of the daughters of Israel will bear a son, or has perhaps already borne him, who shall hurl thee and thy people into the lowest abyss." At these words Pharaoh began to weep aloud; he tore his crown from his head, rent his robes, and struck his breast and face with clenched fists. All who were present wept with him; yet no one presumed to speak a word of consolation. At last Haman, the vizier, stepped forward and said: "Great king, my fidelity and attachment are known to thee. Pardon, therefore, thy slave, if he has the boldness to blame thy dejection, and to suggest a plan which will frustrate the fulfilment of thy visions. As yet the power is in thy hand, and, if thou wilt but use it unsparingly, so shalt thou put to shame all the interpreters of thy dream. Let all the children that are born in this year, and all women that are with child, be immediately put to death, and thou mayest defy the apprehended peril."* Pharaoh followed this cruel counsel. Seven thousand children of one year and under were strangled forthwith, and as many women with child were thrown into the Nile.†

*Here the Mussulman legend differs from the Talmud, according to which Bileam gave this counsel. Job was silent; and Jethro, the king's third counselor, endeavored to dissuade the king from violence. Bileam was therefore destroyed by the Israelites. Job was led into temptation, and suffered greatly for his silence; but Jethro, who, on account of his clemency, was forced to flee into Midian, was rewarded by becoming the father-in-law of Moses.—*Midrash*, p. 52.

†In the year 130 after the settlement of the Israelites in Egypt, Pharaoh dreamed of an aged man who was holding a balance in his right hand. In one of its scales he placed all the sages and nobles of Egypt, and a little lamb in the other; and it outweighed them all. Pharaoh was amazed at the weight of the lamb, and told his dream on the following morning to his attendants. They were terrified; and one of them said: "This dream forbodes a great affliction which one of the children of Israel will bring upon Egypt. If it please the king, let us issue a royal edict, commanding every male child of Hebrew parents to be slain at its birth." The king did as he was advised.—*Midrash*, p. 51.

One night, when Amram, an Israelite, who was one of Pharaoh's viziers, was as usual in attendance on the king, the angel Gabriel appeared to him bearing on one of his wings Johabed, Amram's wife, the daughter of Jaser. He laid her down near Pharaoh, who was sunk in a deep sleep, and who snored like a slaughtered bull; and Gabriel said to Amram: "The hour is come when the messenger of Allah shall appear!" He vanished after having spoken these words, and left Johabed with Amram until the rising of the morning star. Then he carried her back on his wings to her dwelling before Pharaoh awoke.

That night the king had the same dreams which had so much disturbed him before.

As soon as he awoke he summoned Amram, and again commanded him to convene the interpreters of dreams. But he had scarcely uttered the word, when the chief of the astrologers begged for admittance. Pharaoh welcomed him, and inquired what had led him so early to the palace.

"Regard for thy throne and for thy life," answered the astrologer. "I read last night in the stars that the lad who shall one day deprive thee of life and empire has been conceived. I could therefore scarcely await the morning star to inform thee of this sad occurrence. Possibly thou mayest succeed in discovering the man who, notwithstanding thy prohibition and thy sage precautions, has found means of frustrating thy design."

Pharaoh was the rather disposed to credit the astrologer, since the repetition of his dream indicated the same. He therefore reproached Amram for not having adopted better measures which might have rendered impossible the transgression of his commands.

But Amram said: "Pardon thy servant if he venture to doubt the infallibility of this master's interpretation, but the measures which I adopted, and which were executed under my own inspection, were such as to render this happening quite incomprehensible to me. Yesterday, as soon as I had left the royal palace, I betook myself to the other side of the river, and, summoning all the men of Israel, threatened with death him who should under any pretext whatever remain behind. Nevertheless, to make sure that if any one had remained concealed in his dwelling he should still be separated from his wife, I commanded all women to be shut up in another quarter of the city, which, like the camp of the men, I surrounded with troops, so that no one was able to go in or out. Meanwhile, I will so act as if I were persuaded of this astrologer's statement. If thou desire it, I will strangle the women, or subject them to severer regulations; we shall discover the guilty one, and destroy her." But Allah infused into Pharaoh's heart, compassion toward all the women of Israel and he contented himself with having them

more rigidly guarded. But these measures, according to the decision of Allah, proved abortive; for, as Amram was not permitted to move out of the royal palace, Haman did not in the least suspect Johabed, and made her an exception from the common rule, as she was the vizier's wife. Within a twelvemonth from that time Johabed gave birth to a man child, whom she called Musa (Moses). She was delivered without a pain.*

But the sorrow of her heart was the greater when she cast her eyes on the little child, whose face beamed like the moon in her splendor, and thought of his death, which was drawing nigh. Yet Moses rose, and said, "Fear nothing, my mother; the God of Abraham is with us."

In the night when Moses was born the idols in all the temples of Egypt were dashed down. Pharaoh heard a voice in his dream, which called to him: "Turn to the only God, the Creator of heaven and earth, or thy destruction is inevitable." In the morning the astrologer appeared again and announced to Pharaoh the birth of the lad who would one day be his destruction. Haman now commanded all the dwellings of the Israelitish women to be searched afresh, and made no exception even with Johabed's, fearing lest some other woman might have concealed her child therein. Johabed had gone out when Haman entered her house, but had previously hid her child in the oven, and laid much wood before it. Finding nothing in the whole house, Haman commanded the wood in the oven to be lighted, and went away, saying, "If there be a child concealed there, it will be consumed." When Johabed returned, and saw the blazing fire, she uttered a frightful cry of woe; but Moses called to her, "Be calm, my mother; Allah has given the fire no power over me." But as the vizier frequently repeated his visits, and Johabed feared lest he might one day have the wood removed instead of lighting the oven, she resolved to intrust her child to the Nile rather than to expose it to the danger of being discovered by Haman. She obtained, therefore, a little ark from Amram, laid Moses in it, and carried it to the river at midnight; but, passing a sentinel, she was stopped, and asked what the ark contained which she carried under her arm. At that instant the earth opened under the sentinel's feet, and engulfed him up to his neck; and there came a voice out of the earth, which said: "Let this woman depart unharmed, nor let thy tongue betray what thine eyes have seen, or thou art a child of death." The soldier shut his eyes in token of obedience; for his neck was already so compressed that he could not speak, and as soon as Johabed had passed on, the earth vomited him forth again. When she arrived at the place on

*On these words, "And she saw that the child was fair," the "Midrash" offers the following reflection: "The learned maintain that at the birth of Moses there appeared a light which shone over the whole world, for in the account of the creation we have the same phrase: 'The Lord saw the light that it was good.'"

the shore where she designed to conceal the ark among the rushes, she beheld a huge black serpent: it was Iblis, who placed himself in her way in this form, with the intention of staggering her resolve. Affrighted, she started back from the vile reptile; but Moses called to her from the ark: "Be without fear, my mother; pass on: my presence shall chase away this serpent." At these words Iblis vanished. Johabed, then opening the ark once more, pressed Moses to her heart, closed it, and, weeping and sobbing, laid it among the reeds, in hopes that some compassionate Egyptian woman would come and take it up. But as she departed, she heard a voice from heaven exclaim: "Be not cast down, O wife of Amram! we will bring back thy son to thee; he is the elected messenger of Allah."

To manifest the weakness of human machinations against that which the Kalam has written on the heavenly tablets of Fate, Allah had ordained that the child now at the mercy of the floods should be saved by Pharaoh's own family. He commanded, therefore, as soon as Johabed had left the Nile, that the angel who was set over the waters should float the ark in which Moses lay into the canal which united Pharaoh's palace with the river; for, on account of his leprous daughters, to whom his physicians had prescribed bathing in the Nile, he had constructed a canal, by which the water of that river was guided into a large basin in the midst of the palace gardens. The eldest of the seven princesses first discovered the little ark, and carried it to the bank to open it. On her removing the lid, there beamed a light upon her which her eyes were not able to endure. She cast a veil over Moses, but at that instant her own face, which hitherto had been covered with scars and sores of all the most hideous colors imaginable, shone like the moon in its brightness and purity, and her sisters exclaimed in amazement, "By what means hast thou been so suddenly freed from leprosy?" *

"By the miraculous power of this child," replied the eldest. "The glance which beamed upon me when I beheld it unveiled has chased away the impurity of my body, as the rising sun scatters the gloom of night."

The six sisters, one after the other, now lifted the veil from Moses's face, and they too became fair as if they had been formed of the finest silver. The eldest then took the ark on her head, and carried it to her mother, Asia, relating to her in how miraculous a manner both she and her sisters had been healed.

*The daughter of Pharaoh went to the river, for she was a leper, and not permitted to use warm baths; but she was healed as soon as she stretched out her hand to the crying infant, whose life she preserved. She said within herself, "He will live to be a man; and whoever preserves a life is like the savior of a world." For this cause also she obtained the blessings of the life to come.—*Midrash*, p. 51.

Asia took Moses from the ark, and brought him to Pharaoh, followed by the seven princesses. Pharaoh started involuntarily when Asia entered his chamber, and his heart was filled with dark presentiments; besides, it was not customary for his women to come to him uninvited. But his face regained its cheerfulness when he beheld the seven princesses, whose beauty now surpassed all their contemporaries.

"Who are these maidens?" he inquired of Asia. "Are they slaves whom some tributary prince has sent to me?"

"They are thy daughters, and here upon my arm is the physician who has cured them of their leprosy."

She then narrated to the king how the princesses had found Moses, and how they had recovered from their distemper on beholding him.

Pharaoh was transported with joy, and for the first time in his life embraced his beloved daughters. But after a little while his features were overcast again, and he said to Asia: "This child must not live: who knows whether his mother be not an Israelite, and he the child of whom both my dreams, as well as my astrologers, have foreboded me so much evil?"

"Dost thou still believe in idle dreams, the mere whispers of Satan, and in the still more idle interpretations given by men who boast of reading the future in the stars? Hast thou not slain the young mothers of Israel and their children, and even searched their houses? Besides, will it not always be in thy power to destroy this fragile being? Meanwhile, take it to thy palace, in gratitude for the miraculous cure of thy daughters."

The seven princesses seconded the prayers of Asia, until Pharaoh relented, permitting the child to be brought up in the royal palace. Scarcely had he pronounced the words of grace when Asia hastened back to her apartments with the child, and sent for an Egyptian nurse; but Moses thrust her away, for it was not the will of the Highest that he should receive nourishment from a worshiper of idols.* Asia commanded another nurse to be brought; but her also, as well as a third one, Moses would not embrace. On the following morning the queen made known that any woman, who would engage to nurse a strange child, for a handsome remuneration, should repair to the royal palace. After this the entire court of the castle was filled with women and maidens, many of whom had come from curiosity only. Among the latter was Kolthum (Miriam), the sister of Moses. When she heard that

* From these words, his sister said to the daughters of Pharaoh, "Shall I call a Hebrew nurse?" We may conclude that they had taken him (Moses) to all the Egyptian women, but that he refused to receive food from them, for he thought, "Shall the lips which are destined to speak with the Shekinah touch that which is unclean?"—*Midrash*, p. 51.

the child had been found in an ark floating on the water, and that it still refused to take nourishment, she ran quickly and told her mother. Johabed hastened to the palace, and was announced to Asia as a nurse, for the severe regulations against the Israelitish women were now removed. Moses scarcely beheld his mother, when he stretched out his arms toward her, and as he embraced her immediately, she was engaged as a nurse for the space of two years. After the expiration of that time, Asia sent her away with many rich presents, but kept Moses with her, intending to adopt him as her son, since she had no male descendants. Pharaoh himself became daily more attached to the child, and often spent whole hours together in playing with him. One day—Moses was then in his fourth year—while Pharaoh was playing with him, he took the crown from the king's head, and throwing it on the ground, thrust it away with his foot. The king's suspicion was roused afresh: enraged, he ran to Asia, reproaching her for having persuaded him to let Moses live, and manifested once more a desire to put him to death; but Asia laughed at him for permitting the naughtiness of a child to excite in him such gloomy thoughts.

"Well, then," said Pharaoh, "let us see whether the child has acted thoughtlessly or with reflection? Let a bowl with burning coals and one with coin be brought. If he seize the former, he shall live; but if he stretch out his hand to the latter, he has betrayed himself."

Asia was forced to obey, and her eyes hung in painful suspense on Moses's hand, as if her own life had been at stake. Endowed with manly understanding, Moses was on the point of taking a handful of the shining coin, when Allah, watching over his life, sent an angel, who, against the child's will, directed his hand into the burning coals, and even put one to his mouth. Pharaoh was again reassured, and entreated Asia for forgiveness; but Moses had burned his tongue, and was a stammerer from that day.*

When Moses was six years old, Pharaoh one day teased him so much, that in his anger he pushed with his foot so violently against the throne on which Pharaoh sat, that it was overthrown. Pharaoh fell on the earth, and bled profusely from his mouth and nose. He sprang to his feet, and drew his sword against Moses to thrust him through. Asia and the seven princesses were present, yet all their endeavors to calm him were in vain. Then there flew a white cock toward the king, and cried, "Pharaoh, if thou spill the blood of this child, thy daughters shall be more leprous than before." Pharaoh cast a glance on the princesses;

*The Jewish legend accounts from this occurrence for the words of Moses in Exodus, chap. iv., ver. 10: "O my Lord! I am not eloquent, neither heretofore, nor since thou hast spoken to thy servant; but I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue."

and as from dread and fright their faces were already suffused with a ghastly yellow, he desisted again from his bloody design.

Thus Moses grew up in Pharaoh's house, amid every variety of danger, which God, however, warded off in a miraculous manner. One morning — he was then already in his eighteenth year — he was performing his ablutions in the Nile, and prayed to Allah. An Egyptian priest saw him, and observed that he prayed unlike the other Egyptians, who always turn their faces toward Pharaoh's palace, while the eyes of Moses were directed on high.

"Whom worshipest thou?" inquired the priest, in great astonishment.

Moses, having finished his prayer, replied, "My Lord!"

"Thy father Pharaoh?"

"May Allah curse thee, and all those who worship the king as God!"

"Thou shalt atone with thy life for this imprecation. I will forthwith go to thy father, and accuse thee before him."

Then Moses prayed, "Lord of the waters! who hast destroyed by the floods the whole human race, save Noah and Audj, let them even now overflow their banks, to engulf this blasphemous priest."

He had scarcely pronounced these words, when there arose such waves in the Nile as only the fiercest tempest excites in the mighty ocean. One of them rolled over the shore, and swept away the priest into the stream.

When he saw his life in danger, he cried out, "Mercy! O Moses, have mercy! I swear that I will conceal what I have heard from thee."

"But if thou break thine oath?"

"Let my tongue be cut out of my mouth."

Moses saved the priest, and went his way; but when he came to the royal palace he was summoned before Pharaoh, beside whom sat the priest, who had evidently betrayed him.

"Whom worshipest thou?" inquired Pharaoh.

"My Lord," replied Moses, "who gives me meat and drink, who clothes me, and supplies all my wants." Moses thereby intended the only God, the Creator and Preserver of the world, unto whom we are indebted for all things.

But Pharaoh, according to the will of Allah, referred this reply to himself, and commanded that the priest, as a calumniator, should have his tongue cut out, and be hanged before the palace.

Having attained the age of manhood, Moses frequently conversed with the Israelites during his excursions, and listened eagerly to their accounts of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, but especially of Joseph, for his mother had long ere this revealed to him the secret of his birth. One

day he beheld how a Kopt was most cruelly treating an Israelite, by name Samiri. The latter implored his protection, and Moses struck the Egyptian a blow which stretched him lifeless on the earth. On the following morning Samiri was again striving with an Egyptian, and prayed Moses again to help him; but the latter reproached him for his quarrelsome disposition, and raised his hand threateningly against him. When Samiri saw this, he said, "Wilt thou kill me as thou didst the Kopt yesterday?" The Egyptian who was present heard it, and accused Moses of murder, before Pharaoh. The king directed that he should be delivered to the relations of the slain; but one of the royal household, a friend of Moses, informed him immediately of Pharaoh's sentence, and he succeeded in making his escape in time.

Moses wandered many days through the wilderness, until Allah sent him an angel in the form of a Bedouin, who guided him into Midian, where the faithful priest Shuib (Jethro) dwelt, in the midst of idolaters. The sun was declining when he arrived before a well at the outskirts of the little town, and there stood Lija and Safurja, the two daughters of Shuib, with their flocks.

"Why do you not water your cattle," inquired Moses, "since the night will soon overtake you?"

"We do not venture to do so," replied Lija, "until the other shepherds, who hate us and our father, have first watered theirs."

Then Moses himself led their cattle to the well and said, "If any of the shepherds has aught against you, I myself will see to the matter." The maidens yielded; nor did any of the shepherds, who assembled around, dare to oppose Moses, for his holy appearance filled them with awe.

When Shuib, astonished at the unusually early return of his daughters, heard from them that a stranger had watered their cattle, he sent Safurja to the well to invite him to the house. But Moses, although suffering with hunger, did not touch the refreshment that was set before him, and when Shuib inquired why he rejected his hospitality, he replied, "I am not one of those who accept a reward for any good deed that they have done."

"In like manner, I," replied Shuib, "am not of those who show hospitality only to their benefactors. My house is open to every stranger; and as such, not as the protector of my daughters, thou mayest accept my invitation."

Moses then ate till he was satisfied, and related during his repast what had befallen him in Egypt.

"As thou mayest not return to thy home," said Shuib, when he had come to the conclusion of his narrative, "remain with me as my

shepherd, and, after serving me eight or ten years faithfully, I will give thee my daughter Safurja to wife."

Moses accepted this offer, and pledged himself to eight years' service, but added that he should cheerfully remain two years longer, if he had nothing to complain of; and he abode ten years with him. On the morning following his arrival, he accompanied the daughters of Shuib to the pasture; but as he had fled from Egypt without a staff, Safurja brought to him the miraculous rod of her father, which had served for the support and defense of the prophets before him.* Adam had brought it with him from paradise: after his death it passed into the hands of Sheth; after that it went to Idris, then to Noah, Salih, and Abraham. Moses was thirty years old when he entered the service of Shuib, and thirty-eight on his marriage with Safurja. In his fortieth year he determined to return to Egypt, in order to inquire after his relatives and brethren in the faith. It was a cold and stormy day when he drew near to Mount Thur, on which a bright fire was blazing; and he said to his wife: "Rest here in the valley; I will see what this flame signifies, and bring thee a few brands on my return." But when Moses came near the fire, he heard a voice out of the midst of the burning and yet unconsumed bush exclaim: "Take off thy shoes, for thou art in the presence of thy Lord, who manifests himself to thee as The Light, to sanctify thee as his prophet, and to send thee to Pharaoh, whose unbelief and cruelty are so great, that long ere this the mountains would have crushed him, the seas have swallowed him up, or the flames of heaven consumed his soul, if I had not determined to give in his person a proof of my omnipotence unto the whole world."

Moses fell down and said: "Lord, I have slain an Egyptian, and Pharaoh will put me to death if I appear before him; besides, my tongue has been paralyzed since my infancy, so that I am not able to speak before kings."

"Fear not, son of Amram!" replied the voice from the fire. "If thy Lord had not watched over thee, thou would have been changed into dust even before thy birth; but as regards thy imperfect speech, it shall

*The rod of Moses was created on the sixth day, and given to Adam while yet in Paradise: he left it to Enoch, and he gave it to Shem; from him it descended to Isaac and Jacob. The latter took it with him to Egypt, and before his death presented it to Joseph. When he died it was taken, with the rest of his goods, to Pharaoh's house, where Jethro, being one of the king's magicians, saw it; and taking it with him to Midian, he planted it in his garden, where no one was able to approach it until the arrival of Moses. He read the mysterious words written upon the staff and took it without difficulty from the ground. Jethro, who saw this, exclaimed, "This is the man who shall deliver Israel!" and gave him his daughter Zipora. With this staff, Moses kept Jethro's flock during forty years, without being attacked by wild beasts, and without losing any from his fold.—*Midrash*, p. 53.

not prevent the exercise of thy calling, for I give to thee thy brother Aaron as vizier, who shall communicate my will to Pharaoh.

“Go fearlessly to Pharaoh; the staff which is in thy hand shall protect thee from violence. Thou canst persuade thyself of it if thou wilt but lay it down on the earth.”

Moses threw away his staff, and behold! it was changed into a large living serpent. He would have fled from it, but the angel Gabriel held him back, and said, “Lay hold of it; it can do thee no harm.” Moses stretched out his hand toward it, and it once more was changed into a staff. Strengthened by this miracle, he was about to return to Safurja to pursue with her his way to Egypt; but the angel Gabriel said to him: “Thou hast now higher duties than those of a husband. By command of Allah, I have already taken back thy wife to her father, but thou shalt fulfill thy mission alone.”

On the night that Moses was treading Egyptian ground, there appeared unto Aaron, who had succeeded his father, Amram, as vizier to Pharaoh, an angel with a crystal cup filled with the rarest old wine; and said, as he handed him the cup: “Drink, Aaron, of the wine which the Lord has sent thee in token of glad tidings. Thy brother Moses has returned to Egypt; God has chosen him to be his prophet, and thee to be his vizier. Arise, and go to meet him.”

Aaron instantly left Pharaoh's chamber, in which he, as once his father before him, was obliged to watch, and went beyond the city toward the Nile. But when he reached the bank of the stream, there was not a single boat at hand to ferry him over. Suddenly he beheld a light at a distance; and on its nearer approach he discovered a horseman, who flew toward him with the speed of the wind. It was Gabriel mounted on the steed Hizam, which shone like the purest diamond, and whose neighings were celestial songs of praise. Aaron's first thought was that he was pursued by one of Pharaoh's men, and he was on the brink of casting himself into the Nile; but Gabriel made himself known in time to prevent him, and lifted him on his winged horse, which carried them both to the opposite bank of the Nile. Here Moses was standing; and as soon as he beheld his brother, he cried aloud, “Truth has come, and falsehood has fled!” Gabriel then placed Moses also beside him, and set him down before the house of his mother, but Aaron he carried back into the royal palace, and when Pharaoh awoke, his vizier was again at his post. Moses spent the remainder of that night and the whole of the next day with his mother, to whom he was obliged to relate all that had befallen him in a foreign land since the day of his flight from Egypt. The second night he spent with Aaron in Pharaoh's chamber. All the doors of the palace, however fast they were

closed, opened of their own accord as soon as he touched them with his rod, and the guards standing before them became as if petrified. But when they reported in the morning what they had seen, and the porter who came in with his keys to open the doors of the palace found them wide open, while neither door nor lock exhibited any mark of violence, and nothing of the costly things scattered through the various saloons was missing, Haman said to Pharaoh: "Aaron, who has watched by thee, must explain this matter; for, as thy chamber has likewise been opened, the intruder can have had no other object than to converse with him."*

Pharaoh immediately summoned Aaron before him, and, threatening him with the rack, demanded who his nightly visitor had been. Aaron, in the conviction that Allah would not leave his prophet in the power of an infidel king, avowed that it was his brother Moses who had been with him. Pharaoh immediately sent Haman with a detachment of the royal body-guard into Moses's dwelling, in order to bring him to judgment in the presence of all the viziers and high officers of state, who were forthwith ordered to assemble in the grand hall. He himself presided on his throne, which was entirely of gold, and adorned with the most costly pearls and diamonds. When Moses stepped into the judgment hall, Pharaoh swooned away, for he recognized in him the child that had been saved by his daughters, and now feared him the more, inasmuch as he knew that he was Aaron's brother, and consequently an Israelite. But he soon recovered, on their sprinkling him with rose-water, and with his consciousness also returned his former stubbornness of heart. Pretending never to have seen him before, he inquired, "Who art thou?"

"I am the servant of Allah, and his messenger."

"Art thou not Pharaoh's slave?"

"I acknowledge no other lord than the only Allah."

"To whom art thou sent?"

* Rabbi Meier says, "Pharaoh's palace had 400 gates, 100 on each side; and before each gate stood 60,000 tried warriors." It was therefore necessary for Gabriel to introduce Moses and Aaron by another way. On seeing them, Pharaoh said, "Who has admitted them?" He summoned the guards, and commanded some of them to be beaten, and others to be slain. But as Moses and Aaron returned the next day again, the guards, when called in, said: "These men are sorcerers, for they certainly have not come in through the gates." On the same page it is said, "Before the gate of the royal palace were two lionesses, which did not suffer any one to pass through without the express command of Pharaoh, and they would have rushed upon Moses; but he raised his staff, their chains fell off, and they followed him joyfully into the palace, as a dog follows his master after a long separation," etc. And again: "The 400 gates of the palace were guarded by bears, lions, and other ferocious beasts, who suffered no one to pass unless they fed them with flesh. But when Moses and Aaron came, they gathered about them, and licked the feet of the prophets, accompanying them to Pharaoh." — *Midrash*, pp. 44, 45.

"To thee, in order to admonish thee to faith in Allah and in me, his messenger, and to lead forth the Israelites out of thy country."

"Who is the Allah in whose name thou speakest to me?"

"The only One, the Invisible, who hath created heaven and earth, and all that in them is."

Pharaoh then turned to Aaron, and inquired of him, "What thinkest thou of the words of this foolhardy man?"

"I believe in the only God, whom he proclaims, and in him as his messenger."

On hearing this, Pharaoh said to Haman, "This man has ceased to be my vizier, take off forthwith his robe of honor!"

Haman then took his purple robe from him, and he stood ashamed, for the upper part of his body was uncovered. Moses cast over him his woolen garment; but, as he was not accustomed to such coarse raiment, he trembled in all his limbs. At that moment the ceiling of the hall was opened, and Gabriel flung a robe around Aaron, glittering with so many diamonds that all who were present were dazzled, as if the lightning had flashed through the darkest night. Pharaoh admired this robe, which had not a single seam, and inquired of his treasurer what might be its value.

"Such a garment," replied the troubled treasurer, "is priceless, for the meanest of the jewels is worth ten whole years' revenue of Egypt. Such diamonds I have never beheld in any bazaar, nor are the like to be found among all the treasures that have been amassed in this palace from the earliest times. None but sorcerers can obtain possession of such jewels, by Satanic arts."

"Ye are then sorcerers!" said Pharaoh to Moses and Aaron. "Be it so. I esteem sorcerers highly, and will make you the heads of this fraternity, if ye will swear not to use your art to my prejudice."

"The Lord of the distant east and west," rejoined Moses, "has sent me as a prophet unto thee, in order to convert thee. We are no sorcerers."

"And wherewithal wilt thou prove thy mission?"

Moses flung his staff on the ground, and instantly it was changed into a serpent as huge as the largest camel. He glanced at Pharaoh with fire-darting eyes, and raised Pharaoh's throne aloft to the ceiling, and opening his jaws, cried: "If it pleased Allah, I could not only swallow up thy throne, with thee and all that are here present, but even thy palace and all that it contains, without any one perceiving the slightest change in me."

Pharaoh leaped from his throne, and adjured Moses, by Asia his wife, to whom he was indebted for life and education, to protect him against this monster. At the mention of Asia's name, Moses felt compassion

toward Pharaoh, and called the serpent to him. The serpent placed the throne in its proper position, and stepped like a tender lamb before Moses. He put his hand into his jaws, and seized him by his tongue, whereupon he once more became a staff. But scarcely was this peril warded off from Pharaoh, when his heart again opened to the whispers of Satan, and instead of lending his ear to Moses, he demanded of the viziers to counsel him what he should do.

"Let the heads of these two rebels be cut off," said Haman, "and fear nothing from them; for all that they represent as divine wonders is nothing but idle delusion."

"Do not follow this counsel, mighty king!" cried Hiskil, the treasurer. "Think of the contemporaries of Noah, and the nations of Aad and Thamud. They also believed Noah, Hud, and Salih, the prophets whom Allah had sent, to be demons and deceivers, until the wrath of Allah fell on them, destroying them and their possessions by fire and water."

But now uprose Haman's predecessor, a hoary man of a hundred and twenty years of age, and said: "Permit me, also, O king of kings! before I descend to the grave, to impart to thee my opinion. What king can boast of having so many magicians in his kingdom as thou? I therefore hold it to be the wisest plan that thou fix on a day in which they all may assemble together, and have a meeting with Moses and Aaron. If these are nothing but sorcerers, the Egyptian masters of this art will not be a whit inferior to them; and then thou art still at liberty to do with them according to thy high will. But if they put thy sorcerers to shame, then are they indeed the servants of a mightier God, to whom we shall be forced to submit."

Pharaoh approved of the counsel of his aged vizier, and commanded all the sorcerers of Egypt, seventy thousand in number, to repair to the capital at the expiration of a month.

When they were assembled, the king commanded them to choose seventy chiefs from their body, and these seventy were again to be represented by the two most renowned among them, in order to contend in magic arts with Moses and Aaron in the face of the whole people. Pharaoh's command was punctually obeyed, and the choice of the magicians fell on Risam and Rejam, two men of Upper Egypt, who were no less esteemed and feared throughout the whole country than Pharaoh himself.

On an appointed day, Pharaoh, for whom a large silken tent, embroidered with pearls and supported on silver pillars, had been erected, proceeded to a large plain beyond the city, accompanied by his viziers and the nobles of his kingdom: Risam and Rejam on the one side of the

tent, and Moses and Aaron on the other, awaited his commands; and the whole population of Egypt was on the field of contest from early dawn, anxious to see which party would obtain the victory. Pharaoh demanded of the two Egyptians to change their rods into serpents. This was done, and Haman said to Pharaoh: "Did not I tell thee that Moses and Aaron were no more than other sorcerers, who deserve chastisement for having abused their art?"

"Thou art too hasty in thy judgment," said Hiskil. "Let us see first whether Moses will not be able to do still greater things than these."

At a sign from the king, Moses stepped forward and prayed to Allah that he would glorify his name in the face of all Egypt. Allah then brought to naught the charm of the Egyptians, which was mere illusion, and it was unto all present as if a dark veil was removed from their eyes; and they recognized again as staffs what had appeared before as serpents. Moses threw his staff upon the earth, and it became a serpent with seven heads, which did not remain motionless like those of the magicians, but pursued the two sorcerers with open jaws. They threw themselves to the earth, and exclaimed: "We believe in the Lord of the World, the God of Moses and Aaron."

Pharaoh cried to them, wrathfully: "How dare you confess yourselves to another faith without my permission, simply because these sorcerers are more dexterous than you? Unless you recall your words, I shall cause your hands and feet to be cut off, and shall hang you on the gallows."

"Wilt thou punish us," replied the sorcerers, "because we cannot deny the signs of Allah? Behold, we are prepared to yield up our lives in support of our faith."

Pharaoh, in order to set a terrible example, caused the threatened punishment to be executed on them, and they died the first martyrs to the faith of Moses.

The king now waxed daily more cruel; every believer was put to death with the most excruciating tortures. He did not even spare his own daughter, Masheta, the wife of Hiskil, on learning that she no longer honored him as God. She endured with admirable fortitude the death by fire, after seeing all her children slaughtered before her eyes at Pharaoh's command.

Asia herself was now accused before him of apostasy, and even she was condemned to death; but the angel Gabriel comforted her with the annunciation that she should hereafter be united with Mohammed in paradise, and gave her a potion by which she died without pain.

Pharaoh now conceived, like Nimrod before him, the iniquitous design to war against the God of Moses. He therefore caused a tower to

be built, at which fifty thousand men, mostly Israelites, were compelled to labor day and night, he himself riding up and down among them to urge on the indolent. But Moses prayed to Allah, and the tower fell in, crushing under its ruins all those Egyptians who had committed violence against the Israelites. But even this judgment made only a passing impression on the heart of Pharaoh, for Allah desired to perform still greater wonders before he condemned the soul of the king to eternal hell. First he visited him with a flood. The Nile overflowed its banks, and the waters rose so high that they reached to the neck of the tallest man. After that, a host of locusts invaded the land, which not only consumed all provisions, but even copper and iron. Then followed all kinds of disgusting vermin, which defiled all meats and drinks, and filled all garments and beds, so that Pharaoh, however often he might change his raiment, had not a moment's rest. When this plague disappeared, and Pharaoh still resisted the wishes of Moses, all the waters were changed to blood as soon as an Egyptian took them in his hand, but remained unchanged for the Israelites.

Finally, many of the Egyptians, especially the more eminent, who had strengthened Pharaoh in his unbelief, were turned into stone, together with all their goods. Here, one might see a petrified man, sitting in the bazaar, with a balance in his hand; there, another, marking something with the Kalam, or counting gold; and even the gate-keeper of the palace stood there turned to stone, holding a sword in his right hand. Omar Ibn Abd Alasis* had in his possession all kinds of petrified fruits of those times, and frequently showed them to his guests as a warning against unbelief. At Moses's prayer, Allah revived the petrified men; but when Pharaoh refused afresh to permit the Israelites to depart, there burst out upon the land so thick a darkness, that whoever happened to be standing could not sit down, and whoever happened to be sitting had no power to rise. Thereupon the Nile was dried up, so that man and beast died of thirst. On this occasion, Pharaoh himself ran to Moses, and adjured him to pray for him once more, that the water might flow back into the Nile. For the last time Moses prayed for him, and the Nile was not only filled to its banks, but there also streamed from it a little brook, which followed Pharaoh whithersoever he went, so that at any moment he was able to supply with water both man and beast. But instead of turning to Allah, the king made use of this special favor also as a means of inducing the people to reverence him still as God.

The long-suffering of the Lord was now exhausted, and the king was himself to pronounce his sentence, and to choose the manner of death

* This Omar was the eighth caliph of the house of Omarides. He ascended the throne in the ninety-ninth year of the Hegira, and was previously governor of Egypt.

which his wickedness had deserved. Gabriel assumed the appearance of a noble Egyptian, and accused before Pharaoh one of his slaves, who, in his absence, had proclaimed himself the lord of the house, and constrained the other domestics to serve him. "This impostor," said Pharaoh, "deserves to die."

"How shall I put him to death?"

"Let him be thrown into the water."

"Give me a written warrant."

Pharaoh commanded an instrument to be drawn up, according to which any slave who usurped the honors of his master was to be drowned.

Gabriel left Pharaoh, and gave Moses the command to quit Egypt with his people. Pharaoh pursued them with his host, and inclosed them on all sides, so that there remained no other way of escape to Israel than toward the Red Sea. Hemmed in between the Egyptians and the sea, they fell with reproaches upon Moses, who had brought them into this dangerous position; but he raised his staff toward the waters, and instantly there were twelve paths opened through the sea for the twelve tribes of Israel, each of which was separated from the rest by a lofty, yet quite transparent wall.

When Pharaoh reached the seashore, and beheld the dry paths in the midst of the sea, he said to Haman: "Now Israel is lost to us, for even the waters seem to favor their flight."

But Haman replied: "Are not those paths opened likewise for us? We shall soon overtake them with our horse."

Pharaoh took the path in which Moses marched with the tribe of Levi; but his steed grew restive, and was unwilling to go forward. Then mounted Gabriel, in human form, on the horse Ramka, and rode in before Pharaoh. This horse was so beautiful, that as soon as the king's steed saw him, he plunged in behind.

But when Pharaoh and his whole host were in the sea, the angel Gabriel turned to the king, and showed him the warrant of the previous day, bearing the royal seal, and said: "Frail mortal, who didst desire to be worshiped as God! behold, thou hast condemned thyself to die by water." At these words, the twelve walls tumbled in, the floods burst forth, and Pharaoh and all that followed him perished in the waters. But in order to convince both the Egyptians who had remained behind, as well as the Israelites, of Pharaoh's death, Allah commanded the waves to cast his body, first on the western and then on the eastern shore of the Red Sea.

But now Moses had no less to contend against the Israelites than formerly against Pharaoh; for they seemed unable to tear themselves from the service of idols, notwithstanding all the wonders of the only Lord, which he had performed.

Yet as long as he tarried with them they presumed not to demand an idol; but when Allah called him to himself on Mount Sinai, they threatened Aaron, whom he had left behind as his representative, with death, if he would not give them an idol.

Samiri now admonished them to bring all their gold, including even the ornaments of their women, and cast it into a copper caldron, under which a strong fire was lighted. As soon as the gold was melted, he flung into it a handful of sand, which he had taken up from under the hoof of Gabriel's horse, and lo! there was formed out of it a calf, which ran up and down like a natural one.

"Here is your Lord, and the Lord of Moses!" then cried Samiri; "this God we will worship!"

While the Israelites, notwithstanding the admonition of Aaron, had abandoned Allah, the angel Gabriel uplifted Moses so high into the heavens that he heard the scribbling of the Kalam which had just received the command to engrave the Decalogue for him and for his people on the eternal tablets of Fate.

But the higher Moses rose, the stronger grew his desire to behold Allah himself in his glory.

Then commanded Allah all the angels to surround Moses, and to commence a song of praise. Moses swooned away, for he was wanting in strength both to behold these hosts of shining forms as well as to hear their thrilling voices.

But when he came to himself again, he confessed that he had asked a sinful thing, and repented. He then prayed to Allah that he would make his people the most excellent of the earth. But Allah replied, "The Kalam has already marked down as such the people of Mohammed, because they shall fight for the true faith until it cover the whole earth."

"Lord," continued Moses, "reward tenfold the good deeds of my people, and visit sin but once; let also each good intention, though not carried into effect, obtain a recompense, but pass by each evil thought unpunished."

"These are privileges," replied Allah, "accorded to those only who believe in Mohammed, in whose name even Adam prayed to me. Admonish, therefore, thy people to faith in him, for he shall rise first on the day of the resurrection from his grave, and enter into paradise at the head of all the prophets. He also shall obtain the grace of revealing to his people the commandment of the five daily prayers and the fast of Ramadhan." *

* It is well known that the Mussulmans keep a yearly fast, which lasts from sunrise to sunset for a whole month. And they even exceed the Jews in strictness, for

When Moses returned again to his own people, and found them worshipping before the golden calf, he fell upon Aaron, caught him by the beard, and was on the point of strangling him, when Aaron swore that he was innocent, and pointed out Samiri as the prime mover of this idolatry.

Moses then summoned Samiri, and would have put him to death instantly, but Allah directed that he should be sent into banishment.

Ever since that time he roams like a wild beast throughout the world; every one shuns him, and purifies the ground on which his feet have stood, and he himself, whenever he approaches men, exclaims, "Touch me not!"

Yet, before Moses expelled him from the camp of the Israelites at Allah's command, he caused the calf to be broken into pieces, and having ground it to dust, forced Samiri to defile it. It was then put into water, and given to the Israelites to drink.

After Samiri's removal, Moses prayed Allah to have mercy on his people; but Allah replied: "I cannot pardon them, for sin yet dwells in their inward parts, and will only be washed away by the potion which thou hast given them."

On returning to the camp, Moses heard woeful shriekings. Many of the Israelites, with ghastly faces and with bodies frightfully swollen, cast themselves down before him, and cried, "Moses, help us! the golden calf is tearing our vitals; we will repent, and die cheerfully, if Allah will but pardon our sin." Many really repented of their sins; but from others only pain and the fear of death had extorted these expressions of repentance.

Moses commanded them, therefore, in the name of Allah, to slay each other.

Then there rose a darkness, like unto that which Allah had sent upon Pharaoh. The innocent and reclaimed hewed with the sword to the right and to the left, so that many slew their nearest kinsmen; but Allah gave their swords power over the guilty only. Seventy thousand worshipers of idols had already fallen, when Moses, moved by the cries of women and children, implored God once more for mercy.

Instantly the heavens grew clear, the sword rested, and all the remaining sick were healed.

On the following day, Moses read unto them the Law, and admonished them to obey scrupulously its prescriptions. But many of the people exclaimed, "We shall not submit to such a code." The laws especially obnoxious to them were those which regulated the revenge of

they not only take neither meat nor drink, but also abstain from smoking during the fast. As their year is lunar, the month of Ramadhan falls at every season of the year.

blood, and punished the pettiest theft with the loss of the hand. At that instant, Mount Sinai became vaulted over their heads, excluding the very light of heaven from them, and there cried a voice from the rocks: "Sons of Israel, Allah has redeemed you from Egypt merely to be the bearers of his laws: if you refuse this burden, we shall fall in upon you, and thus you shall be compelled to support a weightier mass until the day of the resurrection."

With one voice they then exclaimed: "We are ready to submit to the Law, and to accept it as the rule of our life."

When Moses had instructed them fully in the Law, and had expounded what was pure and what impure, what lawful and what unlawful, he gave the signal to march for the conquest of the promised land of Palestine.

But, notwithstanding all the wonders of Allah, who fed them in the wilderness with manna and quails, and who caused twelve fresh fountains to spring out of the rocky ground wherever they encamped, they were still faint-hearted, and would not depart until they had through spies obtained better information respecting the country and its inhabitants.

Moses was obliged to yield, and sent a man out of every tribe into Palestine.

The spies, on their return, related: "We have seen the land which we are to subdue by the sword; it is good and fruitful.

"The strongest camel is scarcely able to carry one single bunch of grapes; a single ear yields sufficient corn to satisfy a whole family, and the shell of a pomegranate can easily contain five armed men.

"But the inhabitants of that country and their cities are of a size proportionate to the products of their soil. We have seen men the smallest of whom was six hundred cubits high. They stared at our dwarfish appearance, and derided us. Their houses naturally correspond with their size, and the walls which surround their cities are so high that an eagle is scarcely able to soar to the summit thereof."

When the spies had finished their report, they dropped down dead; only two of them, Joshua, the son of Nun, and Caleb, who had kept silence, remained alive. But the Israelites murmured against Moses and said: "We shall never fight against such a gigantic people. If thou hast a mind to do so, march alone with thy God against them."

Thereupon Moses announced to them, in the name of Allah, that by reason of their distrust in the help of Him who had divided the sea for their safety, they were doomed to wander forty years through the wilderness. He then took leave of them, and journeyed, preaching the true faith through the whole earth from east to west, and from north to south.

When Moses was one day boasting of his wisdom to his servant Joshua, who accompanied him, Allah said: "Go to the Persian Gulf, where the seas of the Greeks and the Persians commingle, and thou shalt there find one of my pious servants who surpasses thee in wisdom."

"How shall I recognize this wise man?"

"Take with thee a fish in a basket; it will show thee where my servant lives."

Moses now departed with Joshua toward the country which Allah had pointed out, and constantly carried with him a fish in a basket. On one occasion he laid himself down, quite exhausted, on the seashore, and fell asleep. It was late when he awoke, and he hurried on to reach the desired inn; but Joshua had, in his haste, neglected to take the fish with him, and Moses forgot to remind him of it. It was not until the next morning that they missed their fish, and were on the point of returning to the spot where they had rested on the preceding day, but, on reaching the seashore, they beheld a fish gliding quite erect on the surface of the water, instead of swimming therein, as fish are wont to do; they soon recognized it as theirs, and therefore went after it along the shore. After having, for a few hours, followed their guide, it suddenly dived below: they stood still, and thought, "Here the God-fearing man whom we are seeking must dwell"; and soon they descried a cave, over the entrance of which was written, "In the name of Allah, the All-merciful and All-gracious." On stepping in, they found a man who appeared in all the bloom and vigor of a youth of seventeen, but with a snow-white beard flowing even to his feet. It was the prophet Al Chidhr, who, though gifted with eternal youth, was withal endowed with the finest ornament of hoary age.

After mutual salutation, Moses said: "Accept me as thy disciple, and permit me to accompany thee in thy wanderings through the world, that I may admire the wisdom which Allah has bestowed on thee."

"Thou canst not comprehend it, and wilt therefore not remain long with me."

"If Allah pleases, thou shalt find me both obedient and patient. Reject me not!"

"Thou mayest follow me, yet must thou ask me no question until I shall, of my own accord, explain my actions."

When Moses had submitted to this condition, Al Chidhr took him to the shore of the sea, where a vessel was lying at anchor. He took an axe and struck out two planks of the vessel, so that it sank immediately.

"What dost thou?" cried Moses; "the men that are in it will now perish."

"Did I not say," replied Al Chidhr, "thou wilt not long continue patiently with me?"

"Pardon me," said Moses; "I had forgotten my promise."

Al Chidhr then journeyed farther with him, until they met a beautiful boy, who was playing with shells on the seashore. Al Chidhr drew his knife, and cut the throat of the child.

Moses cried, "Why murderest thou an innocent child, who can in no wise have deserved death? Thou hast committed a great crime!"

"Did I not tell thee," replied Al Chidhr, "thou canst not travel long in my company?"

"Pardon me yet this once," replied Moses; "and if I inquire again, then mayest thou reject me!"

They now traveled long, to and fro, until they arrived, weary and hungry, in a large city. Yet no one would lodge them, nor give them meat or drink, without money. Suddenly Al Chidhr beheld how the walls of a beautiful inn, out of which they had just been driven, threatened to fall in; he then stepped before them, and supported them until they stood upright again; and when he had strengthened them, he went his way.

Then said Moses to him: "Thou hast now performed a work which would have occupied many masons during several days; why hast thou not at least demanded a reward, that we might have bought some provisions?"

"Now we must separate," said Al Chidhr; "yet, ere we part, I will explain to thee the motives of my conduct. The vessel which I have damaged, but which may be easily repaired, belonged to poor men, and formed their only source of maintenance. At the time I struck it, many ships of a certain tyrant were cruising in those seas, capturing every serviceable craft. By me, therefore, these poor sailors have saved their only property.

"The child whom I have slain is the son of pious parents; but he himself (I perceived it in his face) was of a depraved nature, and would, in the end, have led his parents into evil. I have therefore preferred to slay him; Allah will give them pious children in his stead.

"As for the wall of the inn which I have raised up and strengthened, it belongs to two orphans whose father was a pious man. Beneath the wall there is a treasure hid, which the present owner would have claimed if it had fallen; I have therefore repaired it, that the treasure may be left secure until the children shall have grown up.

"Thou seest, then," continued Al Chidhr, "that in all this I have not followed blind passion, but have acted according to the will of my Lord."

Moses prayed Al Chidhr once more to pardon him, but did not venture to ask permission to remain with him.

During the last thirty years Moses had passed through the southern, eastern, and western parts of the earth, and there were yet left to him

ten years for wandering in the north, which, notwithstanding the ferocity of the nations of that region, and the rigidity of its climate, he visited in every direction until he came to the great iron wall which Alexander had erected to protect the inhabitants against the predatory incursions of the nations of Jadjudj and Madjudj. After he had admired this wall, which is cast in one piece, he praised the omnipotence of Allah, and retraced his steps toward the Arabian desert.

Nine-and-thirty years had already elapsed since he had separated from his brethren. Most of the Israelites whom he had left in their prime had meanwhile died, and another generation had risen in their stead.

Among the few aged men who yet remained was his kinsman Karun (Korah), Ibn Jachar, Ibn Fahitz. He had learned from Moses's sister, Kolthum (Miriam), who was his wife, the science of alchemy, so that he was able to convert the meanest metal into gold. He was so rich that he built lofty walls of gold round his gardens, and required forty mules to carry the keys of his treasuries when he traveled. By means of his wealth he had succeeded in acquiring a truly regal influence during Moses's absence. But when, at Moses's return, his importance diminished, he resolved on his destruction. He therefore visited a maiden whom Moses had banished from the camp on account of her abandoned courses, and promised to marry her if she would declare before the elders of the congregation that Moses had expelled her only because she had refused to listen to his evil words. She promised Korah to act entirely after his will. But when she arrived before the elders with the intention of calumniating Moses, she was not able to prefer her charge. Allah put different words into her mouth: she acknowledged her guilt, and confessed that Korah had induced her, by innumerable promises, to bring a false accusation against Moses. Moses prayed to Allah for protection against the malignity of his kinsman; and lo! the earth opened under the feet of Korah, and devoured him, with all his associates and goods.

As the fortieth year was hastening to its close, Moses marched with the Israelites toward the frontier of Palestine.

But when Jalub Ibn Safum, the king of Balka, received intelligence of the approach of the Israelites, who had already, in their march, conquered many cities, he called to him Beliam, the sorcerer, the son of Baur, in hopes to be enabled, by his counsel and aid, to withstand the Israelites. But an angel appeared to Beliam in the night, and forbade him to accept the invitation of Jalub. When, therefore, the messengers of the king returned to Balka without Beliam, Jalub purchased the most costly jewels, and sent them secretly by other messengers to Beliam's wife, to whom the sorcerer was so much attached as to be quite under

her control. Beliam's wife accepted the presents, and persuaded her husband to undertake the journey. The king, accompanied by his viziers, rode out some distance to meet him, and appointed one of the most beautiful houses of the city for his abode. According to the custom of the country, the guest was served for three days from the royal tables, and the viziers visited him from time to time, without speaking, however, of the object for which he had been called to Balka. It was not until the fourth day that he was summoned to the king, and entreated to curse the people of Israel. But Allah paralyzed the tongue of Beliam, so that, notwithstanding his hatred toward the people, he was not able to utter a word of imprecation.

When the king saw this, he prayed him at least to assist with his counsel against the invading nation.

"The best means against the Israelites," said Beliam, "who are so terrible only through the assistance of Allah, is to lead them into sin. Their God then forsakes them, and they are unable to resist any foe. Send, therefore, the most beautiful women and maidens of the capital to meet them with provisions, that they may yield to sin, and then thou shalt easily overcome them."

The king adopted this counsel; but Moses was apprised thereof by the angel Gabriel, and caused the first Israelite who was led into sin to be put to death, and as a warning commanded his head to be carried on a spear throughout the camp. He then instantly led on the attack: Balka was taken, and the king, with Beliam and his sons, were the first to perish in the fight. Soon after the conquest of Balka, Gabriel appeared, and commanded Moses, together with Aaron and his sons, to follow him to a lofty mountain which lay near the city. On reaching the pinnacle of the mountain they beheld a finely-wrought cave, in the midst of which there stood a coffin, with the inscription, "I am destined for him whom I fit." Moses desired to lay himself first into it, but his feet protruded; then Aaron placed himself in it, and behold, it fitted him as if his measure had been taken. Gabriel then led Moses, and Aaron's sons beyond the cave, but he himself returned to wash and to bless Aaron, whose soul had meanwhile been taken by the Angel of Death. When Moses returned to the camp without Aaron, and announced his death to the Israelites who inquired for his brother, he was suspected of having murdered him; many, even, were not afraid to proclaim their suspicions in public. Moses prayed to Allah to manifest his innocence in the presence of all the people, and behold, four angels brought Aaron's coffin from the cave, and raised it above the camp of the Israelites, so that every one could see him, and one of the angels exclaimed: "Allah has taken Aaron's soul to himself." Moses, who now anticipated his approaching end, pronounced a long discourse before the Israelites, in

which he enforced on them the most important laws. At the close, he warned them against falsifying the Law, which had been revealed to them, and in which the future appearance of Mohammed, in whom they were all to believe, was quite clearly announced. A few days after, while he was reading in the Law, the Angel of Death visited him. Moses said: "If thou be commanded to receive my soul, take it from my mouth, for it was constantly occupied with the word of Allah, and has not been touched by any unclean thing." He then put on his most beautiful robes, appointed Joshua his successor, and died at an age of one hundred and twenty, or, as some of the learned maintain, of one hundred and eighty years. The mercy of Allah be with him!

Others relate the particulars of Moses's death as follows: When Gabriel announced to him his approaching dissolution, he ran hurriedly to his dwelling, and knocked hastily at the door. His wife, Safuriya, opened it, and beholding him quite pale, and with ruffled countenance, inquired: "Who pursueth thee, that thou runnest hither in terror and lookest dismayed? Who is it that pursueth thee for debt?"

Then Moses answered, "Is there a mightier creditor than the Lord of heaven and earth, or a more dangerous pursuer than the Angel of Death?"

"Shall, then, a man who has spoken with Allah die?"

"Assuredly, even the angel Gabriel shall be delivered to death, and Michael and Israfil, with all other angels. Allah alone is eternal, and never dies."

Safuriya wept until she swooned away; but when she came to herself, Moses inquired, "Where are my children?"

"They are asleep."

"Awake them that I may bid them a last farewell."

Safuriya went before the couch of her children, and cried, "Rise, ye poor orphans; rise, and take leave of your father, for this day is his last in this world and his first in the next."

The children started from their sleep in affright, and cried, "Woe unto us! who will have compassion upon us when we shall be fatherless? Who will with solicitude and affection step over our threshold?"

Moses was so moved that he wept bitterly.

Then said Allah to him, "Moses, what signify these tears? Art thou afraid of death, or departest thou reluctantly from this world?"

"I fear not death, and leave this world with gladness; but I have compassion on these children, from whom their father is about to be torn."

"In whom trusted thy mother when she confided thy life to the waters?"

"In Thee, O Lord."

"Who protected thee against Pharaoh, and gave thee a staff with which thou dividedst the sea?"

"Thou, O Lord."

"Go, then, once more to the seashore, lift up thy staff over the waters, and thou shalt see another sign of my omnipotence."

Moses followed this command, and instantly the sea was divided, and he beheld in the midst thereof a huge black rock. When he came near it, Allah cried to him: "Smite it with thy staff." He smote it; the rock was cleft in twain, and he saw beneath it, in a sort of cave, a worm with a green leaf in his mouth, which cried three times: "Praised be Allah, who doth not forget me in my solitude! Praised be Allah, who hath nourished and raised me up!" The worm was silent; and Allah said to Moses: "Thou seest that I do not forsake the worm under the hidden rock in the sea, and how should I forsake thy children, who do even now confess that God is One, and that Moses is his prophet?"

Moses then returned, reproved, to his house, comforted his wife and children, and went alone to the mountain. There he found four men, who were digging a grave, and he inquired of them, "For whom is this grave?" They replied, "For a man whom Allah desires to have with him in heaven." Moses begged permission to assist at the grave of so pious a man. When the work was done, he inquired, "Have you taken the measure of the dead?" "No," they said, "we have forgotten it; but he was precisely of thy form and stature: lay thyself in it, that we may see whether it will fit thee; Allah will reward thy kindness." But when Moses had laid himself down within it, the Angel of Death stepped before him, and said, "Peace be upon thee, Moses!"

"Allah bless thee, and have pity upon thee! Who art thou?"

"I am the Angel of Death! Prophet of Allah, and come to receive thy soul."

"How wilt thou take it?"

"Out of thy mouth."

"Thou canst not, for my mouth hath spoken with God."

"I will draw it out of thine eyes."

"Thou mayest not do so, for they have seen the light of the Lord."

"Well, then, I will take it out of thine ears."

"This also thou mayest not do, for they have heard the word of Allah."

"I will take it from thy hands."

"How darest thou? Have they not borne the diamond tablets on which the Law was engraved?"

Allah then commanded the Angel of Death to ask of Ridwhan, the guardian of paradise, an apple of Eden, and to present it to Moses.

Moses took the apple from the hand of the Angel of Death to inhale its fragrance, and at that instant his noble soul rose through his nostrils to heaven. But his body remained in this grave, which no one knew save Gabriel, Michael, Israfil, and Azrail, who had dug it, and whom Moses had taken for men.

SAMUEL, SAUL, AND DAVID

THE Israelites lived under Joshua (who was, however, not a prophet, but merely a virtuous prince and valiant chief) conformably to the laws revealed by Moses; the Lord therefore enabled them to expel the giants from the land of Canaan, and at their cry, "Allah is great," the loftiest walls of fortified cities fell in.

But after Joshua's death they relapsed into all those iniquities on account of which the Egyptians had been so severely punished; wherefore Allah, in order to chastise and to reclaim his people, sent the giant Djalut (Goliath) against them, who defeated them in numerous engagements, and even took from them the Tabut (the sacred ark of the Covenant), so that the protection of Allah entirely departed from them.

One day, when the heads of the people were assembled to consult in what manner the mighty Goliath might be resisted, there came a man to them of the family of Aaron: his name was Ishmawil Ibn Bal (Samuel) and said: "The God of your fathers sent me to you, to proclaim speedy help if you will turn to him, but utter destruction if you continue in your wicked courses."

"What shall we do," inquired one of the elders, "to obtain the favor of Allah?"

Samuel replied: "You shall worship Allah alone, and offer no sacrifices unto idols; nor eat that which has died of itself, nor swine's flesh, nor blood, nor anything that has not been slaughtered in the name of Allah. Assist each other in doing good, honor your parents, treat your wives with kindness, support the widow, the orphan, and the poor. Believe in the prophets that have gone before me, especially in Abraham, for whom Allah turned the burning pile into a garden of delight; in Ismael, whose neck he rendered invulnerable, and for whom he caused a fountain to spring up in the stony desert; and in Moses, who opened with his rod twelve dry paths through the sea.

"Believe, in like manner, in the prophets that shall come after me; above all, in Isa Ibn Mariam, the spirit of Allah (Christ), and in Mohammed Ibn Abd Allah."

"Who is Isa?" inquired one of the heads of Israel.

"He is the prophet," replied Samuel, "whom the Scriptures point out as the Word of Allah. His mother shall conceive him as a virgin by the will of the Lord and the breath of the angel Gabriel. Even in the womb he shall praise the omnipotence of Allah, and testify to the purity of his mother; but at a latter period he shall heal the sick and leprous, raise the dead, and create living birds out of clay. His godless contemporaries will afflict and attempt to crucify him; but Allah shall blind them, so that another shall be crucified in his stead, while he, like the prophet Enoch, is taken up into heaven without tasting death."

"And Mohammed, who is he?" continued the same Israelite; "his name sounds so strangely that I do not remember ever having heard it in Israel."

"Mohammed," Samuel replied, "does not belong to our people, but is a descendant of Ismael. His name, which signifies the 'Much-praised-One,' indicates of itself the many excellences for which he is blessed by all creatures, both in heaven and on earth.

"But the wonders which he shall perform are so numerous that a whole human life would not suffice to narrate them. I shall content myself, therefore, with communicating to you but a part of what he shall see in one single night.*

"In a frightfully tempestuous night, when the cock refrains from crowing, and the hound from baying, he shall be roused from his sleep by Gabriel, who frequently appears to him in human form; but who on this occasion comes as Allah created him, with his seven hundred radiant wings, between each of which is a space which the fleetest steed can scarcely traverse in five hundred years.

"He shall lead him forth to a spot where Borak, the miraculous horse, the same which Abraham used to mount on his pilgrimages from Syria to Mecca, stands ready to receive him.

"This horse also has two wings like an eagle; feet like a dromedary; a body of diamonds, which shines like the sun; and a head like the most beautiful virgin.

"On this miraculous steed, on whose forehead is engraved 'There is no Lord but Allah, and Mohammed is his messenger,' he is carried first to Medina, then to Sinai, to Bethlehem, and to Jerusalem, that he may pray on holy ground. From thence he ascends by a golden ladder, whose steps are of ruby, of emerald, and hyacinth, into the seventh

* The following narrative, which Samuel is made to utter, describes the Night Journey of Mohammed. He revealed it to his followers in the twelfth year of his mission; and though his Arabs were given to the marvelous, yet this staggered even their credulity, and would have proved his utter ruin but for the resolute interposition of Abu Bekr.

heaven, where he is initiated in all the mysteries of creation, and the government of the universe.

"He beholds the pious amid all their felicities in paradise, and sinners in their varied agonies in hell. Many of them are roaming there like ravenous beasts through barren fields; they are those who in this life enjoyed the bounties of Allah, and gave nothing thereof to the poor.

"Others run to and fro, carrying fresh meat in one hand, and corroded flesh in the other; but as often as they would put the former into their mouths, their hands are struck with fiery rods until they partake of the putrefied morsel. This is the punishment of those who broke their marriage vow, and found pleasure in guilty indulgences.

"The bodies of others are terribly swollen, and are still increasing in bulk: they are such as have grown rich by usury, and whose avarice was insatiable.

"The tongues and lips of others are seized and pinched with iron pincers, as the punishment of their calumnious and rebellious speeches, by which they caused so much evil in the earth.

"Midway between paradise and hell is seated Adam, the father of the human race, who smiles with joy as often as the gates of paradise are thrown open, and the triumphant cries of the blessed are borne forth, but weeps when the gates of hell are unclosed, and the sighs of the damned penetrate to his ear.

"In that night Mohammed beholds, besides Gabriel, other angels, many of whom have seventy thousand heads, each head with seventy thousand faces, each face with seventy thousand mouths, and each mouth with seventy thousand tongues, each of which praises Allah in seventy thousand languages. He sees, too, the Angel of Reconciliation, who is half fire and half ice; the angel who watches with scowling visage and flaming eyes the treasuries of fire; the Angel of Death, holding in his hand a huge tablet, inscribed with names, of which he effaces hundreds every instant; the angel who keeps the floods, and measures out with an immense balance the waters appointed unto every river and every fountain; and him, finally, who supports the throne of Allah on his shoulders, and is holding a trumpet in his mouth, whose blast shall one day wake the sleepers from the grave.

"He is at last conducted through many oceans of light, into the vicinity of the holy throne itself, which is so vast, that the rest of the universe appears by its side like the scales of a coat of armor in the boundless desert.

"That which shall be revealed to him there," continued Samuel, "is as yet concealed from me; but this I know: He shall gaze on the glory of Allah at the distance of a bow-shot; shall then descend to earth by the ladder, and return on Borak to Mecca as rapidly as he came.

"To accomplish this vast journey, including his stay in Medina, Bethlehem, Jerusalem, and in heaven, he requires so little time, that a water vase, which he overturns in rising from his couch, will not have emptied its contents at his return."

The assembled Israelites listened attentively to Samuel, and when he had finished, they exclaimed with one voice: "We believe in Allah, and in his prophets which were and are to come; only pray that He may deliver us from the tyranny of Goliath."

Samuel prayed and fasted till at length Allah sent an angel, who commanded him to go out of the city, and to proclaim the first man who should meet him king over Israel, since in his reign the Israelites should regain their independence from foreign bondage.

Samuel did as he was commanded, and met Talut (Saul), the son of Bishr, the son of Ahnun, the son of Benjamin, who was a husbandman of lofty stature, but not otherwise remarkable, though Allah had put much wisdom into his heart.

He was wandering about in search of a heifer which had broken away from her plow and run at large. Samuel assisted him in her recovery, and then took Saul home with him, anointed him with oil, and presented him to the heads of Israel as their king and divinely-commissioned deliverer.

But they refused to accept as their king a common peasant, who hitherto had not distinguished himself in any wise; and they demanded a miracle.

"Allah," replied Samuel, "will, in token of his ratifying this kingly election, restore to you the ark of the covenant."

From that day the Philistines were visited with the most painful and disgusting leprosy, whose origin no physician could discover, and which no physician could cure. But as the plague fell most heavily on that city, where the ark of the covenant, which had been carried in triumph from one place to another, happened to be, no one would retain it any longer, and it was at last left standing in a wagon in the open field.

Allah then commanded two invisible angels to carry it back into the midst of the camp of Israel, who thereupon no longer hesitated to do fealty unto Saul as their king.

As soon as he was elected, Saul mustered the host of Israel, and marched against the Philistines at the head of seventy thousand men.

During their march through the wilderness, they were one day in want of water, so that a universal murmuring arose against Samuel and Saul. Samuel, who was following after the ark of the Covenant, prayed to the Lord, and there sprung from out the rocky ground a fountain of water, which was as fresh as snow, as sweet as honey, and as white as milk. But when the soldiers came rushing toward it, Samuel cried:



"You have grievously sinned against your king and against your God by reason of discontent and rebellion. Forbear to touch this water, that by abstinence you may atone for your sin!"

But Samuel's words met with no regard. Only three hundred and thirteen men — as many as fought in the first engagement of the Mussulmans against the Infidels — mastered their appetite, barely refreshing themselves, while all the rest of the army yielded to the temptation, and drank in full draughts from the fountain.

When Talut beheld this, he disbanded the whole army, and, relying on the aid of Allah, marched against the enemy with the small number of his men who had conquered their desire.

Among this little band were six sons of a virtuous man whose name was Isa. Davud (David), his seventh son, had remained at home to nurse his aged father.

But when, for a long time, no engagements took place between Israel and the Philistines, since no one had accepted the challenge to single combat with Goliath, by which a general battle was to be preceded, Isa sent also his seventh son into the camp, partly to carry fresh provisions to his brothers, and partly to bring him tidings of their welfare.

On his way he heard a voice from a pebble which lay in the midst of the road, calling to him: "Lift me up, for I am one of the stones with which the prophet Abraham drove Satan away when he would have shaken his resolve to sacrifice his son in obedience to his heavenly vision."

David placed the stone, which was inscribed with holy names, in the bag which he wore in his upper garment, for he was simply dressed like a traveler, and not as a soldier.

When he had proceeded a little farther, he again heard a voice from another pebble, crying: "Take me with thee, for I am the stone which the angel Gabriel struck out from the ground with his foot when he caused a fountain to gush forth in the wilderness for Ismael's sake."

David took this stone also, and laying it beside the first, went on his way. But soon he heard the following words proceeding from a third stone: "Lift me up, for I am the stone with which Jacob fought against the angels which his brother Esau had sent out against him."

David took this stone likewise, and continued his journey without interruption until he came to his brothers in the camp of Israel. On his arrival there, he heard a herald proclaim: "Whoever puts the giant Goliath to death shall become Saul's son-in-law, and succeed hereafter to his throne."

David sought to persuade his brothers to venture the combat with Goliath, not to become the king's son-in-law and successor, but to wipe off the reproach that rested on their people.

But, since courage and confidence failed them, he went to Saul, and offered to accept the giant's challenge. The king had but little hopes indeed that a tender youth, such as David then was, would defeat a warrior like Goliath; yet he permitted the combat to take place, for he believed that even if he should fall, his reproachful example would excite some others to imitate his heroic conduct.

On the following morning, when Goliath, as usual, challenged with proud speech the warriors of Israel, David, in his traveling apparel, and with his bag containing the three stones, stepped down into the arena. Goliath laughed aloud on seeing his youthful antagonist, and said to him: "Rather hie thee home to play with lads of thine own years. How wilt thou fight with me, seeing that thou art even unarmed?"

David replied: "Thou art as a dog unto me, whom one may best drive away with a stone"; and before Goliath was yet able to draw his sword from its scabbard, he took the three stones from his bag, pierced the giant with one of them, so that he instantly fell lifeless on the ground, and drove with the second the right wing of the Philistines into flight, and their left wing with the third.

But Saul was jealous of David, whom all Israel extolled as their greatest hero, and refused to give him his daughter until he brought the heads of a hundred giants as the marriage gift. But the greater David's achievements were, the more rancorous grew the envy of Saul, so that he even sought treacherously to slay him. David defeated all his plans; but he never revenged himself, and Saul's hatred waxed greater by reason of his very magnanimity.

One day he visited his daughter in David's absence, and threatened to put her to death unless she gave him a promise, and confirmed it by the most sacred oaths, that she would deliver her husband unto him during the night.

When the latter returned home, his wife met him in alarm, and related what had happened between her and her father. David said to her: "Be faithful to thine oath, and open the door of my chamber to thy father as soon as I shall be asleep. Allah will protect me even in my sleep, and give me the means of rendering Saul's sword harmless, even as Abraham's weapon was impotent against Ismael, who yielded his neck to the slaughter."

He then went into his forge, and prepared a coat of mail, which covered the whole upper part of his body from his neck downward. This coat was as fine as a hair, and, clinging to him like silk, resisted every kind of weapon; for David had been endowed, as a special favor from Allah, with the power of melting iron without fire, and of fashioning it like wax for every conceivable purpose, with no instrument but his hand.

To him we are indebted for the ringed coat of mail, for up to his time armor consisted of simple iron plates.

David was wrapped in the most peaceful slumber, when Saul, guided by his daughter, entered his chamber; and it was not until his father-in-law haggled the impenetrable mail with his sword as with a saw, bearing on it with all his strength, that David awoke, tore the sword from his hand, and broke it in pieces as if it had been a morsel of bread.

But after this occurrence, he thought it no longer advisable to tarry with Saul, and therefore retired to the mountains, with a few of his friends and adherents. Saul made use of this pretext to have him suspected of the people, and at last, accusing him of treason, marched against him at the head of one thousand soldiers. But David was so endeared to the inhabitants of the mountain, and knew its hiding-places so well, that it was impossible for Saul to take him.

One night, while Saul was asleep, David left a cave which was quite near to the king's encampment, and took the signet ring from his finger, together with his arms and a standard which were lying by his side. He then retreated through the cave, which had a double entrance, and the next morning appeared on the pinnacle of a mountain which stood opposite to the camp of the Israelites, having girt on Saul's huge sword, and waving his standard up and down, and stretching out his finger on which he had placed the king's ring.

Saul, who could not understand how a thief could have penetrated into the midst of his well-guarded camp, recognized David and the articles which had been taken from him. This new proof of his dexterity and magnanimous disposition overcame at last the king's envy and displeasure; he therefore dispatched a messenger, who in the royal name begged forgiveness for all the grievances he had inflicted, and invited David to return to his home.

David was overjoyed at a reconciliation with his father-in-law, and they now lived together in peace and harmony until Saul was slain, in a disastrous engagement with the Philistines.

After Saul's death, David was unanimously elected King of Israel, and by the help of Allah he soon reconquered the Philistines, and extended the boundaries of his kingdom far and wide.

But David was not only a brave warrior and a wise king, but likewise a great prophet. Allah revealed to him seventy psalms, and endowed him with a voice such as no mortal possessed before him. In height and depth, in power and melody combined, no human voice had ever equaled it. He could imitate the thunders of heaven and the roar of the lion as well as the delicious notes of the nightingale; nor was there any other musician or singer in Israel as long as David lived, because no one who had once heard him could take pleasure in any other

performance. Every third day he prayed with the congregation, and sung the psalms in a chapel which was hewn out of the mountain rocks. Then not only all men assembled to hear him, but even beasts and birds came from afar, attracted by his wonderful song.

One day, as he was on his return from prayer, he heard two of his subjects contending which of the two was the greater prophet, Abraham or himself. "Was not Abraham," said the one, "saved from the burning pile?" "Has not David," replied the other, "slain the giant Djalut?" "But what has David achieved," resumed the first, "that might be compared with Abraham's readiness to sacrifice his son?"

As soon as David came home, he fell down before Allah and prayed: "Lord, who hast proved on the pile Abraham's fidelity and obedience, grant unto me, too, an opportunity to show unto my people that my love to thee withstands every temptation."

David's prayer was heard; when, three days afterward, he ascended his pulpit, he perceived a bird of such beautiful plumage that it attracted his whole attention, and he followed it with his eyes to every corner of the chapel, and to the trees and shrubs beyond. He sung fewer psalms than he was wont to do; his voice failed him as often as he lost sight of this graceful bird, and grew soft and playful in the most solemn parts of the worship whenever it reappeared.

At the close of the prayers, which to the astonishment of the whole assembly, were concluded on this occasion several hours sooner than usual, he followed the bird, which flew from tree to tree, until he found himself, at sunset, on the margin of a little lake. The bird disappeared in the lake, but David soon forgot it; for in its stead there arose a female form, whose beauty dazzled him like the clearest midday sun. He inquired her name: it was Saja, the daughter of Josu, the wife of Uriah Ibn Haman, who was with the army. David departed, and on his return commanded the chief of his troops to appoint Uriah to the most dangerous post in the vanguard of the army. His command was executed, and soon afterward the death of Uriah was reported. David then wooed his widow, and married her at the expiration of the prescribed time.

On the day after his marriage there appeared, at Allah's command, Gabriel and Michael in human form before David, and Gabriel said: "The man whom thou seest here before thee is the owner of ninety-nine sheep, while I possess an only one; nevertheless, he pursues me without ceasing, and demands that I should give up my only sheep to him."

"Thy demand is unreasonable," said David, "and betrays an unbelieving heart and a rude disposition."

But Gabriel interrupted him, saying, "Many a noble and accomplished *believer* permits himself more unjust things than this."

David now perceived this to be an allusion to his conduct toward Uriah; and, filled with wrath, he grasped his sword, and would have plunged it into Gabriel; but Michael gave a loud laugh of scorn, and when Gabriel and himself had ascended above David's head on their angels' wings, he said to David: "Thou hast pronounced thine own sentence, and called thine act that of a barbarous infidel: Allah will therefore bestow upon thy son a portion of the power which he had originally intended for thee. Thy guilt is so much the greater, since thou prayedst that thou mightst be led unto temptation without having the power of resisting it."

At these words the angels vanished through the ceiling; but David felt the whole burden of his sin. He tore the crown from his head, and the royal purple from his body, and wandered through the wilderness wrapped in simple woolen garments, and pining with remorse, weeping so bitterly that his skin fell from his face, and that the angels in heaven had compassion on him, and implored for him the mercy of Allah. But it was not until he had spent three full years in penitence and contrition that he heard a voice from heaven, which announced to him that the All-compassionate Allah had at length opened the gate of Mercy. Pacified and strengthened by these words of consolation, David soon recovered his physical powers and his blooming appearance, so that on his return to Palestine no one observed in him the slightest change.

But, during the king's long absence, many of the rabble, whom he had banished, gathered round his son Absalom, and made him king over Israel. He was therefore compelled, as Absalom would not renounce the throne, to make war against him. But no engagement took place; for when the prince was about to join his forces, Allah commanded the Angel of Death to take him from his horse and hang him on a tree, by his long hair, that to all future time rebellious sons might take warning by his fate. Absalom remained hanging there until one of David's chieftains passed by and slew him with the sword. But, although David soon came to be esteemed and beloved by his people, as before, yet, mindful of what had taken place with the two angels, he ventured not again to execute judgment. He had already nominated a kadhi, who was to adjust in his stead all disputes that might arise, when the angel Gabriel brought him an iron tube with a bell, and said, "Allah has beheld thy diffidence with pleasure, and therefore sends thee this tube and bell, by means of which it will be easy for thee to maintain the law in Israel, and never to pronounce an unjust sentence. Suspend this tube in thy hall of judgment, and hang the bell in the midst thereof; place the accuser on one side of it and the accused on the other, and always pro-

nounce judgment in favor of him who, on touching the tube, elicits a sound from the bell." David was greatly delighted at this gift, by means of which he who was in the right was sure to triumph; so that soon no one dared to commit any injustice, since he was certain to be detected by the bell.

One day, however, there came two men before the judgment seat, one of whom maintained that he had given a pearl into the keeping of the other, who now refused to restore it. The defendant, on the other hand, swore that he had already given it back. As usual, David compelled them both, one after the other, to touch the tube; but the bell uttered no sound, so that he did not know which of the two spoke truth, and was inclined to doubt the further virtue of the bell. But when he had repeatedly directed both to touch the tube, he observed that as often as the accused was to pass the ordeal, he gave his staff to be holden by his antagonist. David now took the staff in his own hand, and sent the accused once more to touch the tube, when instantly the bell began to ring aloud. David then caused the staff to be inspected, and behold, it was hollow, and the pearl in question was concealed within it. But on account of his thus doubting the value of the tube which Allah had given to him, it was again removed to heaven, so that David frequently erred in his decisions. until Solomon, whom his wife Saja, the daughter of Josu, had borne him, aided him with his counsel. In him David placed implicit confidence, and was guided by him in the most difficult questions, for he had heard in the night of his birth the angel Gabriel exclaim: "Satan's dominion is drawing to its close, for this night a child is born, to whom Iblis and all his hosts, together with all his descendants, shall be subject. The earth, air, and water, with all the creatures that live therein, shall be his servants; he shall be gifted with nine-tenths of all the wisdom and knowledge which Allah has granted unto mankind, and understand not only all the languages of men, but those also of beasts and of birds."

One day — Solomon was then scarcely thirteen years of age — there appeared two men before the tribunal, the novelty of whose case excited the astonishment of all present, and even greatly confounded David. The accuser had bought some property of the other, and in clearing out a cellar, had found a treasure. He now demanded that the accused should give up the treasure, since he had bought the property without it; while the other maintained that the accuser possessed no right to the treasure, since he had known nothing of it, and had sold the property with all that it contained. After long meditation, David adjudged that the treasure should be divided between them. But Solomon inquired of the accuser whether he had a son, and when he replied that he had a son, he inquired of the other if he had a daughter,

and he also answering in the affirmative, Solomon said: "If you will adjust your strife so as not to do injustice one to the other, unite your children in marriage, and give them this treasure as their dowry."

On another occasion, there came a husbandman and accused a shepherd whose flock had pastured on the grain of his field. David sentenced the shepherd to give part of his flock in restitution to the husbandman; but Solomon disapproved of this judgment, and said: "Let the shepherd give up to the husbandman the use of his flock, their work, their milk, and their young ones, until the field shall be restored to the condition in which it was at the time of the flock's breaking in, when the sheep shall once more return to their owner."

David, however, one day observed that the high tribunal over which he presided beheld with displeasure the interference of Solomon in their transactions, although they were obliged to confess that his views were always better than their own. The king therefore demanded of them to examine Solomon, in the face of all the great and noble men of his kingdom, in all the doctrines and laws of Moses. "If you have satisfied yourselves," he added, "that my son knows these perfectly, and consequently never pronounces an unjust judgment, you must not slight him by reason of his youth, if his views regarding the application of the law often differ from mine and yours. Allah bestows wisdom on whomsoever he pleaseth."

The lawyers were indeed persuaded of Solomon's erudition; nevertheless, hoping to confound him by all manner of subtle questions, and thus to increase their own importance, they accepted David's proposal, and made arrangements for a public examination. But their expectations were disappointed; for, before the last word of any question put to Solomon was yet pronounced, he had already given a striking answer, so that all present firmly believed that the whole matter had been arranged beforehand with his judges, and that this examination was instituted by David merely to recommend Solomon as his worthy successor to the throne. But Solomon at once effaced this suspicion, when, at the close of this examination he arose, and said to his judges: "You have exhausted yourselves in subtleties in the hope of manifesting your superiority over me before this great assembly; permit me now, also, to put to you a very few simple questions, the solution of which needs no manner of study, but only a little intellect and understanding. Tell me what is Everything, and what is Nothing. Who is Something, and who is less than Nothing?" Solomon waited long; and when the judge whom he had addressed was not able to answer, he said: "Allah, the Creator, is Everything, but the world, the creature, is Nothing. The believer is Something, but the hypocrite is less than Nothing." Turning to another, Solomon inquired: "Which are the most in number, and

which the fewest? What is sweetest, and what most bitter?" but as the second judge also was unable to find a proper answer to these questions, Solomon said: "The most numerous are the doubters, and they who possess a perfect assurance of faith are the fewest in number. The sweetest is the possession of a virtuous wife, excellent children, and a respectable competency; but a wicked wife, undutiful children, and poverty are the most bitter." Finally, Solomon put the following questions to a third judge: "Which is the vilest, and which the most beautiful? What the most certain, and what the least so?" But these questions also remained unanswered until Solomon said, "The vilest thing is when a believer apostatizes, and the most beautiful when a sinner repents. The most certain thing is Death and the Last Judgment, and the most uncertain, Life, and the Fate of the Soul after the resurrection. You perceive," he then continued, "it is not the oldest and most learned that are always the wisest. True wisdom is neither of years nor of learned books, but only of Allah, the All-wise."

Solomon excited by his words the greatest astonishment in all that were present; and the heads of the people exclaimed with one voice: "Blessed be the Lord, who has given to our king a son who in wisdom surpasses all the men of his time, and who is worthy one day to sit on the throne of his father!"

David, in like manner, thanked Allah for the grace which he had shown to him in Solomon, and now only desired, before his death, to meet with his future companion in paradise.

"Thy request is granted!" cried a voice from heaven; "but thou must go and seek him alone; and, in order to reach his presence, thou must renounce thy earthly pomp, and wander as a poor pilgrim through the world."

The next day David nominated Solomon as his representative, laid aside his royal robes, wrapped himself round with a simple woolen garment, put on his sandals, took a staff in his hand, and left his palace. He now wandered from city to city, and from village to village, inquiring everywhere for such of the inhabitants as were most distinguished for piety, and endeavoring to make their acquaintance; but for many weeks he found no one whom he had reason to consider as his destined companion in the life to come.

One day, on reaching a village on the shores of the Mediterranean Ocean, there arrived at the same time with him a poorly-clad aged man, who was carrying a heavy burden of wood on his head. The appearance of the hoary man was so venerable, that David followed him to see where he lived. But he entered into no house at all, and sold his wood to a merchant who stood at the door of his warehouse, then gave to a poor man who begged him for alms the half of the little money which

he had earned, bought with the rest a small loaf of bread, of which also he gave a large portion to a blind woman, who implored the compassion of the faithful, and then returned on his way to the mountain whence he had come. "This man," thought David, "might well be my companion in paradise; for his venerable appearance, and the actions which I have just witnessed, testify to a rare piety. I must therefore seek to become better acquainted with him." He then followed the aged man at some distance, until, after a march of several hours over steep mountains, crossed by deep ravines, the latter entered into a cave, which admitted the light of heaven through a crevice of the rock. David remained standing at the entrance of the cave, and heard the hermit pray fervently, and then read the Law and the psalms, until the sun had set. He then lighted a lamp, and pronounced the evening prayer, drew from his bag the bread which he had bought, and consumed about half thereof.

David, who had hitherto not ventured to disturb the man in his devotions, now stepped into the cave and greeted him.

"Who art thou?" said the other, after having returned the salutation; "for, save the God-fearing Mata Ibn Juhanna, King David's future companion in paradise, I never saw any human being in these regions."

David gave his name, and begged for further particulars respecting Mata.

But the hermit replied: "I am not permitted to point out to thee his dwelling; but if thou searchest this mountain with attention, it cannot escape thee."

David now wandered up and down for a long time without finding any traces of Mata. He was on the point of returning to the hermit, in hopes of obtaining better directions, when, on an eminence, in the midst of the rocky ground, he discovered a spot which was quite moist and soft. "How singular," thought he, "that just here, on this pinnacle of a mountain, the ground should thus be moistened! Surely there can be no fountain here!" While he was thus standing, absorbed in thought respecting this remarkable phenomenon, there descended on the other side of the mountain a man who was more like an angel than a human being; his looks were cast down to the earth, so that he did not observe David; but on the moistened spot he stood still, and prayed with such fervency that his tears gushed like streams from his eyes. David now understood how it came to pass that the earth was so soaked, and he thought, "A man who thus worships his God may well be my companion in paradise." But he presumed not to address him till he heard how, among other things, he prayed: "My God, pardon the sin of King David, and preserve him from further transgression! Be merciful to him for my sake, since thou hast destined me to be his companion in paradise."

David now went toward him, but on reaching his presence he was dead.

He dug up the soft earth with his staff, washed him with the water that remained in his bottle, buried him, and pronounced over him the prayer of death. He then returned to his capital, and found in his harem the Angel of Death, who received him with the words, "Allah has granted unto thee thy request, but now thy life is ended."

"God's will be done!" replied David, and fell lifeless to the earth.

Gabriel then descended to comfort Solomon, and to bring to him a heavenly robe, in which he was to wrap his father. All Israel followed his remains to the entrance of the cave where Abraham lies buried.

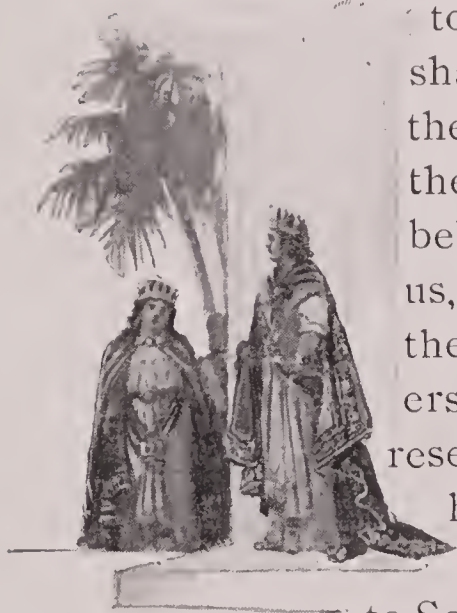
SOLOMON AND THE QUEEN OF SABA

AFTER Solomon had paid the last honors to his father, he was resting in a valley between Hebron and Jerusalem, when suddenly he swooned away. On reviving, there appeared to him eight angels, each of whom had immeasurable wings of every color and form, and thrice they bowed down to him. "Who are you?" demanded Solomon, while his eyes were yet half closed. They replied: "We are the angels set over the eight winds. Allah, our Creator and thine, sends us to swear fealty, and to surrender to thee the power over us and the eight winds which are at our command. According to thy pleasure and designs, they shall be either tempestuous or gentle, and shall blow from that quarter

to which thou shalt turn thy back; and at thy demand they shall rise out of the earth to bear thee up and to raise thee above the loftiest mountains." The most exalted of the eight angels then presented to him a jewel with this inscription, "To Allah belong greatness and might"; and said, "If thou hast need of us, raise this stone toward heaven, and we shall appear to serve thee." As soon as the angels had left him, there came four others, differing from each other in form and name. One of them resembled an immense whale; the second, an eagle; the third, a

lion; and the fourth, a serpent. "We are the lords of all creatures living in earth and water," they said, bowing profoundly

to Solomon, "and appear before thee at the command of our Lord, to do fealty unto thee. Dispose of us at thy pleasure. We grant to thee and to thy friends all the good and pleasant things with which the Creator has endowed us, but use all the noxious that are in our power against thy foes." The angel who represented the kingdom of birds then gave to him a jewel with the inscription, "All created things praise the Lord"; and



said, "By virtue of this stone, which thou needest only to raise above thy head, thou mayest call us at any moment, and impart to us thy commands." Solomon did so instantly, and commanded them to bring a pair of every kind of animal that lives in the water, the earth, and the air, and to present them to him. The angels departed quick as lightning, and in the twinkling of an eye there were standing before him every imaginable creature, from the largest elephant down to the smallest worm; also all kinds of fishes and birds. Solomon caused each of them to describe its whole manner of life; he listened to their complaints, and abolished many of their abuses. But he conversed longest with the birds, both on account of their exquisite language, which he knew as well as his own, and also for the beautiful proverbs that are current among them. The song of the peacock, translated into human language, means, "As thou judgest, so shalt thou be judged." The song of the nightingale signifies, "Contentment is the greatest happiness." The turtledove sings, "It were better for many a creature had it never been born." The hoopoo, "He that shows no mercy shall not obtain mercy." The bird syrdak, "Turn to Allah, O ye sinners." The swallow, "Do good, for you shall be rewarded hereafter." The pelican, "Blessed be Allah in heaven and earth!" The dove, "All things pass away; Allah alone is eternal." The kata, "Whosoever can keep silence goes through life most securely." The eagle, "Let our life be ever so long, yet it must end in death." The raven, "The farther from mankind, the pleasanter." The cock, "Ye thoughtless men, remember your Creator."

Solomon chose the cock and the hoopoo for his constant attendants. The one, on account of his monitory sentence, and the other, inasmuch as his eyes, piercing as they do through the earth as if it were crystal, enabled him during the travels of the king to point out the places where fountains of water were hid, so that water never failed Solomon, either to quench his thirst or to perform the prescribed ablutions before prayer.

After having stroked the heads of the doves, he commanded them to appoint unto their young the temple which he was about to erect as their habitation. (This pigeon pair had, in the course of a few years, increased so much, through Solomon's blessed touch, that all who visited the temple walked from the remotest quarter of the city under the shadow of their wings.)

When Solomon was again alone, there appeared an angel, whose upper part looked like earth, and whose lower part like water. He bowed down toward the earth, and said: "I am created by Allah to manifest his will both to the dry land and to the sea; but he has placed me at thy disposal, and thou mayest command, through me, over earth and sea; at thy will the highest mountains shall disappear, and others rise out of the ground; rivers and seas shall dry up, and fruitful countries be turned

into seas or oceans." He then presented to him before he vanished a jewel, with the inscription, "Heaven and earth are the servants of Allah."

Finally, another angel brought to him a fourth jewel, which bore the inscription, "There is no God but one, and Mohammed is his messenger." "By means of this stone," said the angel, "thou obtainest the dominion over the kingdom of spirits, which is much greater than that of man and beasts, and fills up the whole space between the earth and heaven. Part of these spirits," continued the angel, "believe in the only God, and pray to him; but others are unbelieving. Some adore the fire; others the sun; others, again, the different stars; and many even the water. The first continually hover round the pious, to preserve them from evil and sin; but the latter seek in every possible manner to torment and seduce them; which they do the more easily since they render themselves invisible, or assume any form they please." Solomon desired to see the genii in their original form. The angel rushed like a column of fire through the air, and soon returned with a host of demons and genii, whose appalling appearance filled Solomon, despite his dominion over them, with an inward shudder. He had no idea that there were such misshapen and frightful beings in the world. He saw human heads on the necks of horses, with asses' feet; the wings of eagles on the dromedary's back; and the horns of the gazelle on the head of the peacock. Astonished at this singular union, he prayed the angel to explain it to him, since Djan, from whom all the genii were descended, had only a simple form. "This is the consequence," replied the angel, "of their wicked lives."

When Solomon returned home, he commanded the four jewels which the angels had given him to be set in a signet ring, in order that he might be able at any moment to rule over spirits and animals, and over wind and water. His first care was to subdue the demons and genii. He caused them all to come before him save the mighty Sachr, who kept himself concealed in an unknown island of the ocean, and Iblis, the master of all evil spirits, to whom God had promised the most perfect independence till the day of judgment. When they were assembled, he stamped his signet ring on each of their necks, to mark them as his slaves. He obliged the male genii to erect various public buildings; among others, also, a temple after the plan of that at Mecca, which he had once seen during his travels to Arabia. The female genii he obliged to cook, to bake, to wash, to weave, to spin, to carry water, and to perform other domestic labors. The stuffs they produced Solomon distributed among the poor, and the food which they prepared was placed on tables of two leagues square, for the daily consumption amounted to thirty thousand oxen and as many sheep, with a great number of fowls

and fish, of which he could obtain as many as he chose by virtue of his ring, notwithstanding his remoteness from the ocean. The genii and demons sat at iron tables, the poor at tables of wood, the chiefs of the people and of the army at tables of silver, but the learned and eminently pious at golden ones, and the latter were waited on by Solomon himself.

One day, when all the spirits, men, beasts, and birds, had risen, satisfied, from their various tables, Solomon prayed to Allah that he might permit him to entertain all the creatures of the earth.

"Thou demandest an impossibility," replied Allah; "but make a beginning to-morrow with the inhabitants of the sea."

Solomon thereupon commanded the genii to load with corn one hundred thousand camels and as many mules, and to lead them to the seashore. He himself followed, and cried: "Come hither ye inhabitants of the sea, that I may satisfy your hunger." Then came all kinds of fish to the surface of the sea. Solomon flung corn unto them till they were satisfied, and dived down again. On a sudden a whale protruded his head, resembling a mighty mountain. Solomon made his flying spirits to pour one sack of corn after the other into its jaws; but it continued its demand for more, until not a single grain was left. Then it bellowed aloud: "Feed me, Solomon, for I never suffered so much from hunger as to-day."

Solomon inquired of it whether there were more fish of the kind in the sea.

"There are of my species alone," replied the whale, "seventy thousand kinds, the least of which is so large that thou wouldst appear in its body like a grain of sand in the wilderness."

Solomon threw himself on the ground, and began to weep, and besought the Lord to pardon his senseless demand.

"My kingdom," cried Allah to him, "is still greater than thine; arise, and behold but one of those creatures whose rule I cannot confide to man."

Then the sea began to rage and to storm, as if all the eight winds had set it in motion at once; and there rose up a sea monster so huge that it could easily have swallowed seventy thousand like the first, which Solomon was not able to satisfy, and cried with a voice like the most terrible thunder: "Praised be Allah, who alone has the power to save me from starvation!"

When Solomon was returning again to Jerusalem, he heard such a noise, proceeding from the constant hammering of the genii who were occupied with the building of the temple, that the inhabitants of Jerusalem were no longer able to converse with one another. He therefore commanded the spirits to suspend their labors, and inquired whether none of them was acquainted with a means by which the various metals

might be wrought without producing such a clamor. Then there stepped out one from among them, and said, "This is known only to the mighty Sachr; but he has hitherto succeeded in escaping from thy dominion."

"Is, then, this Sachr utterly inaccessible?" inquired Solomon.

"Sachr," replied the genius, "is stronger than all of us put together, and is as much our superior in swiftness as in power. Still, I know that he drinks from a fountain in the province of Hidjr once in every month. Perhaps thou mayest succeed, O wise king! to subdue him there to thy scepter."

Solomon commanded forthwith a division of his swift-flying genii to empty the fountain, and to fill it with intoxicating liquor. Some of them he then ordered to linger in its vicinity until they should see Sachr approaching, and then instantly to return and bring him word. A few weeks afterward, when Solomon was standing on the terrace of his palace, he beheld a genius flying from the direction of Hidjr, swifter than the wind. The king inquired of him if he brought news respecting Sachr.

"Sachr is lying overcome with wine at the brink of the fountain," replied the genius, "and we have bound him with chains as massive as the pillars of thy temple; but he will burst them asunder as the hair of a virgin when he has slept off his wine."

Solomon then mounted hastily the winged genius, and in less than an hour was borne to the fountain. It was high time, for Sachr had already opened his eyes again; but his hands and feet were still chained, so that Solomon set the signet on his neck without any hindrance. Sachr uttered such a cry of woe that the whole earth quaked; but Solomon said to him: "Fear not, mighty genius! I will restore thee to liberty as soon as thou shalt indicate the means whereby I may work the hardest metals without noise."

"I, myself, know of no such," replied Sachr; "but the raven will best be able to advise thee. Take only the eggs from a raven's nest, and cover them with a crystal bowl, and thou shalt see how the mother-bird shall cut it through."

Solomon followed Sachr's advice. A raven came and flew about the bowl; but finding that she could not get access to the eggs, she flew away, and a few hours afterward reappeared with a stone in her beak, called Samur, which had no sooner touched the bowl than it fell in two halves.

"Whence hast thou this stone?" inquired Solomon of the raven.

"From a mountain in the distant west," replied the raven.

Solomon then commanded some of the genii to follow the raven to the mountain, and to procure more of these stones; but Sachr he set free again according to his promise. When the chains were taken from him,

he shouted with exultation; but his joy sounded in Solomon's ear like the laughter of scorn. As soon as the spirits returned with the Samur stones, he caused himself to be carried back to Jerusalem by one of them, and divided the stones among the genii, who could now continue their labors without making the slightest noise.

Solomon then constructed a palace for himself, with a profusion of gold, silver, and precious stones, the like of which no king had ever possessed before him. Many of its halls had crystal floors and ceilings, and he erected a throne of sandal-wood, covered with gold, and embossed with the most costly jewels. While the building of his palace was in progress, he made a journey to the ancient city of Damascus, whose environs are reckoned among the four earthly paradises.

The genius on whom he rode pursued the straightest course, and flew over the valley of ants, which is surrounded by such lofty cliffs, and deep, impassable ravines, that no man had been able to enter it before.

Solomon was much astonished to see beneath him a host of ants, which were as large as wolves, and which, owing to their gray eyes and feet, appeared at a distance like a cloud.

But, on the other hand, the queen of the ants, which had never seen a human being, was in no small trouble on perceiving the king, and cried to her subjects, "Retire quickly to your caverns!"

But Allah said to her, "Assemble all thy vassals, and do homage to Solomon, who is king of the whole creation."

Solomon, to whom the winds had wafted these words, then at a distance of six leagues, descended to the queen, and in a short time the whole valley was covered with ants as far as his eye could reach. Solomon then asked the queen who was standing at their head, "Why fearest thou me, since thy hosts are so numerous that they could lay waste the whole earth?"

"I fear none but Allah," replied the queen; "for if my subjects which thou now beholdest were threatened with danger, seventy times their number would appear at a single nod from me."

"Why, then, didst thou command thy ants to retire while I was passing above thee?"

"Because I feared lest they might look after thee, and thus forget their Creator for a moment."

"Is there any favor that I may show thee ere I depart?" inquired Solomon.

"I know of none: but rather let me advise thee so to live that thou mayest not be ashamed of thy name, which signifies 'The Immaculate'; beware also of ever giving away thy ring without first saying, 'In the name of Allah, the All-merciful.'"

Solomon once more exclaimed, "Lord, thy kingdom is greater than mine!" and took leave of the queen of ants.

On his return he commanded the genius to fly in another direction, so as not to disturb the devotions of the queen and her subjects.

On arriving at the frontiers of Palestine, he heard how some one prayed:—

"My God, who hast chosen Abraham to be thy friend, redeem me soon from this woeful existence!"

Solomon descended to him, and beheld an aged man bowed down with years, and trembling in all his limbs.

"Who art thou?"

"I am an Israelite of the tribe of Judah."

"How old art thou?"

"Allah alone knows. I counted up to my three hundredth year, and since that time full fifty or sixty more must have passed away."

"How camest thou to so great an age, which, since Abraham's time, no human being has attained?"

"I once saw a shooting star in the night of Al-Kadr, and expressed the senseless wish that I might meet with the mightiest prophet before I died."

"Thou hast now reached the goal of thy expectations; prepare thyself to die, for I am the king and prophet Solomon, to whom Allah has granted a power such as no mortal before me ever possessed." Scarcely had he finished these words, when the Angel of Death descended in human form, and took the soul of the aged man.

"Thou must have been quite close to me, since thou camest so promptly," said Solomon to the angel.

"How great is thy mistake! Be it known to thee, O king! that I stand on the shoulders of an angel whose head reaches ten thousand years beyond the seventh heaven, whose feet are five hundred years below the earth, and who, withal, is so powerful, that if Allah permitted it, he could swallow the earth, and all that it contains, without the slightest effort.

"He it is who points out to me when, where, and how I must take a soul. His gaze is fixed on the tree Sidrat Al-muntaha, which bears as many leaves inscribed with names as there are men living on the earth.

"At each birth a new leaf, bearing the name of the newly born, bursts forth; and when any one has reached the end of his life, his leaf withers and falls off, and at the same instant I am with him to receive his soul."

"How dost thou proceed in this matter, and whither takest thou the souls at death?"

"As often as a believer dies, Gabriel attends me, and wraps his soul in a green silken sheet, and then breathes it into a green bird, which

feeds in paradise until the day of the resurrection. But the soul of the sinner I take alone, and, having wrapped it in a coarse, pitch-covered woolen cloth, carry it to the gates of hell, where it wanders among abominable vapors until the last day."

Solomon thanked the angel for his information, and besought him, when he should one day come to take his soul, to conceal his death from all men and spirits.

He then washed the body of the deceased, buried him, and having prayed for his soul, begged for a mitigation of his bodily pains at the trial he was to undergo before the angels Ankir and Munkir. *

This journey had fatigued Solomon so much that he ordered the genii, on his return to Jerusalem, to weave strong silken carpets, which might contain him and his followers, together with all the requisite utensils and equipages for traveling. Whenever he desired thereafter to make a journey, he caused one of these carpets, of a larger or smaller size, according to the number of his attendants, to be spread out before the city, and as soon as all that he required was placed upon it, he gave a signal to the eight winds to raise it up. He then seated himself on his throne, and guided them into whatever direction he pleased, even as a man guides his horses with bit and reins.

One night Abraham appeared to him in a dream, and said: "Allah has distinguished thee above all other men by thy wisdom and power. He has subjected to thy rule the genii, who are erecting a temple at thy command, the like of which the earth has never borne before; and thou ridest on the winds as I once rode on Borak, who shall dwell in paradise until the birth of Mohammed. Show thyself grateful, therefore, unto the only God, and, taking advantage of the ease with which thou canst travel from place to place, visit the cities of Jathrib,† where the greatest of prophets shall one day find shelter and protection, and of Mecca, the place of his birth, where now the holy temple stands which I and my son Ismael (peace be on him!) rebuilt after the flood."

The next morning, Solomon proclaimed that he would undertake a pilgrimage to Mecca, and that each and every Israelite would be permitted to accompany him. There immediately applied so many pilgrims, that Solomon was obliged to have a new carpet woven by the spirits, two leagues in length and two in breadth.

The empty space which remained he filled with camels, oxen, and smaller cattle, which he designed to sacrifice at Mecca, and to divide among the poor.

* These two angels make inquiry of the dead concerning his God and his faith, and torment him if he be not able to answer properly.

† The ancient name of Medina, where Mohammed died.

For himself he had a throne erected, which was so studded with brilliant jewels that no one could raise his eyes to him. The men of distinguished piety occupied golden seats near the throne; the learned were seated on silver, and part of the common people on wood. The genii and demons were commanded to fly before him, for he trusted them so little that he desired to have them constantly in his presence, and therefore always drank out of crystal cups so as never to lose sight of them, even when he was compelled to satisfy his thirst. But the birds he directed to fly above the carpet in close array, to protect the travelers from the sun.

When the arrangements were complete, and men, spirits, birds, and beasts were assembled, he commanded the eight winds to raise up the carpet, with all that it contained, and to carry it to Medina. In the vicinity of that city, he made a signal to the birds to lower their wings, whereupon the winds gradually abated until the carpet rested on the earth.

But no one was permitted to leave the carpet, for Medina was then inhabited by worshipers of idols, with whom the king would not suffer his subjects to come in contact.

Solomon went unattended to the spot where, in later times, Mohammed erected his first mosque,—it was then a burial-ground,—performed his midday devotions, and then returned to the carpet. The birds, at his nod, spread their wings, the winds bore up the carpet, and swept on with it to Mecca. This city was then governed by the Djorhamides, who had migrated there from the southern Arabia, and were at that time worshipers of the only God, keeping the Kaaba as pure from idolatry as it was in the days of Abraham and of Ismael. Solomon therefore entered it, with all his attendants, performed the ceremonies obligatory on pilgrims, and when he had slain the victims which he brought with him from Jerusalem, he pronounced in the Kaaba a long discourse, in which he predicted the future birth of Mohammed, and exhorted all his hearers to enforce faith in him upon their children and descendants.

After a stay of three days, King Solomon resolved to return again to Jerusalem. But when the birds had unfolded their wings, and the carpet was already in motion, he suddenly discovered a ray of light striking upon it, whence he concluded that one of his birds had left its post.

He therefore summoned the eagle, and directed him to call over the names of all the birds, and to report which was absent. The eagle obeyed, and soon came back with the answer that the hoopoo was wanting.

The king grew enraged; the more so, because he needed the hoopoo during the journey, since no other bird possessed its powers to descry the hidden fountains of the desert.

"Soar aloft," he cried harshly to the eagle; "search for the hoopoo, and bring it hither, that I may pluck off its feathers, and expose it naked to the scorching sun, until the worms shall have consumed it."

The eagle soared heavenward until the earth beneath him appeared like an inverted bowl. He then halted, and looked in every direction to discover the truant subject. As soon as he spied it coming from the south, he plunged down, and would have seized it in his talons, but the hoopoo adjured him by Solomon to forbear.

"Darest thou to invoke the king's protection?" replied the eagle. "Well may thy mother weep for thee. The king is enraged, for he has discovered thy absence, and sworn to punish it terribly."

"Lead me to him," rejoined the other. "I know that he will excuse my absence when he hears where I have been, and what I have to report of my excursion."

The eagle led him to the king, who was sitting on his judgment throne with wrathful countenance, and instantly drew the delinquent violently toward him. The hoopoo trembled in every limb, and hung down his plumage in token of submission. But when Solomon would have grasped him still more tightly, he cried: "Remember, O prophet of Allah! that thou, too, shalt one day give an account unto the Lord; let me, therefore, not be condemned unheard."

"How canst thou excuse thy absenting thyself without my permission?"

"I bring information respecting a country and a queen whose names thou hast not even heard of—the country of Saba, and Queen Balkis."

"These names are indeed quite strange to me. Who has informed thee of them?"

"A hoopoo from those regions, whom I met during one of my short excursions. In the course of our conversation I spoke to him of thee, and thy extensive dominions, and he was astonished that thy fame should not yet have reached his home. He entreated me, therefore, to accompany him there, and convince myself that it would be worth thy while to subject the land of Saba unto thy scepter."

"On our way he related to me the whole history of that country down to its present queen, who rules over so large an army that she requires twelve thousand captains to command it."

Solomon relinquished his hold of the hoopoo, and commanded him to recount all that he had heard of that country and its history, whereupon the bird began as follows: "Most mighty king and prophet! be it known to thee that Saba is the capital of an extensive country in the south of Arabia, and was founded by King Saba, Ibn Jashab, Ibn Sarab, Ibn Kachtan. His name was properly Abd Shems (the servant of the Sun); but he had received the surname of Saba (one who takes captive) by reason of his numerous conquests."

"Saba was the largest and most superb city ever constructed by the hand of man, and, at the same time, was so strongly fortified that it might have defied the united armies of the world. But that which especially distinguished this city of marble palaces was the magnificent gardens in the center of which it stood. For King Saba had, in compliance with the counsels of the wise Lockman, constructed vast dikes and numerous canals, both to guard the people from inundation during the rainy season, and also against want of water in time of drought.

"Thus it came to pass that this country, which is so vast that a good horseman would require a month to traverse it, became rapidly the richest and most fertile of the whole earth. It was covered in every direction with the finest trees, so that its travelers knew nothing of the scorching sun. Its air, too, was so pure and refreshing, and its sky so transparent, that the inhabitants lived to a very great age, in the enjoyment of perfect health. The land of Saba was, as it were, a diadem on the brow of the universe.

"This state of felicity endured as long as it pleased Allah. King Saba, its founder, died, and was succeeded by other kings, who enjoyed the fruits of Lockman's labors without thinking of preserving them; but time was busy with their destruction. The torrents, plunging from the adjacent mountains, gradually undermined the dike which had been constructed to restrain and to distribute them into the various canals, so that it fell in at last, and the whole country was, in consequence, laid waste by a fearful flood. The first precursors of an approaching disaster showed themselves in the reign of King Amru. In his time it was that the priestess Dharifa beheld in a dream a vast dark cloud, which, bursting amid terrific thunderings, poured destruction upon the land. She told her dream to the king, and made no secret of her fears respecting the welfare of his empire; but the king and his courtiers endeavored to silence her, and continued, as before, their heedless, careless courses.

"One day, however, while Amru was in a grove, in dalliance with two maidens, the priestess stepped before him with disheveled hair and ruffled countenance, and predicted anew the speedy desolation of the country. The king dismissed his companions; and having seated the priestess beside him, inquired of her what new omen foreboded this evil. 'On my way hither,' replied Dharifa, 'I met crimson rats standing erect, and wiping their eyes with their feet, and a turtle, which lay on its back, struggling in vain to rise; these are certain signs of a flood, which shall reduce this country to the sad condition in which it was in ancient times.'

"'What proof givest thou me of the truth of thy statement?' inquired Amru.

"'Go to the dike, and thine own eyes shall convince thee.'

"The king went, but speedily came back to the grove with distracted countenance. 'I have seen a dreadful sight,' he cried. 'Three rats as large as porcupines were gnawing the dikes with their teeth, and tearing off pieces of rock which fifty men would not have been able to move.'

"Dharifa then gave him still other signs; and he himself had a dream, in which he saw the tops of the loftiest trees covered with sand—an evident presage of the approaching flood—so that he resolved to fly from his country. Yet, in order to dispose of his castles and possessions to advantage, he concealed what he had seen and heard, and invented the following pretext for his emigration.

"One day he gave a grand banquet to his highest officers of state and the chiefs of his army, but arranged with his son beforehand that he should strike him in the face during a discussion. When this accordingly took place at the public table, the king sprang up, drew his sword, and feigned to slay his son; but, as he had foreseen, his guests rushed in between them, and hurried away the prince. Amru then swore that he would no longer remain in a country where he had suffered such a disgrace. But, when all his estates were sold, he avowed the true motive of his emigration, and many tribes joined themselves to him.



"Soon after his departure the predicted calamities took place, for the inhabitants of Saba, or Mareb, as this city is sometimes called, listened neither to the warnings of Dharifa nor to the admonition of a prophet whom Allah had sent to them. The strong dike fell in, and the waters, pouring from the mountain, devastated the city and the entire vicinity. As, however, the men of Saba," continued the hoopoo, in his narrative before King Solomon, "who had fled into the mountain, were improved by

their misfortune, and repented, they soon succeeded, with the help of Allah, in constructing new dams, and in restoring their country to a high degree of power and prosperity, which went on increasing under the succeeding kings, though the old vices, too, reappeared, and, instead of the Creator of heaven and earth, they worshiped the sun.

“The last king of Saba, named Sharahbil, was a monster of tyranny. He had a vizier descended from the ancient royal house of the Himiarites, who was so handsome that he found favor in the eyes of the daughters of the genii, and they often placed themselves in his way in the shape of gazelles, merely to gaze upon him. One of them, whose name was Umeira, felt so ardent an attachment for the vizier, that she completely forgot the distinction between men and genii, and one day, while he was following the chase, appeared in the form of a beautiful virgin, and offered him her hand, on condition that he would follow her, and never demand an account of any of her actions. The vizier thought the daughter of the genii so far exalted above all human beauty, that he lost his self-command, and consented, without reflection, to all that she proposed. Umeira then journeyed with him to the island where she lived, and married him. Within a year's time she bore a daughter, whom she called Balkis; but soon after that she left her husband, because he (as Moses had done with Alkidhr) had repeatedly inquired into her motives when unable to comprehend her actions. The vizier then returned with Balkis to his native country, and concealed himself in one of its valleys at a distance from the capital: there Balkis grew up like the fairest flower of Yemen; but she was obliged to live in greater retirement the older she became, for her father feared lest Sharahbil might hear of her, and treat her as remorselessly as he did the other maidens of Saba.

“Nevertheless, Heaven had decreed that all of his precautions should be abortive; for the king, in order to learn the condition of his empire, and the secret sentiments of his subjects, once made a journey on foot, disguised as a beggar, throughout the land. When he came to the region where the vizier lived, he heard both him and his daughter much spoken of, because no one knew who he was, nor whence he had come, nor why he lived in such obscurity. The king therefore caused his residence to be pointed out, and he reached it at the moment when the vizier and his daughter were seated at table. His first glance fell on Balkis, who was then in her fourteenth year, and beautiful like an houri of paradise, for, with the grace and loveliness of woman, she combined the transparent complexion and the majesty of the genii. But how great was his astonishment, when, fixing his eye on her father, he recognized his former vizier, who had so suddenly disappeared, and whose fate had remained unknown!

“As soon as the vizier observed that the king had recognized him, he fell down at his feet, imploring his favor, and relating all that had befallen him during his absence. Sharahbil, from love to Balkis, pardoned him, but demanded that he should resume his former functions, and at the same time presented him with a palace in the finest situation near his capital. But a few weeks had scarcely elapsed, when the vizier one morning returned with a heavily clouded brow, from the city, and said to Balkis, ‘My fears are now realized! The king has asked thy hand, and I could not refuse without endangering my life, although I would rather see thee laid in thy grave than in the arms of this tyrant.’

“‘Dismiss your fears, my father,’ replied Balkis, ‘I shall free me and my whole sex from this abandoned man. Only put on a cheerful brow, that he may not conceive any suspicion, and request of him as the only favor I demand, that our nuptials be solemnized here in privacy.’

“The king cheerfully agreed to the wish of his bride, and repaired on the following morning, accompanied by a few servants, to the vizier’s palace, where he was entertained with royal magnificence. After the repast, the vizier retired with his guests, and Balkis remained alone with the king; but on a given signal, her female slaves appeared; one of them sang, another played on the harp, a third danced before them, and a fourth presented wine in golden cups. The last was, by Balkis’s directions, especially active, so that the king, whom she urged by every art to partake of the strongest wines, soon fell back lifeless on his divan. Balkis now drew forth a dagger from beneath her robe, and plunged it so deeply into the heart of Sharahbil, that his soul rushed instantly to hell. She then called her father, and pointing to the corpse before her, said: ‘To-morrow morning, let the most influential men of the city, and also some chiefs of the army, be commanded, in the king’s name, to send him their daughters. This will produce a revolt which we shall improve to our advantage.’

“Balkis was not mistaken in her conjecture, for the men whose daughters were demanded, called their kinsmen together, and marched in the evening to the palace of the vizier, threatening to set it on fire unless the king should be delivered up to them.

“Balkis then cut off the king’s head, and flung it through the window to the assembled insurgents. Instantly there arose the loud exultations of the multitude; the city was festively illuminated, and Balkis, as protectress of her sex, was proclaimed Queen of Saba. ‘This queen,’ concluded the hoopoo, “has been reigning there since many years, in great wisdom and prudence, and justice prevails throughout her now flourishing empire. She assists at all the councils of her viziers, concealed from the gaze of men by a fine curtain, seated on a lofty throne of most

skilful workmanship, and adorned with jewels; but, like many of the rulers of that country before her, she is a worshiper of the sun."

"We shall see," said Solomon, when the hoopoo had concluded the account of his journey, "whether thou hast spoken the truth, or art to be numbered among deceivers."

He then caused a fountain to be pointed out by the hoopoo, performed his ablutions, and, when he had prayed, wrote the following lines: "From Solomon, the son of David and servant of Allah, to Balkis, queen of Saba. In the name of Allah the All-merciful and Gracious, blessed are they who follow the guidance of Fate! follow my invitation, and present thyself before me as a believer." This note he sealed with musk, stamped with his signet, and gave to the hoopoo, with the words: "Take this letter to Queen Balkis; then retire, but not so far as to preclude thee from hearing what she shall advise with her viziers respecting it."

The hoopoo, with the letter in his bill, darted away like an arrow, and arrived next day at Mareb. The queen was surrounded by all of her counselors, when he stepped into her hall of state, and dropped the letter into her lap. She started as soon as she beheld Solomon's mighty signet, opened the letter hurriedly, and, having first read it to herself, communicated its contents to her counselors, among whom were also her highest chieftains, and entreated their counsel on this important matter.

But they replied with one voice, "You may rely on our power and courage, and act according to your good pleasure and wisdom."

"Before, then, I engage in war," said Balkis, "which always entails much suffering and misfortune upon a country, I will send some presents to King Solomon, and see how he will receive my ambassadors. If he suffers himself to be bribed, he is no more than other kings who have fallen before our power; but if he reject my presents, then is he a true prophet, whose faith we must embrace."

She then dressed five hundred youths like maidens, and as many maidens like young men, and commanded the former to behave in the presence of Solomon like girls, and the latter like boys. She then had a thousand carpets prepared, wrought with gold and silver; a crown, composed of the finest pearls and hyacinths; and many loads of musk, amber, aloes, and other precious products of South Arabia. To these she added a closed casket containing an unperforated pearl, a diamond intricately pierced, and a goblet of crystal.

"As a true prophet," she wrote to him, "thou wilt no doubt be able to distinguish the youths from the maidens, to divine the contents of the closed casket, to perforate the pearl, to thread the diamond, and to fill the goblet with water that has neither dropped from the clouds nor gushed forth from the earth."

All of these presents and her letter she sent by experienced and intelligent men, to whom she said at their departure: "If Solomon meet you with pride and harshness, be not cast down, for these are indications of human weakness; but if he receive you with kindness and condescension, be on your guard, for you then have to do with a prophet."

The hoopoe heard all this, for he had kept close to the queen until the ambassadors had departed. He then flew in a direct line, without resting, to the tent of Solomon, to whom he reported what he had heard. The king then commanded the genii to produce a carpet which should cover the space of nine parasangs, and to spread it out at the steps of his throne toward the south. To the eastward, where the carpet ceased, he caused a lofty golden wall to be erected, and to the westward, one of silver. On both sides of the carpet he ranged the rarest foreign animals, and all kinds of genii and demons.

The ambassadors were greatly confused on arriving in Solomon's encampment, where a splendor and magnificence were displayed such as they had never conceived before. The first thing they did on beholding the immense carpet, which their eyes were unable to survey, was to fling away their thousand carpets which they had brought as a present for the king: The nearer they came the greater waxed their perplexity, on account of the many singular birds, and beasts, and spirits, through whose ranks they had to pass in approaching Solomon; but their hearts were relieved as soon as they stood before him, for he greeted them with kindness, and inquired with smiling lips what had brought them to him.

"We are the bearers of a letter from Queen Balkis," replied the most eloquent of the embassy, while he presented the letter.

"I know its contents," replied Solomon, "without opening it, as well as those of the casket which you have brought with you; and I shall, by the help of Allah, perforate your pearl, and cause your diamond to be threaded. But I will first of all fill your goblet with water which has not fallen from the clouds nor gushed from the earth, and distinguish the beardless youths from the virgins who accompany you." He then caused one thousand silver bowls and basins to be brought, and commanded the male and female slaves to wash themselves. The former immediately put their hands, on which the water was poured, to their faces; but the latter first emptied it into their right hands as it flowed from the bowl into their left, and then washed their faces with both their hands. Hereupon Solomon readily discovered the sexes of the slaves to the great astonishment of the ambassadors. This being done, he commanded a tall and corpulent slave to mount on a young and fiery horse, and to ride through the camp at the top of his speed, and to return instantly to him. When the slave returned with the steed to

Solomon, there poured from him whole torrents of perspiration, so that the crystal goblet was immediately filled.

"Here," said Solomon to the ambassadors, "is water which has neither come out of the earth nor from heaven." The pearl he perforated with the stone, for the knowledge of which he was indebted to Sachr and the raven; but the threading of the diamond, in whose opening there was every possible curve, puzzled him, until a demon brought him a worm, which crept through the jewel, leaving a silken thread behind. Solomon inquired of the worm how he might reward him for this great service, by which he had saved his dignity as a prophet. The worm requested that a fine fruit-tree should be appointed to him as his dwelling. Solomon gave him the mulberry-tree, which from that time affords a shelter and nourishment to the silkworm forever.

"You have seen now," said Solomon to the ambassadors, "that I have successfully passed all the trials which your queen has imposed upon me. Return to her, together with the presents destined for me, of which I do not stand in need, and tell her that if she do not accept my faith and do homage unto me, I shall invade her country with an army which no human power shall be able to resist, and drag her a wretched captive to my capital."

The ambassadors left Solomon under the fullest conviction of his might and mission, a prophet; and their report respecting all that had passed between them and the king made the same impression on Queen Balkis.

"Solomon is a mighty prophet," said she to the viziers who surrounded her, and had listened to the narrative of the ambassadors. "The best plan I can adopt is to journey to him with the leaders of my army, in order to ascertain what he demands of us." She then commanded the necessary preparations for the journey to be made; but, before her departure, she locked up her throne, which she left with the greatest reluctance, in a hall which it was impossible to reach without first stepping through six other closed halls; and all the seven halls were in the innermost of the seven closed apartments, of which the palace, guarded by her most faithful servants, consisted.

When Queen Balkis, attended by her twelve thousand captains, each of whom commanded several thousand men, had come within a parasang of Solomon's encampment, he said to his hosts: "Which of you will bring me the throne of Queen Balkis before she come to me as a believer, that I may rightfully appropriate this curious piece of art while it is yet in the possession of an infidel?"

Hereupon, a misshapen demon (who was as large as a mountain) said: "I will bring it to thee before noon, ere thou dismiss thy council. I am not wanting in power for the achievement, and thou mayest intrust me with the throne without any apprehension."

But Solomon had not so much time left, for he already perceived at a distance the clouds of dust raised by the army of Saba.

"Then," said his vizier Assaf, the son of Burahja, who, by reason of his acquaintance with the holy names of Allah, found nothing too difficult, "raise thy eyes toward heaven, and before thou shalt be able to cast them down again to the earth, the throne of the Queen of Saba shall stand here before thee."

Solomon gazed heavenward, and Assaf called Allah by his holiest name, praying that he might send him the throne of Balkis. Then, in the twinkling of an eye, the throne rolled through the bowels of the earth until it came to the throne of Solomon, and rose up through the opening ground, whereupon Solomon exclaimed, "How great is the goodness of Allah! this was assuredly intended as a trial whether I should be grateful to him or not; but whosoever acknowledgeth the goodness of Allah, does it to himself, and whosoever denieth it, does no less so. Allah has no need of human gratitude!"

After having admired the throne, he said to one of his servants: "Make some change on it, and let us see whether Balkis will recognize it again." The servants took several parts of the throne to pieces, and replaced them differently; but when Balkis was asked whether her throne was like it, she replied: "It seems as if it were the same."

This and other replies of the queen convinced Solomon of her superior understanding, for she had undoubtedly recognized her throne; but her answer was so equivocal that it did not sound either reproachful or suspicious. But, before he would enter into more intimate relations with her, he desired to clear up a certain point respecting her, and to see whether she actually had cloven feet, as several of his demons would have him to believe, or whether they had invented the defect only from fear lest he might marry her and beget children, who, as descendants of the genii, would be even more mighty than himself. He therefore caused her to be conducted through a hall whose floor was of crystal, and under which water, tenanted by every variety of fish, was flowing. Balkis, who had never seen a crystal floor, supposed that there was water to be passed through, and therefore raised her robe slightly, when the king discovered to his great joy, a beautifully-shaped female foot. When his eye was satisfied, he called to her: "Come hither! there is no water here, but only a crystal floor; and confess thyself to faith in the one only God." Balkis approached the throne, which stood at the end of the hall, and in Solomon's presence abjured the worship of the sun.

Solomon then married Balkis, but reinstated her as Queen of Saba, and spent three days in every month with her.

On one of his progresses from Jerusalem to Mareb, he passed through a valley inhabited by apes, which, however, dressed and lived

like men, and had more comfortable dwellings than other apes, and even bore all kinds of weapons. He descended from his flying carpet, and marched into the valley with a few of his troops. The apes hurried together to drive him back, but one of their elders stepped forward and said: "Let us rather seek safety in submission, for our foe is a holy prophet." Three apes were immediately chosen as ambassadors to negotiate with Solomon. He received them kindly, and inquired to which class of apes they belonged, and how it came to pass that they were so skilled in all human arts. The ambassadors replied: "Be not astonished at us, for we are descended from men, and are the remnant of a Jewish community, which, notwithstanding all admonition, continued to desecrate the Sabbath, until Allah cursed them, and turned them into apes." Solomon was moved to compassion; and, to protect them from all further animosity on the part of man, gave to them a parchment, in which he secured to them forever the undisturbed possession of this valley.

[At the time of the Caliph Omar, there came a division of troops into this valley; but when they would have raised their tents to occupy it, there came an aged ape, with a scroll of parchment in his hands, and presented it to the leader of the soldiers. Yet, as no one was able to read it, they sent it to Omar at Medina, to whom it was explained by a Jew, who had been converted to Islam. He sent it back forthwith, and commanded the troops to evacuate the valley.]

Meanwhile, Balkis soon found a dangerous rival in Djarada, the daughter of King Nubara, who governed one of the finest islands in the Indian Ocean. This king was a fearful tyrant, and forced all of his subjects to worship him as a god.

As soon as Solomon heard of it, he marched against him with as many troops as his largest carpet could contain, conquered the island, and slew the king with his own hand. When he was on the point of leaving the palace of Nubara, there stepped before him a virgin who far surpassed in beauty and grace the whole harem of Solomon, not even the Queen of Saba excepted. He commanded her to be led to him, and, threatening her with death, forced her to accept his faith and his hand.

But Djarada saw in Solomon only the murderer of her father, and replied to his caresses with sighs and tears. Solomon hoped that time would heal her wounds, and reconcile her to her fate; but when, at the expiration of a whole year, her heart still remained closed against love and joy, he overwhelmed her with reproaches, and inquired how he might assuage her grief.

"As it is not within thy power," replied Djarada, "to recall my father to life, send a few genii to my home; let them bring his statue, and place it in my chamber; perhaps the very sight of his image will procure me some consolation."

Solomon was weak enough to comply with her request, and to defile his palace with the image of a man who had deified himself, and to whom even Djarada secretly paid divine honors. This idol worship had lasted forty days, when Assaf was informed of it. He therefore mounted the rostrum, and, before the whole assembled people, pronounced a discourse in which he described the pure and God-devoted life of all the prophets, from Adam until David. In passing to Solomon, he praised the wisdom and piety of the first years of his reign, but regretted that his later courses showed less of the true fear of God.

As soon as Solomon had learned the contents of this discourse, he summoned Assaf, and inquired of him whereby he had deserved to be thus censured before the whole people.

Assaf replied, "Thou hast permitted thy passion to blind thee, and suffered idolatry in thy palace."

Solomon hastened to the apartments of Djarada, whom he found prostrate in prayer before the image of her father, and exclaiming: "We belong unto Allah, and shall one day return to Him!" he shattered the idol to pieces, and punished the princess. He then put on new robes, which none but pure virgins had touched, strewed ashes on his head, went into the desert, and implored Allah for forgiveness.

Allah pardoned his sin; but he was to atone for it during forty days. On returning home in the evening, he gave his signet into the keeping of one of his wives. Sachr assumed his form, and obtained from her the ring. Soon after, Solomon himself claimed it; but he was laughed at and derided, for the light of prophecy had departed from him, so that no one recognized him as king, and he was driven from his palace as a deceiver and impostor. He now wandered up and down the country, and wherever he gave his name he was mocked as a madman, and shamefully entreated. In this manner he lived nine-and-thirty days, sometimes begging, sometimes living on herbs. On the fortieth day he entered into the service of a fisherman, who promised him as his daily wages two fishes, one of which he hoped to exchange for bread. But on that day the power of Sachr came to an end; for this wicked spirit had, notwithstanding his external resemblance to Solomon, and his possession of the signet ring, by which he had obtained power over spirits, men, and animals, excited suspicion by his ungodly deportment, and his senseless and unlawful ordinances,

The elders of Israel came daily to Assaf, preferring new charges against the king; but Assaf constantly found the doors of the palace closed against him.

But when, finally, on the fortieth day, even the wives of Solomon came and complained that the king no longer observed any of the prescribed rules of purification, Assaf, accompanied by some doctors of the

law, who were reading aloud in the Thora, forced his way, spite of the gate-keepers and sentinels, who would have hindered him, into the hall of state, where Sachr sojourned. No sooner did he hear the word of God, which had been revealed to Moses,* than he shrunk back into his native form, and flew in haste to the shore of the sea, where the signet ring dropped from him.

By the providence of the Lord of the universe, the ring was caught up and swallowed by a fish, which was soon afterward driven into the net of the fisherman whom Solomon served. Solomon received this fish as the wages of his labor, and when he ate it in the evening he found his ring.

He then commanded the winds to take him back to Jerusalem, where he assembled around him all the chiefs of men, birds, beasts, and spirits, and related to them all that had befallen him during the last forty days, and how Allah had, in a miraculous manner, restored the ring which Sachr had wilily usurped. He then caused Sachr to be pursued, and forced him into a copper flask, which he sealed with his signet, and flung between two rocks into the Sea of Tiberias, where he must remain until the day of the resurrection.

The government of Solomon, which after this occurrence lasted ten years, was not clouded again by misfortune. Djarada, the cause of his calamity, he never desired to see again, although she was now truly converted. But Queen Balkis he visited regularly every month until the day of her death. When she died, he caused her remains to be taken to the city of Tadmor, which she had founded, and buried her there. But her grave remained unknown until the reign of Caliph Walid, when, in consequence of long-continued rains, the walls of Tadmor fell in, and a stone coffin was discovered sixty cubits long and forty wide, bearing this inscription:—

“Here is the grave of the pious Balkis, the Queen of Saba and consort of the Prophet Solomon, the son of David. She was converted to the true faith in the thirteenth year of Solomon’s accession to the throne, married him in the fourteenth, and died on Monday, the second day of Rabi-Awwal, in the three-and-twentieth year of his reign.”

The son of the caliph caused the lid of the coffin to be raised, and discovered a female form, which was as fresh and well preserved as if it had but just been buried. He immediately made a report of it to his

* There is an allusion here to the peculiar ideas which both Mohammedans and Jews attach to the recitation of scriptural or imagined sacred words and sentences. They believe their simple reading or repetition valuable; as being meritorious before God, independent of any reaction which it may produce on their heart and understanding; and because every letter is supposed to possess a (cabalistic) charm acting with resistless power upon spirits, and even upon the Lord himself.

father, inquiring what should be done with the coffin. Walid commanded that it should be left in the place where it was found, and be so built up with marble stones that it should never be desecrated again by human hands. This command was obeyed; and, notwithstanding the many devastations and changes which the city of Tadmor and her walls have suffered, no traces have been found of the tomb of Queen Balkis.

A few months after the death of the Queen of Saba, the Angel of Death appeared unto Solomon with six faces: one to the right, and one to the left; one in front, and one behind; one above his head, and one below it. The king, who had never seen him in this form, was startled, and inquired what this sixfold visage signified.

"With the face to the right," replied the Angel of Death, "I fetch the souls from the east; with that to the left, the souls from the west; with that above, the souls of the inhabitants of heaven; with that below, the demons from the depths of the earth; with that behind, the souls of the people of Jadjudj and Madjudj (Gog and Magog); but with that in front, those of the Faithful, to whom also thy soul belongs."

"Must, then, even the angels die?"

"All that lives becomes the prey of death as soon as Israfil shall have blown the trumpet the second time. Then I shall put to death even Gabriel and Michael, and immediately after that must myself die, at the command of Allah. Then God alone remains, and exclaims, 'Whose is the world?' but there shall not a living creature be left to answer him! And forty years must elapse, when Israfil shall be recalled to life, that he may blow his trumpet a third time, to wake all the dead."

"And who among men shall first rise from the grave?"

"Mohammed, the prophet, who shall in later times spring from the descendants of Ismael.

"Israfil himself and Gabriel, together with other angels, shall come to his grave at Medina, and cry: 'Thou purest and noblest of souls! return again to thy immaculate body, and revive it again.' Then shall he rise from his grave, and shake the dust from his head. Gabriel greets him, and points to the winged Borak, who stands prepared for him, and to a standard and a crown which Allah sends him from paradise. The angel then says to him: 'Come to thy Lord, and mine, thou elect among all creatures! The gardens of Eden are festively adorned for thee; the houris await thee with impatience.' He then lifts him upon Borak, places the heavenly standard in his hand, and the crown upon his head, and leads him into paradise. Thereupon the rest of mankind shall be called to life. They shall all be brought to Palestine, where the great tribunal shall be held, and where no other intercession than that of Mohammed is accepted. That will be a fearful day, when every one shall

think only of himself. Adam will cry: 'O Lord, save my soul only! I care not for Eve, nor for Abel.' Noah will exclaim: 'O Lord, preserve me from hell, and do with Ham and Shem as thou pleasest!' Abraham shall say: 'I pray neither for Ismael nor Isaac, but for my own safety only.' Even Moses shall forget his brother Aaron. None but Mohammed shall implore the mercy of God for all the faithful of his people. They that are risen will then be conducted over the bridge Sirat, which is composed of seven bridges, each of which is three thousand years long. This bridge is as sharp as a sword and as fine as a hair. One-third of it is an ascent, one-third is even, and one-third is a descent. He alone who passes all these bridges with success can be admitted into paradise. The unbelievers fall into hell from the first bridge; the prayerless, from the second; the uncharitable, from the third; whoever has eaten in Ramadhan, from the fourth; whoever has neglected the pilgrimage, from the fifth; whoever hath not commended the good, from the sixth; and whoso hath not prevented evil, from the seventh."

"When shall the resurrection be?"

"That is known only to Allah; but assuredly not before the advent of Mohammed, the last of all prophets. The sun shall rise in the west, and many other signs and wonders shall precede."

"Suffer me to live until the completion of my temple, for at my death the genii and demons will cease their labor."

"Thy hourglass has run out, and it is not in my power to prolong thy life another second."

"Then follow me to my crystal hall!"

The Angel of Death accompanied Solomon unto the hall, whose walls were entirely of crystal. There Solomon prayed; and, leaning upon his staff, requested the angel to take his soul in that position. The angel consented; and his death was thus concealed from the demons a whole year, till the temple was finished. It was not until the staff, when destroyed by worms, broke down with him, that his death was observed by the spirits, who, in order to revenge themselves, concealed all kinds of magical books under his throne, so that many believers thought Solomon had been a sorcerer. But he was a pure and divine prophet, as it is written in the Koran: "Solomon was no infidel, but the demons were unbelievers, and taught all manner of sorceries." When the king was lying on the ground, the angels carried him, together with his signet ring, to a cave, where they shall guard him until the day of resurrection.

PART IV—LEGENDS

THE RAMAYANA

By EPIPHANIUS WILSON

THE "Ramayana" is the greatest and most important of Indian epics. As an epic poem is taken up with a single personage and a single action, so the "Ramayana" is the tale of Rama, his banishment and his return. It is remarkable to find in this voluminous work a reflection of almost every feature which distinguishes later epics of Aryan affinity. Almost all the great topics of poetic interest, religious and secular, seem to be treated in it. It is the Indian Odyssey, for it paints the vicissitudes of a princely life in exile; it is also the Iliad, for its subject is a war of invasion, carried on for the purpose of restoring a wife to her husband. It is the Indian Paradise Lost; good and evil, God and Satan, Vishnu and Ravana, are at issue in it, and Evil is for a while triumphant in destroying human life. It is the Paradise Regained, for Ravana is finally crushed through the instrumentality of an incarnate Deity.

All the passions and emotions proper to the epic find a vivid representation in the "Ramayana." The epic differs from the drama in that it influences through pity only, and not through pity and fear. The end of the epic is hope, or triumph, while the end of the play may sometimes be death and despair. It is only later editions of the "Ramayana" that add one bitter element to the glorious return of Rama; *i. e.*, the discordant episode of Sita's expulsion from her place in his kingdom and affections; and this, perhaps, may be looked upon as an artistic expedient, by which full play is given to the emotion of pathos, so proper to epics, while at the same time the true motive of the work, the destruction of Ravana, is emphasized.

The "Ramayana" is of very uncertain date. Sir Monier Williams thinks that it reached its last form about 300 B.C., and that it was begun some two hundred years earlier. Some additions, according to the opinion of this eminent orientalist, were made in the early Christian era. Certain scholars assign the whole poem to our era, and deem it a work which evidences the influence of Greek literature upon Indian writers. But this seems to me an idle supposition, for the Greek makes form the first requisite in works of art, and, as we shall see, there is no trace of Hellenism in the shapeless and chaotic composition of the "Ramayana." In respect to form, Indian and Greek ideals are irreconcilable, and when we read the epic of Rama, condensed into English by Romesh Dutt, C. I.

E., as published in the "Temple Classics," we may admire the *tour de force* by which twenty-four thousand couplets have been reduced to ten thousand; we may admit that the work has been cut down to Greek proportions, but we must regret the destructive character of such an undertaking. Mr. Romesh Dutt seems scarcely to understand the genius of his ancestors, and while his work has some claims as an English poem, it is not an Indian epic any more than a railway station designed by a modern pupil of Vitruvius is Greek architecture. The Alhambra cannot be comprised in a single chamber, nor the banyan-tree limited to a single trunk, no, nor to half a dozen trunks. So the "Ramayana," to be known as it is, must be read as it was written, with all its episodes, its repetitions, its prolixity, its digressions, its long drawn narrative and description. The Indian Muse wraps herself in trailing robes of many colored embroidery, and moves slowly, or sits calmly, in the midst of marble halls filled with flowers and perfumes. The Ionian Muse is swift and agile as Atalanta; she girds her loins, and her raiment falls about her in close harmonious folds, while she moves in the dance, or marches in the procession to Apollo's Temple.

The charm of the "Ramayana" will, however, grow upon the reader, for reiteration may often quicken flagging attention, and gorgeous exaggeration, in which detail is piled upon detail in endless profusion, may waken fancy and fill the imagination with the color, life, and movement, which belong to the landscape or the pageant of the East.

The author of the poem is supposed to be Valmiki, Saint and Bard. As Homer is said to have inserted a portrait of himself in the Demodocus of the "Odyssey," so Valmiki appears in the closing cantos of the "Ramayana," as the recluse who shelters banished Sita in his hermitage. Here two sons, Lava and Kusa, are born to her, and Valmiki becomes their guardian and instructor. This is all we know of the Indian epic writer, whose personality is at least as faint and shadowy as that of Homer.

The wearisome length of the "Ramayana," if it be wearisome, may in part be attributed to ignorance or wilful violation of the two fundamental principles of epic art as the Greeks knew it. It was Hesiod who taught the value of mere suggestive outline in literature, and who impressed upon his countrymen the literary advantages of allusion — "The half is more than the whole," he said. The other rule was that an epic poem should never start from the beginning of the action. The poet should dash at once, as Horace says, *in mediis res*, into the middle of the action. The beginning should be related by one of the characters in the poem. Thus the "Iliad" starts at Troy, but by allusion and otherwise tells the whole story of Paris, Helen, and Menelaus. The "Æneid," which is an account of the flight of Æneas from Troy to Italy,

opens in the middle of the voyage, and finds the hero at Carthage, where he relates to Dido all the previous incidents in his adventures.

The Indian poet, in the epic of Rama, begins before the birth of Rama, narrates his birth, all the incidents relating to it, and accompanies him step by step through all the vicissitudes of his after life up to the end of it, when he enters heaven. Thus the action of a Greek epic lasts for many days. The Indian bard proceeding chronologically through the whole career of his hero produces a poem whose action is lifelong, to be counted by years or decades. Allusion is very little employed in the poem, for at a hint or a memory, the writer, or the transcriber, mounts his Pegasus and dashes off from the direct course of the narrative and recounts in detail a great deal that Homer would have dismissed with a phrase or an epithet.

The tediousness of the poem was admitted by the Hindoos themselves: to listen to its recital was considered an act of penance, and when Damodura, second of the name among the kings of Kashmir, was cursed by certain Brahmans, whose anger he had incurred, it was stipulated that the effect of the malediction should cease on the day on which the monarch should hear the "Ramayana" recited from end to end. The poem consists of seven books, each of which is divided into cantos. The books are of very unequal length, and the cantos sometimes so digressive in character and subject as to break the continuity of the tale. The action closes with the sixth book, but the last book, which is called *Uttera Kanda*, is, as the Sanskrit title implies, a sort of appendix, containing stories and legends and traditions relating to the sons of Dasaratha and their successors.

The "Ramayana," like the early epics of Greece, was not at first committed to writing, but was recited from memory by certain professional minstrels or rhapsodists. The first of these rhapsodists were Kusa and Lava, the sons of Rama. These youths were brought up in the forest by Valmiki, who is credited with the original authorship of the poem. Valmiki is an important figure in the dim past of early Indian literature; he was styled Trikalajna, "knower of the three times," for like Calchas he knew the past, the present, and the future; he was the son of Varana, Ruler of Waters, and was a Brahman who yet despised the restriction of caste.

Valmiki speaks as follows, concerning his instruction of the sons of Rama and Sita:—

"The twins he saw, that princely pair,
Sweet-voiced, who dwelt beside him there;
None for the task could be more fit,
For skilled were they in Holy Writ;
And so the great Ramayan, fraught
With love divine, to these he taught;

The lay whose verses sweet and clear
 Take with delight the listening ear,
That tell of Sita's noble life,
And Ravan's fall in battle strife."

These subjects are to be the theme of the rhapsodists in every quarter,—

"Recite ye this heroic song
 In tranquil shades, where sages throng;
 Recite it where the good resort,
 In lowly home and royal court."

The great epic transports the reader back to the golden age of Indian civilization; to the time when, in the valley of the Ganges, flourished a thousand years before Christ the two great kingdoms of the Rosalas and the Videhas. These two realms were probably co-terminous with the provinces which on modern maps are given the names of Oude and Behar. Those vast and fruitful plains, fertilized by a hundred streams, were fit seat for a poet, whose father was the "Ruler of Waters."

The king of Rosalas at the time the poem opens was Dasaratha, and his capital was Ayodhya—the modern Oude. King Dasaratha was a saint and a hero; his city, founded by Manu, a mythical eponymous hero, first king of the Rosalas, was as vast as it was ancient.

"There, famous in her old renown,
 Ayodhya stands, the royal town,
 In bygone ages built and planned
 By sainted Manu's princely hand.
 Imperial seat! her walls extend
 Twelve measured leagues from end to end."

The Rosalas were people who still retained their primeval innocence:—

"There dwelt a just and happy race
 With troops of children blest;
 Each man contented sought no more,
 Nor longed with envy for the store
 By richer friends possessed."

Poverty was unknown; there were neither beggars, liars, perjurers, nor adulterers to be found in Ayodhya. All were devoted to religion.

"In many a Scripture each was versed,
 And each the flame of worship nursed,
 And gave with lavish hand;
 Each paid to heaven the offerings due."

There were two things, however, which disturbed the felicity of Rosalas. In the first place the king was childless. In addition to this,

Ravana, a mighty giant, the impersonation of evil and malignity, afflicted the earth by his violence and cruelty. At length a solemn horse sacrifice is appointed by Dasaratha, to propitiate the gods and win from them the wished-for son. To this sacrifice all the gods throng, Brahma, Sthanu, Narayan, and Indra with his retinue of Maruts, or storm gods. Here a single expedient is resolved upon by which royal children may be given to the land, and Ravana be doomed to destruction.

This expedient is suggested by Vishnu, who announces his intention of descending to earth as Dasaratha's son.

"Then Vishnu, God of Gods, the Lord
Supreme, by all the worlds adored,
To Brahma, and his suppliants spake:
'Dismiss your fear: for your dear sake
In battle will I smite him dead,
The cruel fiend, the Immortal's dread.
And Lords and Ministers and all
His kith and kin with him shall fall.
Then, in the world of mortal men
Ten thousand years and hundreds ten
I, as a human King will reign,
And guard the earth as my domain.'"

In fulfillment of this resolve the incarnation of Vishnu takes place, and as Rama he is born to Kausalya, Dasaratha's consort.

"Kausalya bore an infant blest
With heavenly marks of grace impressed;
Rama, the universe's Lord,
A prince by all the worlds adored."

Rama, god and man, has three brothers, who play an important part in his adventures; these were born of other wives of the king. While Rama means Delight of the World, his brother's names are also significant: Bharata is Supporter; Lakshman, the Auspicious; Satrugna, the Slayer of Foes.

An early opportunity is given Rama to show his supernatural power. Dasaratha had just decided that a wife must be found for his firstborn, when the hermit Visvamitra comes from his hermitage, with a bold petition:—

"Give me thy son, thine eldest born,
Whom locks like raven's wings adorn.
For he can lay those demons low
Who mar my rites, and work my woe."

Dasaratha demurs; but at last consents, and the hermit and the prince depart for the forest and reach the Perfect Hermitage. A beautiful

description is given of the placid life of the devotees, and the day closes with a scene which, for its religious tranquillity and idyllic charm, might have been described by the pen of Basil or Jerome.

“The evening prayers were duly said,
With voices calm and low;
Then on the ground each laid his head,
And slept till morning’s glow.”

The demon who harassed these hermits was a formidable witch, Tadaka, stronger than a thousand elephants, and Protean in her power of transformation; but she yielded to Rama, and the grove is finally cleared of all supernatural pests. She is a typical example of many monsters whom Rama encounters and vanquishes before his final triumph over Ravana.

The hermit gratefully addresses the victorious prince:—

“My joy, O Prince, is now complete:
Thou hast obeyed my will:
Perfect before, this calm retreat
Is now more perfect still.”

With these grateful words ringing in his ears, Rama leaves the Perfect Hermitage for the city of Mithila, the capital of King Janaka, ruler of the Videhas:—

“Farewell, each holy rite complete,
I leave the Hermit’s Perfect Seat.
To Ganga’s northern shore I go
Beneath Himalaya’s peaks of snow.”

At the court of King Janaka he hears the story of Sita, Janaka’s beautiful daughter, and the condition on which her father promises to give her in marriage:—

“Once, as it chanced, I plowed the ground
When sudden, ’neath the share was found
An infant springing from the earth,
Named Sita* from her secret birth.
In strength and grace the maiden grew,
My cherished daughter fair to view.
I vowed her of no mortal birth,
Meet prize for noblest hero’s worth.
In strength and grace the maiden grew,
And many a monarch came to woo.
To all the princely suitors I
Gave, mighty Saint, the same reply:
‘I give not thus my daughter, she
Prize of heroic worth shall be.’

* A furrow.

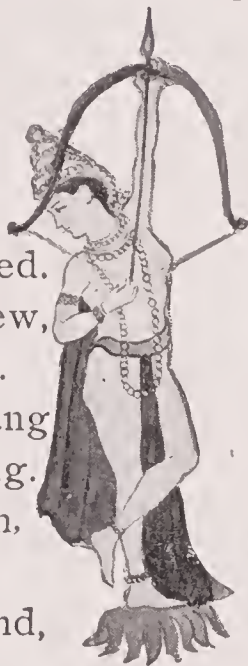
To all who came with hearts aglow
 I offered Sita's mighty bow;
 Not one of all the royal band
 Could raise or take the bow in hand."

The bow is brought in, and Rama is invited to string it:—

"Five thousand youths in number, all
 Of manly strength, and stature tall,
 The ponderous eight-wheeled chest that held
 The heavenly bow, with toil propelled."

The bow is strung, and broken by the superhuman strength of Rama, Raghu's son, or descendant.

"Then Raghu's son, as if in sport,
 Before the thousands of the court,
 The weapon by the middle raised
 That all the crowd in wonder gazed.
 With steady arm the string he drew,
 And burst the mighty bow in two.
 As snapped the bow, an awful clang
 Loud as the shriek of tempest rang.
 The earth, affrighted, shook amain,
 As when a hill is rent in twain.
 Then, senseless at the fearful sound,
 The people fell upon the ground."



When Dasaratha hears that his wish as to the union of his son and Sita is to be realized, he performs a great religious rite to the memory of his ancestors, and makes a present of cows to the Brahmans.

"Each had her horns adorned with gold;
 And duly was the number told,
 Four hundred thousand, perfect tale,
 Each brought a calf, each filled a pail."

The wedding takes place after this amid circumstances of great splendor, and King Janaka solemnly gives his daughter to Prince Rama with the following words:—

"Here Sita stands, my daughter fair,
 The duties of thy life to share.
 Take from her father, take thy bride,
 Join hand to hand, and bliss betide!
 A faithful wife most blest is she,
 And as thy shade will follow thee."

Rama's cup of happiness is filled to the brim by his appointment as regent to share his father's throne.

But it is from his appointment as regent that his troubles begin. Kaikeyi, the mother of Bharata, is a woman who has great influence with her husband, Dasaratha, and while at first she rejoiced at Rama's elevation she is in the end stirred by her nurse, Manthara, the hunchback, to oppose it.

"Manthara, her eyeballs red
With fury, skilled with treacherous art
To grieve yet move her lady's heart
From Rama, in her wicked hate
Kaikeyi's love to alienate,
Upon her evil purpose bent
Began again most eloquent:
'Peril awaits thee swift and sure,
And utter woe defying cure;
King Dasaratha will create
Prince Rama heir associate.'"

She goes on to tell the queen that this will result in the neglect of Bharata's claim to any share in the royal power.

"First Rama will thy throne acquire,
Then Rama's son succeed his sire;
While Bharata will neglected pine,
Excluded from the royal line.
O, Queen, thy darling is undone,
When Rama's hand has once begun
Ayodha's realm to sway;
Come, win the kingdom for thy child
And drive the alien to the wild
In banishment to-day."

Kaikeyi is thus moved to make an appeal to the king on behalf of her son Bharata; she reminds Dasaratha of her services to him, and the promises he made to her:—

"Remember, King, that long-past day
Of gods' and demons' battle fray,
And how thy foe in doubtful strife
Had nigh bereft thee of thy life.
Remember, it was only I
Preserved thee, when about to die."

She goes on to claim a fulfilment of the promise then made to her:—

"Those offered boons, pledged with thee then,
I now demand, O King of men;
If thou refuse thy promise sworn,
I die, despised, before the morn,

These rites, in Rama's name begun,
 Transfer them, and enthrone my son.
 Then forth to Dandak's forest drive
 Thy Rama for nine years and five,
 And let him dwell a hermit there,
 With deerskin coat and matted hair."

The king expostulates, implores, and ends by vituperating her; but she is obdurate:—

"O Monarch, if thy soul repent
 Thy promise and thy free consent,
 How wilt thou in the world maintain
 Thy fame for truth unsmirched with stain?"

The King at length is induced to order Rama's banishment, and the enthronement of Bharata.

Queen Kausalya laments over the sentence and says:—

"How shall I pass, in dark distress,
 My long, lone days of wretchedness
 Without my Rama's face, as bright
 As the full moon to cheer my sight?"

Lakshman, another of the royal princes, is enraged at the submissiveness of Rama:—

"Thy rash resolve, thy eager haste,
 Thy mighty fear, are all misplaced.
 No room is here for duty's claim,
 No cause to dread the people's blame.
 Wilt thou, when power and might are thine,
 Submit to this abhorred design?
 Thy father's impious hest fulfill,
 That vassal of Kaikeyi's will?"

But Rama expresses full submission to his father's decree:—

"‘The order of my sire,’ he cried,
 ‘My will shall ne’er oppose:
 I follow still, whate’er betide,
 The path which duty shows.’”

Then Sita states her resolve to follow her husband into the wilderness. Nothing could be more touching than her language:—

"My Lord, the mother, sire, and son
 Receive their lots by merit won;
 The brother and the daughter find
 The portion to their deeds assigned.
 The wife alone, whate’er await,
 Must share on earth her husband's fate.

So now the King's command, that sends
 Thee to the wild, to me extend.
 If, Raghu's son, thy steps are led
 Where Dandak's pathless wilds are spread,
 My feet before thine own shall pass,
 Through tangled thorn and matted grass.

* * * * *

I'll seek with thee the woodland dell
 And pathless wild where no man dwell,
 Where tribes of sylvan creatures roam,
 And many a tiger makes his home.
 My life shall pass as pleasant there
 As in my father's palace fair.
 The world shall wake no care in me,
 My only care be truth to thee.
 Thy heart shall ne'er by me be grieved,
 Do not my prayer deny;
 Take me, dear Lord; of thee bereaved
 Thy Sita swears to die."

He remonstrates with her, repeating again and again the burden,—
 "The wood, my love, is full of woes." Danger, want, and laborious ascet-
 icism, he says, are the lot of the forest dwellers. The hermit has to be
 strict in religious ceremonies.

"Obedient to the law he knows;
 The wood, my love, is full of woes.
 To grace the altar must be brought
 The gift of flowers his hands have sought,
 The debt each pious hermit owes,
 The wood, my love, is full of woes.
 The devotee must be content
 To live, severely abstinent,
 On what the chance of fortune shows,
 The wood, my love, is full of woes.
 Hunger afflicts him evermore;
 The nights are black, the wild winds roar,
 And there are dangers worse than those;
 The wood, my love, is full of woes."

Snakes and wild beasts add to the horrors of the forest:

The royal pair set out for the wilderness attended by the inhabitants
 of Ayodhya, in tears and lamentations. But Rama eludes the multi-
 tudes who had resolved to share the hardships of his exile. He and
 Sita, with the faithful Lakshman, reach the forest alone.

In the meantime King Dasaratha expires from grief and shame, con-
 fessing on his deathbed that he is justly punished by the loss of his son

for having slain, by misadventure, many years before, the only son of a blind hermit.

The scenery of Dandaka, is much dwelt upon in the second and third book. The panorama of the Indian forest is unfolded by the poet in glowing language; never is there such landscape painting to be found in any other poet of Aryan affinities before the Christian era; Homer and Virgil never analyzed the external phases of inanimate nature. The placid life of the hermit, the beauty of holy retirement in the bamboo cell by the blue rushing stream, are tenderly depicted.

“When Rama, valiant hero, stood
In the vast shade of Dandak wood,
His eyes on every side he bent
And saw a hermit settlement,
Where coats of bark were hung around,
And holy grass bestrewed the ground.
Bright with Brahmanic luster glowed
That circle where the saints abode;
Like the hot sun in heaven it shone,
Too dazzling to be looked upon.
Wild creatures found a refuge where
The court, well-swept, was bright and fair,
And countless birds and roe-deer made
Their dwelling in the friendly shade.”

At last they reach the mountain Chitrakuta, a green hill, which ever since has been the Mecca, the holy place, to large numbers of Hindoos who believe in the incarnation of Vishnu. Pilgrims by thousands visit this spot annually, for the whole neighborhood is Rama's country. Here it was that

“By the river's side they found
A pleasant spot of level ground,
Where all was smooth and fair, around
Their lodging for the night.”

Next morning Rama points out the beauty of the spot to Sita:

“Look round thee, dear; each flowery tree
Touched with the fire of morning see:
The Kinsuk* now the frosts are fled,—
How glorious with his wreaths of red!
The Bel-trees† see, so loved of men,
Hanging their boughs in every glen,
O'erburthened with their fruit and flowers;

* * * * *

* The Dhak-tree, whose blossoms are bright crimson.

† The Bengal quince.

See, Lakshman, in the leafy trees,
 Where'er they make their home,
 Down hangs the work of laboring bees,
 The ponderous honey-comb.
 In the fair wood before us spread
 The startled wild-cock cries,
 And where the flowers are soft to tread
 The peacock's voice replies.
 Where elephants are roaming free,
 And sweet-birds' songs are loud,
 The glorious Chitrakuta see;
 His peaks are in the cloud.
 On fair smooth ground he stands displayed,
 Begirt by many a tree:
 O brother, in that holy shade,
 How happy shall we be!"

Much of the great theme of the poem, expressed in what we may call the phrase of argument, is connected with the wood of Dandaka. The phrase of argument in the "Ramayana," like that of the Iliad and Odyssey in Homer's "Achilles's Wrath" and "The Man of Many Wiles and Wanderings"; that of the Æneid in Virgil's "Arms and the Man," and that of Paradise Lost in Milton's "Man's First Disobedience." is thus set forth by Valmiki, as giving the main fable of the poem.

"Sita's noble life
 And Ravana's fall in the battle strife."

Sita's noble life is shown in her devotion to her husband, in her sufferings, in which she exhibited courage and patience, and finally, in her endurance of the ordeal of fire, which attested her fidelity to her husband after being carried off by Ravana. The scene of her noble life is the forest of Dandaka. It is in this forest that Ravana first meets with and molests the wanderers. This foe of Rama, Sita and the hermits, is described by the suppliants of Brahma as follows:—

"Ravana, who rules the giant race,
 Torments us in his senseless pride,
 And *penance-loving saints* beside.
 For thou, well pleased in days of old,
 Gavest the boon that makes him bold,
 That god nor demon ne'er should kill
 His charmed life, for so thy will.
 We, honoring that high behest,
 Bear all his rage, though sore distress.
 That lord of giants fierce and fell
 Scourges the earth and heaven and hell.

Mad with thy boon, his impious rage
 Smites saint and bard and god and sage.
 The sun himself withholds his glow,
 The wind in fear forbears to blow,
 The fire restrains his wonted heat,
 Where stand the dread Ravana's feet,
 And, necklaced with the wandering wave,
 The sea before him fears to rave;
 Kuvera's self in sad defeat
 Is driven from his blissful seat;
 We see, we feel the giant's might,
 And woe comes o'er us and affright.
 To thee, O Lord, thy suppliants pray,
 To find some cure this plague to stay."

We seem to find an echo of Christian theology in the statement that it required the *avatar*, or descent on earth of an incarnate deity, to crush this monstrous author of evil. Monster, indeed, Ravana is, as the poet describes him. He had won his immunity from death at the hands of god or demon, by standing upon his head in the midst of fire for ten thousand years. He was, moreover, granted for this penance nine additional heads and eighteen arms and hands. He thus became the most formidable of giants.

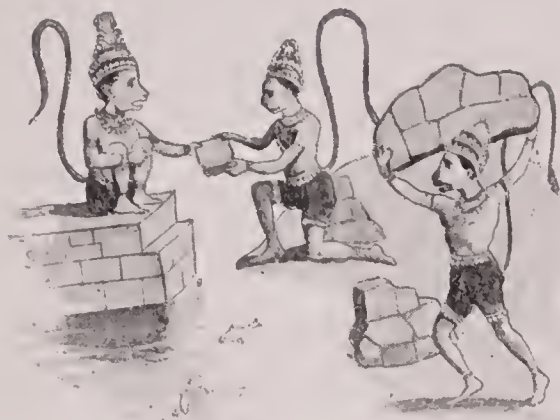
The encounter of Ravana and Rama comes as a consequence of the rape of Sita. Disguising himself as a hermit, and having sent a golden deer to lure Rama and Lakshman in pursuit of it, Ravana carries off Sita in their absence.

"Vain her threat and soft entreaty,
 Ravan held her in his wrath,
 By his left hand tremor-shaken,
 Ravan held her streaming hair,
 By his right the ruthless Raksha.*
 Lifted up the fainting fair!
 Unseen dwellers of the woodland
 Watched the dismal deed of shame;
 Marked the mighty-armed Raksha
 Lift the poor and helpless dame;
 Seat her on his car celestial,
 Yoked with asses winged with speed,
 Golden in its shape and radiance,
 Fleet as Indra's heavenly steed.
 Angry threat and sweet entreaty
 Ravan to her ear addressed,
 As the struggling, fainting woman
 Still he held upon his breast.



* Ravan was the most powerful of the Rakshas, or demon giants.

Vain his threat, and vain entreaty,
 'Rama! Rama!' still she cried,
 To the dark and distant forest,
 Where her noble lord had hied."



Sita is carried off to the seat of Ravana's kingdom, Lanka, the modern Ceylon, and to this island Rama pursues him. The poet represents the invader as leading an army of Vanars against Lanka. The Vanars are monkeys; but by monkeys, according to Sir Monier Williams, are meant the semi-civilized aborigines of the Nilgiri Hills, where Rama raised his forces. The hero is supplied by Indra "the Thunderer," the destroyer of evil, with celestial arms and chariots.

"'Speed, Matali,' thus spake Indra,
 'Speed thee well thy heavenly car;
 Where on foot the righteous Rama
 Meets his mounted foe in war.
 Speed, for Ravana's days are ended,
 And his moments brief and few:
 Rama strives for right and virtue,
 God assists the brave and true.'"



Lanka is entered by a bridge, specially sacred to Rama, the remains of which are still fondly pointed out in the rocky islets of the gulf of Manar. In Lanka, Rama and Ravana at last met. The struggle was severe; Ravana seemed invincible.

"In air, on earth, on plain, on hill,
 With awful might he struggled still;
 And thro' the hours of night and day,
 The conflict knew no pause or stay."

But Rama had received a charmed arrow among Indra's celestial weapons, the gift of the chief of the gods, Brahma, to Indra; and with this arrow Rama decided the conflict. It was, —

"An arrow like a snake that hissed,
 Whose fiery flight had never missed."

This bolt he discharged at Ravana: —

"And swift the limb-dividing dart
 Pierced the huge chest and cleft the heart;
 And dead he fell upon the plain,
 Like Vitra* by the thunderer slain.

* The demon of evil slain by Indra, "the thunderer."

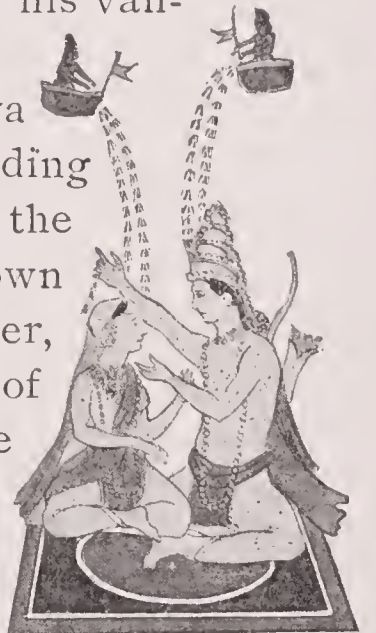
The Rakshas's host, when Ravan fell,
 Sent forth a wild, terrific yell,
 Then turned and fled, all hope resigned,
 Thro' Lanka's gates, nor looked behind.
 His voice each joyous Vanar raised,
 And 'Rama, conquering Rama,' praised.
 Soft from celestial minstrels came
 The sound of music and acclaim;
 Soft, fresh, and cool, a rising breeze
 Brought odors from the heavenly trees,
 And ravishing the sight and smell,
 A wondrous rain of blossoms fell;
 And voices breathed round Raghu's son
 Thou 'Champion of God, well done.'"

The episode closes with the pompous funeral of Ravana, for,

"Rama, tender, tearful, true,
 Bade the funeral rites and honors
 To a fallen foeman due."

This generosity of the Indian hero contrasts creditably with the ferocity of Achilles, who deliberately dishonored the dead body of his vanquished foeman, Hector.

The death of Ravana and the return of Rama to Ayodhya close the story and form the real end of the epic, but succeeding writers have added a sequel, in which Rama, influenced by the public suspicion of Sita's chastity, banishes her. When, grown remorseful, he seeks to bring her back, the earth, her mother, opens to receive her, and on a golden throne she sinks out of sight—a Hindoo nymph of the soil, as Motte Fouqué's heroine was nymph of the bubbling fountain. It is possible that Motte Fouqué's conception of "Undine" was suggested by this fine passage in the "Ramayana."



To understand the full impressiveness and importance of the "Ramayana," we must remember that it presents a picture of Indian culture, religion, and domestic life, among the two peoples of the Ganges valley who, one thousand years before Christ, existed at the highest type of Aryan civilization in Asia. The Rosalas and Videhas were not only a rich, powerful, and peaceful nation, but they were also enthusiastically devoted, to both religion and learning. The Vedic hymns, which were compiled by their scholars, became the text-books of their many universities, and their commentaries on the Vedas were handed down, under the name of Brahmanas, from generation to generation. In the Upanishads are to be found their speculations on the soul of man and the soul

of the world, among the most precious legacies of Eastern erudition and philosophy. The "Ramayana" was indeed written in its original form long after this golden age had passed away, but it bears on its surface the lineaments of actual life, albeit of actual life idealized. It gives us an exalted notion of the Hindoo theory of human character, existence, and duty. Dasaratha is an ideal king, holy and powerful; his people are ideally happy, prosperous, and devout; his sons are models of generosity and mutual confidence. There is nothing that can detract from the character of Sita as a wife, and we can understand the fact that up to the present day the daughter of Janaka appeals to the hearts of Hindoo women, and her memory lives in every household as the flawless exemplar of womanly faithfulness and womanly love.

It is, indeed, in depicting the softer and more subjective and emotional side of life that the "Ramayana" excels. It thus shows how far the ancient Aryans were superior to the Greeks in refined sensibility and natural piety, as well as in religious reverence. The dissensions which disgraced patriarchal and royal families, even in the Hebrew Scriptures, compare unfavorably with the piety, generosity, and unanimity of the royal court in which dwelt that noble band of brothers, Rama, Bharata, and Lakshman. The Greek warriors of the heroic age are deficient in the liberality and self-control which distinguished these Indian princes. The "Iliad" opens with a scene of dissension which is brutal in its wolfish ferocity; and the wrath of Achilles is a mean and selfish motive, which was the cause of death to many of his heroic countrymen. Compare Bharata's reluctance to take the place of Rama as regent, with the self-seeking of Agamemnon or Achilles; and Rama's honorable treatment of the dead Ravana with the savage resentment which led the son of Peleus to trail in the dust behind his chariot the lifeless body of his antagonist.

But if the ethical standard of the "Ramayana" is high; if conjugal duty, fraternal piety, fidelity to a promise given, self-sacrifice and generosity toward an enemy, are set forth in the most powerful lines and the most winning colors, profounder and more important still is the religious system which furnishes the pillars and foundations of the story. The invisible world, whose unseen forces worked in the phenomena of Nature and in the directing of human destiny, was ever present to the mind of the Aryan bard, and it was a very different world from the idle, frivolous Olympus of his Hellenic counterpart.

Earthly heroes were generally translated to the "Greek Pantheon" by the avenue of more or less sanguinary contests, and their halo was generally that of warlike heroism. To the Hindoo the connection between earth and heaven was the ladder of self-sacrifice. Asceticism, contented privation and vigorous self-conquest were the school of that perfection which merited a future reward among the immortals.

The invisible forces which lay behind human life were beings of amazing power and superhuman attributes, some good, some evil. If the common phenomena of Nature, the dawn, the daylight, the moving waters, and the wind storm were personified under different forms, which, in the progress of theological thought, took a higher, purer, and more personal existence in the universe of contemplation, the calamities of life, the spiritual disasters of the individual, the temptation and the perdition of the soul, were wrought by demons who peopled the forest, or ruled the solitude, as in Christian times hosts of evil spirits harassed and tormented the hermit settlements of Nitria, or the Thebaid. Preëminent among the beneficent beings of the "Hindoo Pantheon" was Vishnu, who came on earth incarnate under the form of Rama to destroy the demon giant Ravana, the most powerful of all the evil ones, who brought outrage and suffering on gods and men.

Thus the "Ramayana," besides being one of the two national epics of India, is also the sacred oracle, the Holy Scriptures of the people, and is to be studied by all who wish to understand the progress of Asiatic civilization in the past, but especially by the statesman who rules, by the missionary who must teach, and the publicist who would justly interpret the Hindoo of to-day.

THE MAHABHARATA

By EPIPHANIUS WILSON

THE second of the two great Indian or Sanskrit epics is named the "Mahabharata," which means "the great things relating to the Bharata family," *i. e.*, the great Bharata war. It is a poem of battle like the "Iliad," and like the Greek epic has a historic substratum to its poetic narrative. As the invasion of Troy by the Greek host illustrates one early phase of the eternal Eastern Question in Europe, so the tales of battle between Khuravus and the Pandavus are doubtless handed down by tradition from the day when the Arjun settlers in Hindustan carried on a long and stubborn conflict with the original inhabitants of the land. This is none the less true although the quarrel in the "Mahabharata" springs from rivalry between different branches of the same royal house. The blind rajah Dhrita-Vashtra and the rajah Pandu are represented as brothers of the Bharata family, and the war which follows derived a more intense bitterness from the tie of blood which connected the combatants. It is quite possible that this circumstance was added by the imagination of the original bard, in order to enhance the darkness and lurid ferocity of the war, whose battles, like that of

Cunaxa were all the more ferocious because the combatants were animated by the most reckless and relentless of passions, namely fratricidal hatred.

The poem vividly illustrates the social and religious life of the Arjuns at an early period. It gives a complete and detailed account of their religious ideas, and observances, and their methods of warfare, their philosophic speculations, their ethical ideas, their estimate of women, to whom a higher and more independent position was given than was permitted in the centuries succeeding the Mohammedan conquest. From materials furnished by this voluminous work, we may reconstruct Hindoo life as it existed more than a century before the phalanxes of Macedonia appeared on the soil of the Punjab. We may trace, as far as is possible to the Hellenized European mind, the mazes of their mystical anthropomorphic creed; may become eyewitness in fancy of their strange fantastic religious rites. The legends and stories of the poem cover the whole area of Hindoo philosophy or theosophy, and a bewildering panorama is spread out on the pages of the work, a panorama which, with each development of Hindoo religious thought, changes form and color like the cloud of the sky under a soft wind at sunset.

For the "Mahabharata" is a poem of many growths. In its earliest form it is supposed to have preceded the "Ramayana." This would throw it back to the fifth or sixth century B.C. It is supposed by scholars that some elements in the poem are comparatively modern and belong to the Christian era; Professor Weber goes so far as to say, "the final redaction of the work in its present shape must have been accomplished some centuries after the commencement of our era."

The author or compiler of the work, *i. e.*, the earliest portion of it, is said to have been a certain Vyasa, called also Krishna Dvaipayana. The name Vyasa means "the arranger," and is given to the redaction of the "Vedas Puranas" and other works, and may have no historic significance. In this connection it is a suggestive fact that the word Homer means compiler.

The fable of the "Mahabharata" is as follows: Two brothers, Dhrita-Vashtra and Pandu, were reared as befitted princes of a royal house at Hastinapura, a city more than fifty miles north of Delhi. The Dhrita-Vashtra because of his blindness is judged incapable of reigning, and Pandu takes the throne. To the latter are born five sons, who are the heroic figures of the epic, each excelling in a particular branch of manly and warlike exploit. Dhrita-Vashtra has one hundred sons; they are called the Khuravus, or descendants of Khuru, as the sons of Dhrita-Vashtra's brother are Pandavus. The Khuravus are the moral opposites of the Pandavus, being in every way depraved and dishonorable. The eldest of the sons is Duryodhana. Pandu dies, and the

two families of sons are brought up together, at the court of Dhritavishtha, who has succeeded his brother, and appointed his nephew Yudhishthira heir apparent. A feud is excited by mutual rivalry between Yudhishthira and his cousins the Pandavas, who take Drupadi, daughter of King Panchali, for the common wife. In order to bring peace in the two families, King Dhritavishtha divides his kingdom, giving the Pandavas the southern district, where they built Indraprastha, the modern Delhi, and formed a flourishing state, under the wise and pious rule of Yudhishthira. But after a while Dhritavishtha holds a vast festal gathering at his capital and to it Kuruvaras comes, and Duryodhana in a game of dice with the king wins by fraud all Dhritavishtha's possessions, including wealth, kingdom, brothers, and wife. He compromises, however, so as to allow the Pandavas under certain conditions to gain possession of their kingdom at the end of thirteen years. But when the period expires, although the conditions were duly observed, the Kuruvans refuse to give the Pandavas their rights. This is the cause of the Great War. The battles of this war are narrated in several books, and at last Yudhishthira is successful and is crowned at Hastinapura, while Bhishma and Duryodhana, the leader of the Kuruvans are slain. Thus the fate of Hector and Turnus is produced in the Indian epic, and the national hero, and Achilles the Greek ideal, prevail over their several antagonists.

This is a bold outline of the story, but its progress is interrupted by numerous digressions which cover in discursive variety almost every topic of Hindoo mythology, legend, and philosophy. Some of the episodes are beautiful and pathetic, others are narrated with remarkable power and originality. The poem may be said to contain a complete national history, cosmogony, and philosophy, of the Hindoos, and its study is the best key to the understanding of the Indian character. The importance of this study was duly valued by the early dwellers in the Ganges Valley. It was even exaggerated; to read the "Mahabharata" was considered a means of propitiating the Supreme Power. "The reading of the Bharata is sacred," says Vyasa in his exordium; "all the sins of him who reads but a portion of it shall be obliterated without exception. He who in faith shall persevere in listening to the recital of this sacred book, shall obtain a long life, great renown, and the way to heaven."

Any one who turns over the seventeen volumes of this vast epic can easily see that the possession of a long life is almost necessary for the bare study of the poem, and certainly the intelligent elucidation of its meaning ought to be made the passport to "great renown" as well as to any other reasonable recompense. It is a vast *olla podrida*, compounded of all heterogeneous elements. "If the religious works of Hooker and Jeremy Taylor, the philosophy of Hobbes and Locke," says a modern writer, "the commentaries of Blackstone, and the ballads of Percy, to-

gether with the tractarian writings of Newman, Keble, and Pusey, were all thrown into blank verse, and incorporated with the 'Paradise Lost,' the reader would scarcely be much to blame if he failed to appreciate that delectable compound." Yet such a "delectable compound" is the "Mahabharata," which consists of ninety thousand couplets, without counting the supplement, and is therefore about seven times the size of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" put together.

The great war is a stubborn struggle of right against wrong, of the outraged and persecuted Pandavus against the unholy and iniquitous Khuravus. This is made a great point in the poem, and the way in which the ethical bearing of the quarrel is emphasized places the "Mahabharata" far above the Homeric poems, where the most lofty heroic figures seem in their intensest moods to be mere creatures of instinct. Vishnu was ready with counsels of peace to avert the horrors of war:—

"Ponder well ye gracious monarchs
 With a just and righteous mind,
 Help Yudhisthir with your counsel,
 With your grace and blessings kind,
 Should the noble son of Pandu
 Seek his right by open war,
 Seek the aid of righteous monarchs
 And of chieftains near and far?
 Should he smite his ancient foeman
 Skilled in each deceitful art,
 Unforgiving in their vengeance,
 Unrelenting in their heart?
 Should he send a noble envoy,
 Trained in virtue, true and wise,
 With his greetings to Duryodhana
 In a meek and friendly guise?
 Ask him to restore the kingdom
 On the sacred Jumna's shore;
 Either king may rule his empire
 As in happy days of yore!"

But when the proposition is made to Duryodhana he laughs it to scorn:—

"Take my message to my kinsmen,
 For Duryodhana's words are plain;
 Portion of the Kuru empire
 Sons of Pandu seek in vain!
 Town nor village, mart nor hamlet,
 (Help us righteous God in heaven!)
 Spot that needle's point can cover
 Shall not unto them be given."

All negotiations having failed, war is declared, and the two hostile armies assemble:—

“ Ushas* with his crimson finger
 Oped the portals of the day;
 Nations armed for mortal combat
 In the field of battle lay.
 Beat of drum and blare of trumpet
 And the rebeck's lofty sound
 By the answering hills repeated
 Shook the hills and tented ground.”

In the battle that followed the Kurus were at first successful.

“ Elephants by Mahuts driven
 Furiously each other tore,
 Trumpeting, with trunks uplifted,
 On the serried soldiers bore,
 Ceaseless plied the gallant troopers,
 With a stern, unyielding might,
 Pikes and axes, clubs, and maces,
 Swords and spears and lances bright.
 Horsemen flew as forked lightning,
 Heroes fought in shining mail,
 Archers poured their feathered arrows
 Like the bright and glistening hail,
 Bhishma, leader of the Kurus,
 As declined the dreadful day,
 Through the shattered Pandu legions
 Forced his all-resistless way.”

The tide of battle is, however, turned by Arjuna, at once the Ajax and the Achilles of the epic.

“ ‘ Arjun! Arjun!’ cried the Kurus,
 And in panic broke and fled,
 Steed and tusker turned from battle,
 Soldiers fell among the dead.
 Onward still through scattered foemen
 Conquering Arjun held his way,
 Till the evening's gathering darkness
 Closed the action of the day.”

Several single combats are vividly described as taking place between heroes, who, like Hector and Achilles, are champions of the several armies to which they belong. The whole war is decided by the fight between

* The Dawn.

Bhima, the second son of Pandu, who was famous as a wielder of the mace. and Duryodhana, the eldest and worst of the Kharavus:—

“Like two bulls that fight in fury,
 Blind with wounds and oozing blood;
 Like two wild and warring tuskers
 Shaking all the echoing wood;
 Like the thunder-wielding Indra,
 Mighty Yama dark and dread,
 Dauntless Bhima and Duryodhana
 Fiercely strove and fought and bled.”

In the end Duryodhana is vanquished and slain, and the poem closes, with the lamentations of Dhriti-Vashtara and his wife Gandhari for their hundred sons who lie slaughtered on the field of battle.

The victorious Yudhishthira is conducted in a triumphal procession to the city of Hastinapura, where he is enthroned amid much rejoicing on the throne of Bharata. He ordains the sacrifice called Asvamedha, in which a horse is immolated, as an atonement for the guilt of the king and his people in the destruction of their kindred the Kharavus. According to religious usage, the horse is set at liberty to wander where he will for a whole year before the sacrifice. A band of armed men follow him to prevent his being captured by enemies, for wherever he wanders unmolested is thus claimed as territory of the monarch to whom he belongs. The travels of the horse are made the occasion of glorifying Arjuna, who has been elected to command the bodyguard of the equine victim. The farther the horse rambles, the more occasions crop up on which Arjuna is enabled to display his skill and intrepidity in warfare.

Among the many episodes of the “Mahabharata,” there are more than one in which female character is depicted in the most charming and affecting terms. There is nothing in poetry, classic, ancient or modern, more exalted than the figure of Damayanti; and the truly poetic story of Nala and Damayanti has been well translated into English verse by Henry Hart Milman, and Edwin Arnold. It is far too long to quote, but it forms of itself a poem more gorgeous and more natural in its tender sentiment than the “Orpheus and Eurydice” of Virgil. There is positively nothing in Homer to be compared to it. Another episode is that of Savitri and Satyavana, which may be condensed into prose as follows.

Long ages ago Asva-Pati, the great king of Kathaya, lived in his gorgeous palace halls, and passed for a monarch of noble heart, just in judgment and kind to his people, who loved him right well and gave willing obedience to his laws.

But a mighty sorrow weighed down the heart of the king, for he was childless; neither fasting nor penance brought him an answer to his prayers for a son. But one day, as the fire was burning on his altar, he

saw the Goddess of the Sun rise from the crimson flame and stand before him as a radiant, queenly woman.

"Thy prayers, thy penance, and thine alms to the poor are all remembered before me," she said. "Tell me, great king, what is thy wish, and it shall be granted."

"Give me, dear Goddess," answered the king, "give me an heir to my throne, and children to gladden my hearthstone."

Then the Goddess smiled as he told her his desire. "There is indeed no son for thee, O King," she said, "but thou shalt have a daughter, the fairest under heaven." And as she spoke her bright form vanished in the smoke of the sacrifice.

In process of time the city rang with a burst of music, and courtiers and ambassadors thronged the palace gates with gifts and gratulations, for to the king had been born a daughter, the loveliest ever laid in mortal cradle. They named her Savitri, and at her birth there was feasting for rich and poor alike, and the city was decorated with vines and flowers on porch and pillar, and all people thanked the gods because the cloud of sorrow had rolled away from the palace of their well-loved king.

Savitri grew like a flower on the stalk, tall, straight, and divinely beautiful; rosy health mantled her dark olive cheek, her teeth were like pearls, her eyes shot rays of love and tenderness, her words were gentle and gracious, yet so royal was her maiden bearing that no rajah dared to ask her hand in marriage.

Many powerful princes came to woo, but the king left his daughter to make her own choice, and gave his word that the man she chose should be gladly welcomed by him, but she chose none of them to be her lord. Though she visited many courts and was honored everywhere, she was best pleased to wander in the groves and forest glades, for she loved the blossoms and the birds that abounded there.

One day as she walked forth with her attendants she reached a hermit's hut, and under the green shadows of a tall tree sat an old blind hermit with his wife. As she talked with them and lingered to pick a few wild flowers, she was startled by the sudden appearance of a youth, bearing sacred wood for the evening sacrifice. It was Satyavan, the hermit's son, and as he caught sight of the princess he was struck to the heart by her maiden grace and dignity, and the brightness of her beauty. She, too, gazed for a moment in admiration on his manly form and honest, open face. But when she left the grove she lingered in his memory, like the heavenly vision of a higher life, and the forest became dark and lonely to him.

Soon afterward the king was taking counsel with the sage Narada, and they spoke of the princess. "Thou wilt doubtless give her in marriage to some powerful rajah," said the sage.

At this moment the princess stepped into the council hall, her dark eyes glowing with health and happiness as she bowed to her father and sat down at his feet.

"My child," asked the king, "of whom wilt thou choose to be the queen?" But she was silent, and her face was warm with blushes.

"I have visited many courts, and seen the sons of many kings, but one have I chosen who is neither powerful nor rich. For I came by chance upon the grove where the banished king of Chalva dwells as a hermit, while usurpers keep his throne. The prince, his son, has left the cities to wait upon his parents in the wilderness; he brings them fruit and venison for food, he lights their sacrificial fire, he gathers the soft kusa grass for their couch, ministering as best he may to their daily need. Father, I have chosen Prince Satyavan for my lord, and him alone I love."

The king and Narada exchanged glances and their countenances fell.

"Thou canst not wed the banished Satyavan," said Narada sadly. "He is a brave and pious youth, but a dreadful doom hangs over him, and it is decreed by the gods that he must die within a year."

The princess turned pale at these words; but her mind did not change.

"Whether he live long, or die to-day," she answered, "he is my heart's choice, and my father has pledged his royal word that he will ratify my decision."

Nothing would make her swerve from her purpose. It was in vain that the king and councilors reasoned with her.

"A loyal heart chooses but once its love," was her oft-repeated answer; and the king rejoined,

"As thou wilt, my child."

The wedding took place in the wild forest where dwelt the hermit king. The legal rites were performed under the open sky, and when King Asva-Pati and his queen left their daughter in her new home, Savitri took off the precious gems and rings she wore and exchanged the silken robes of the princess for the hermit garb of bark and deerskin. Happy were the days she spent in the forest hermitage, but a cloud seemed to gather in the sky as the end of the year drew near, the year which was the first of her love and the last of her husband's life.

When the fatal day decreed for Satyavan's death had dawned, she asked that she might accompany her husband into the forest when he went forth to cut the sacrificial wood.

"Nay, for the way is too rough for thee," he said, with a fond smile. But she was urgent.

"I cannot let thee go, unless I am at thy side," she pleaded. And so she went forth when he took his ax, and followed the path by many a

flowering tree and gaudy climber. The morning was bright, and above the wooded plain the snowy Himalayas raised their peaks into the blue sky.

Then as he plied his ax among the trees, which he had chosen for the fires of sacrifice, Satyavan suddenly fell and fainted at the feet of Savitri; and though she knew his last hour had come, she chafed his temples and his hands, in vain attempts to revive him. And looking up, lo! before her stood the tall dark figure that all men dread. It was Yama, the God of Death, with blood-steeped cloak, and eyes that burned in their sockets like coals of fire. He carried the black noose in his hand.

"I come to bear the soul of Satyavan," he said sternly.

"Why art thou come thyself?" she asked.

"My messengers are not worthy to carry away the soul of so noble a prince," was the answer, and fitting the dreadful noose, he stooped and drew out the soul of the dying man, leaving the body cold, lifeless, and changed from all its beauty. Then silently he strode away.

But Savitri followed hard upon his footsteps; and Yama turned and said to her:—

"Follow me not—return and perform funeral rites for thy husband."

But she answered, "Surely I must needs follow wheresoever my lord is borne away."

Then Yama felt compassion and cried: "Return, child, to life and health. Good is thy wifely love, and for this I will grant any boon thou askest, except the life of Satyavan."

Then she asked for sight and a restored kingdom for the father of her husband, and Yama answered: "He shall have both, for the sake of thy fidelity; but now return, lest thou die upon the road."

"I am not weary," said the princess, and still followed the God of Death.

"Darkness is coming on. Go back, go back!" repeated Yama. "Soon wilt thou lose thy way and be unable to return. I will give thee one boon more—anything except the life of him I bear away."

The princess thought of her father, and how she, his only child, was on the way of Death, and she requested that King Asva-Pati might have sons to be her brothers and bear the royal name."

"Thy wishes are granted," answered the dread king, "and now that I have yielded to thee so far, obey thou my will and turn thee homeward."

"I cannot go, I cannot leave my lord. My heart is in thy hand, and I cannot leave thee!" she replied with tears.

And then darkness fell, little by little, upon the thick forest, and the sharp thorns and rough stones of the pathway cut her feet. Hunger made her faint, the wild wolves pressed around her, and the dark wings of night birds waved and sounded above her head.

At last they reached a dark cavern, and at its damp and noisome entrance Yama turned and cried in anger: "Dost thou still track my footsteps? If thou were not good and true thou shouldst follow me to dust and worms. But in pity for thy grief I will grant thee any boon excepting the life of Satyavan."

"Give me children, sons of Satyavan," she answered boldly; and Death smiled at her request. "I have promised thee," he said, "and I will perform what I have pledged."

He entered the dark archway of the cavern, where bats and owls cried and flapped their wings, increasing the horror of the place. But the footsteps of Savitri still pattered behind him, and with blazing eyes he turned to her in anger.

"I will no longer bear with thy wilfulness," he shouted. "Begone, return, and leave this place of death."

"Fain would I obey thee, mighty Yama, but my feet refuse to turn homeward without him who is my life, and whom thou art bearing away from me. I would have no strength to go away without him; only when I am near him do these faint, tottering steps support me."

"Thou art so innocent, so excellent in faithfulness above thy sex," said Yama, "that thou teachest me a new lesson of a woman's heart. Ask what thou wilt — all shall be thine."

Then fell she down at the feet of Death, and kissed his hands and cried with great joy: —

"I ask neither wealth nor a throne, nor heaven itself. Give me back him who is my heart, my life, my Satyavan!"

The face of Yama grew calm and bright, and he smiled as he replied, "Thou art the rarest jewel of womankind, and thou hast conquered death by love. Take thy Satyavan — but be quick, return, for time hasteneth, and thou hast been too long in my company."

And through the dark cave and the gloomy forest Savitri returned in blissful gratitude to her home, for in her arms she carried her beloved.

THE BUDDHA LEGEND

By ELSA BARKER

THERE are various legends concerning Siddhartha or Gautama, the Buddha ; but in telling the story of his life, the writer has followed the main incidents related by Sir Edwin Arnold, as there is probably no better authority on this subject than the author of "The Light of Asia."

ABOUT six hundred years before the time of Christ there was born in India a prince, Siddhartha or Gautama, afterward known as Buddha, who became one of the greatest religious teachers the world has ever known.

He was the son of the Raja Suddhodana and Maya his queen, and a wonderful story is told of how one night the queen dreamed that a star from heaven, "splendid, six-rayed, in color rosy-pearl," shot through the void and nestled in her breast, while a lovely light flooded the world, and the hills shook, and the waves of the sea were lulled.

Buddha was born under a satin-tree, in a pleasant garden called Lumbani, on the riverside, and the poets of India tell stories of strange things that happened before his pangless birth: how the stars of heaven trembled and were each filled with a supernatural light; how the blind were made to see, the deaf to hear, and the lame to dance; how lamps were lighted of themselves, and the winds were loaded with perfumes. It is said that a great sage, who came with the crowd to see the infant prince, recognized upon him the thirty-two sacred signs by which men were to know that a great teacher, or Buddha, had been born. Among these marks were the rosy light about the head, and on the soles of the feet the figures of the sun, the moon, and the mystic "swastika," or "wheel of the Law."

There are many stories told about the early life of Buddha, most of which are mere tradition; but they are worth remembering for their beauty and their poetry. It is said that when his eighth year was passed, the king, his father, asked his ministers who was the wisest man in India and the one best fitted to teach the little prince all that a prince should know; and one and all answered on the instant, "Viswamitra," — he whose ancestor, or namesake, wrote the hymns in the third Rig Veda or sacred book, a thousand years before. So Viswamitra came to teach the prince

And, as the story goes, when the little Buddha was given a fragment from the Vedas, the Indian Bible, to transcribe, he wrote the verse in many languages, ancient and modern, including the sacred language of the sages, and the picture-writing and sign-speech of the cave-men and

the sea-peoples. Then Viswamitra, the wise teacher, who knew all the while that the little prince was the Buddha whose birth had been predicted, thought to give him a lesson in numbers, so he told him to repeat the numeration till he reached the Lakh, or 100,000. But when the child had done that simple lesson he did not pause, but went on to tell the numeration by which the gods reckon the stars of night, the drops of water in the ocean, the utmost grains of sand in all the universe; and after that the reckoning of all the drops that would fall on all the worlds in ten thousand years, and thence to the Maha-Kālpas, by which the gods compute their past and future. Then Viswamitra fell upon his face before the boy and told him that he, Siddhartha, was the Guru, or teacher, and not Viswamitra. But we are told that Buddha showed great reverence to his instructors and was always deferential and modest, though he was princely of mien and fearless in all things.

His life was happy and free from care; but even in early youth his heart was often heavy with pity for the great pain of the world, and he would sit apart in meditation, brooding on the sorrows of mankind.

Suddhodana, the father of Buddha, was troubled by the strange sayings of the wise men with regard to the little prince, for he had worldly ambitions for his son, and wished him to be a great ruler, trampling the necks of all his enemies; and the dream-interpreters had said that he might have the earth to rule, if he would rule. So, when the prince was eighteen, Suddhodana built three stately palaces for him and filled them with every lovely thing that could delight the heart and senses of youth, and Buddha was happy in the new and beautiful environment; but still would come at times the shadow of the great pain of the world, as if humanity were calling to him.

Then Suddhodana, thinking that love would cure him of his meditations, called together the lovely maidens of the kingdom, and among them was the sweet Yasodhara. And young Buddha loved her; for he said when questioned afterward how one set apart like himself as a sacred teacher could love a woman as other men, that they were not strangers, but that ages before, in other incarnations or lives upon the earth, he and Yasodhara had known and loved each other; and that while the wheel of life and death turned round, it must always be like that between them. So he asked that the maiden be given to him in marriage.

But the father of Yasodhara, knowing that the young prince was a dreamer, declared that no man could have his daughter who could not prove himself superior in warlike arts over all other suitors for her hand; that he must prove that he could bend a bow, sway sword, and ride a horse better than any other man. When this word was brought to Buddha, he laughed low and said, "I think I shall not lose my love for such as

these." And in the contest that followed, the dreamer proved himself superior to all the young warriors in their own field. He drew the bow until it snapped, and laughed and said: "That is for play, not love. Hath none a bow more fit for lords to use? Fetch me the weapon of a man!" Then they brought to him the great bow of black steel that had been kept in the temple since they knew not when, so strong that no man living could draw the string; and Buddha raised it, drew the string, and loosed the arrow with such force that it shot far out of sight. Then in the contest with the sword he was victorious by cleaving two talas-trees together, while the other suitors clove but one. And then they brought the horse, untamed and black as night, fresh from the wilds, unshod, unsaddled, with fiery eyes and tossing mane. Three times the other suitors sought to mount him, but he flung them off. Then they all cried, "Let not the young prince touch this maddened beast." But Buddha said, "Take off his chains." Then he passed his right hand down the horse's angry face, and whispered a word low in his ear. As if he knew who sought to master him, the great horse stood subdued, and Buddha mounted before all eyes and rode him slowly round. Then all acknowledged he was first among the suitors.

So, it is said, the gods do battle for their loves.

And when the prince was married to Yasodhara, the king built them a pleasure-house, wonderful as an Eastern dream, and everything that could bring sad or wistful thoughts was banished from the place; for the king thought that if the prince could pass his youth far from all brooding thoughts, the shadow of his mystic fate might fade and he might grow into an earthly ruler.

And the prince lived happily. But sometimes, as he lay musing with his head on the tender breast of Yasodhara, he would start up and cry, "Oh, my poor world! My suffering world!" And the look of pity on his face was so intense that she was frightened. Then he would smile to stay her fears, and bid the musicians play. So he lived till he was twenty-nine years old.

One evening, after listening to a story of adventure told by one of the singing-girls, the prince determined to go forth next day to see a little of the world that lay outside the triple-gates of the palace. The king, when he heard of this decision of the prince, gave orders that on that day there should be seen no evil sight, no blind or sick or old or leprous people; but that all should be joyous and the city decked with flowers. So Buddha went forth with Channa, his charioteer, and all the people came to meet him bearing garlands. But when he had passed a little way outside the city, there came before his chariot a beggar asking alms, an old, half-blind, bony, tottering creature, whose only garments were rags. The people would have driven him away, but Buddha said,

"No, let him stay." Then he asked Channa if there were any other men like that in the world, and on learning that this old beggar was but one of millions, and that to every living thing the horror of old age came with the years, his heart was sorrowful and he bade Channa to take him back to the palace.

That night the king had seven dreams of fears — strange dreams that none of the dream-readers of the court could interpret. The king was angry, and said: "Some evil comes to my house, and none of you has wit enough to help me." Then there came to the gate an aged man, clad in the robe of a hermit, who asked leave to interpret the seven dreams of the king. When he had heard them he bowed low and said: "I hail this favored house, whence shall arise a splendor greater than the suns. The seven dreams of fear are seven joys. O, King, rejoice! The fate of the prince is greater than earthly kingdoms, and his hermit-rags will be purer than cloth of gold. In seven days the dream will be fulfilled." Then he turned and went away; and when the king sent after him with gifts, the messengers returned and said that the stranger had gone into the temple, and that when they entered after him they found nothing in the temple but an old gray owl that fluttered about the shrine.

The next day the prince went forth again with Channa, not in the chariot as a prince, but on foot and in the simple garb of a merchant; and he went about the city, seeing everything as it was, for no one knew the prince in his merchant's robe. When his heart was sore with sights and sounds of misery, there came to him a man stricken with the plague, and when Buddha, despite the prayers of Channa, lifted the loathsome creature in his arms, he lay there writhing in agony.

When the prince raised his pitiful eyes to question Channa, he saw a line of wailing mourners following their dead. And Channa said, "This is the end of all that live." Then the prince wept. "Oh, suffering world!" he cried. "All beings, known and unknown, are my brother-flesh. I see the vastness of the agony of earth. The veil is rent that blinded me. I am as all these others, and henceforth I will not let one cry whom I can save. Somewhere there must be aid." Then he told Channa to lead the way back to the palace, where he remained seven days.

The king, fearing the dream might be fulfilled, had caused a double guard to be set at each of the three massive gates of the palace, and had given orders that no one be allowed to pass, not even the young prince, until after the seven days were past.

On the night of the seventh day, Yasodhara had three strange dreams, and woke the prince to tell them, weeping; for even to her had come the feeling that some awesome thing was soon to happen. But he comforted

her, saying: "If my soul yearns for souls unknown, and if I grieve for other's griefs and seek a way to peace on earth for them, remember, O thou mother of my babe! that what I seek for all I seek most for thee. Now rest, and I will rise and watch." Then he turned and looked at the sky, and saw that the moon was in the sign Cancer and that all the other stars were ranged in order in the sky, as had been long foretold. And Buddha said: "I will go now, the hour is come." Three times he passed reverently around the bed of the sleeping Yasodhara, as if it had been an altar, and kissed her feet and went away. But three times he came back to look at her. Then he drew a cloth about his head and passed out into the night.

He called Channa, his faithful charioteer, and told him to bring out Kantaka, his horse, for now the hour was come. But Channa wept and said: "Alas, the wise men who cast the stars spoke truly when they said our prince should be a lord of lords! Oh, will you give the glory of the world to hold a beggar's bowl?"

And Buddha answered: "It was for that I came into the world, and not for thrones. The kingdom I shall win is more than earthly glory."

Then Channa sadly went and brought the horse, clad in his splendid trappings. When Buddha met them at the gate he paused to pat the horse's silky neck, and said: "You bear me, Kantaka, on the farthest journey ever rider rode, for I go forth to find the Truth."

The story goes that when they reached the great brass gate that required a hundred men to open, it silently rolled back for them, as if moved by unseen fingers, and so on with the middle and the outer gate; while the double guard the king had set slept peacefully at their posts.

It is also told that as he rode on, Mara, the great tempter, appeared in the sky, urging him to stop, and promising him a universal kingdom over the four great continents if he would abandon his enterprise. When he was refused the tempter whispered to himself, "Sooner or later some lustful, angry, or malicious thought will fill his mind, and then I will be his master." And it is said that from that hour, as a shadow follows the body in the sun, the tempter followed him, striving to throw obstacles in his path toward the Buddhahood.

They rode a long distance that night, and in the morning Buddha stopped, leaped to the ground, kissed Kantaka between the eyes, and told the wondering Channa to take the horse back to the palace with his princely robes, his jeweled sword-belt, and his sword. Then he cut off his long locks and sent them to the king, his father, with the message: "Sidhartha prays you will forget him until he returns ten times a prince; till he has won the world by service which is love." The next seven days he spent alone in a grove of mango-trees; then he sought two wise

men of that region and learned from them all that the Hindoo philosophy had then to teach. But he was still unsatisfied.

In the side of the mountain by the jungle of Uruvela he found a cave, and there for six years he lived, through the scorching summers and the rains and the cold nights, wearing the yellow robe of the ascetic, eating his scanty meals from the begging-bowl filled by the charitable. And in that way, by long, intense, and silent meditation, he gained control over his fair body and insight into the mysteries of the universe. Sometimes he sat so still that the squirrels leaped upon his shoulder or his knee, the timid quail led her brood between his motionless feet, and the doves came out and pecked the rice from the begging-bowl beside his hand. Thus he would muse from the hot noon till the sun went down and the still stars came out, unraveling in thought the tangled threads upon the loom of life. And midnight found him musing still. Then he would rest a little while, but in the early dawn would rise to watch with loving eyes the sleeping world. When the sun rose he greeted it, then bathed and went down into the town to beg his food. So godlike was his face that mothers would bid their little children kiss his feet, and the eyes of the Indian maidens, seeing him, would darken with love and they would go away to dream of him a whole life long. The poor people called him the "holy one," and so great was their love for him and their trust that when in sorrow they watched for him passing that they might lay their troubles at his feet.

One day a young mother came to him with tearful face and showed him the dead body of her babe, praying that he would tell what medicine would bring back the warmth to its cold body. He looked at the little face, then drew the cloth back over it, saying tenderly: "Little sister, there is one thing that might heal both thee and him if thou couldst find it—black mustard-seed, but it must be taken from a house where neither father, mother, child, or slave has died." Then hopefully she went into the village to find the mustard-seed, still clasping the cold body of the babe. And at every house where they gave the seed she asked if any there had died. One family had lost a slave; in another the father was just dead; a third had lost a little child, and so on through the village, for no house could she find where none had died. Then she laid the babe under the wild vines by the stream and waited for the passing of the "holy one," as she called him. When she saw him coming she ran to meet him, kissed his feet, and told her story, asking how she should find the seed where death had never been. Then Buddha said: "My sister, in seeking the seed thou hast found the bitter balm I am obliged to give thee the knowledge that all the world weeps."

So for six years he dwelt in the cave above the jungle, and many disciples came to learn of him. But he was still unsatisfied, because he

had not found the balm to heal the pain of all the world. Thinking the fault was his, he made his fasting harder and his meditations more intense, seeking to wrest from the great silence the secret that should help the aching world. Such was his neglect of self that one day, weary and fainting, he fell by the wayside, and the rays of the Indian noonday sun lay burning on his unsheltered head. In a little while he would have died had not a passing shepherd boy, struck by the broken majesty of his appearance, woven a shelter of vines and boughs above his head. Then there passed a woman who was going to the temple to make an offering of sweet curds to the gods, in gratefulness for the little son that had been sent in answer to her prayers. Seeing the yellow robe and the sublime countenance of Buddha, she thought him one of the gods whom she sought, so she gave the curds to him, and he ate them and was strengthened. Then she told him the joys of her pure and simple life, and after blessing the babe and receiving the good wishes of the mother, he rose strong, and bent his steps toward the sacred Bo-tree, beneath whose boughs it was decreed that he should find what he had sought so long and painfully—the knowledge of the Truth.

It is said that when he passed into the grateful shelter of the sacred tree, the boughs bent down to shade him, while from the stream near by came on the winds the scent of lotus-flowers wafted toward him by the water-gods, and the wild animals came to gaze at him with wide, wondering eyes. But when the night came on—for so the story goes,—Mara, the great tempter who had assailed him on the plain outside the city on the night he started on his pilgrimage seven years before, came with all the troops of evil powers at his command. From every quarter of the universe they came, even from the bottomless pit,—the fiends who live to battle with the Truth and the Light. They came with thunder and lightning,—dread shapes of fear in the air,—and they used all the wiles of demons to shake his resolution to go on. They whispered to him of love, sweetest of all sweet things he was renouncing, and when he would not listen to their tempting words they mocked at his hopes to help humanity; they showed him the futility of all such effort, its bourn of nothingness.

Then came the ten chief sins, the mighty tempters, one by one, and whispered to him. First came the Sin of Self, saying: "Use for thyself the power that thou hast now. Humanity cares not for thee; it only cares to wallow in its sty of sense; rise and be one of the gods, changeless and immortal."

Then Doubt, the mocking demon, came and laughed at him, showing the vanity of all sacrifice, the undercurrent of self in all renunciation.

Blind Faith, that takes the answers to all questions on Authority and thinks to win the perfect life by following dead forms, came with stern

brow to ask if he would dare to seek to substitute the knowledge he might gain for the letter of the sacred books.

Then came the sweet but mighty tempter Kama, king of Desire, strongest of all the ten, to whom the very gods themselves are subject. He came with laughter and song, and it seemed as if the very leaves upon the trees around quivered at his approach. He sang of love, and from the air came trooping a host of lovely dimpled forms, each fairer than the last, and as they passed they murmured, "I am thine." And when they saw he would not listen, King Kama—for the tempters may take what form they will—put on the shadow of the loved Yasodhara, and came toward him with outstretched yearning arms, and eyes heavy with love and tears. But Buddha, who knew it was only a shadow, gently bade it to go back into the void.

Then Hate, with her girdle of serpents, came to tell him of all the wrongs that he had suffered from all creatures since his birth.

Then came the hungry tempter Lust of Days, pleading for leave to live and live and sate itself with saying, "I am I."

Then Lust of Fame, the mother of great toils, that yearns to hear her name in all men's mouths, came to encourage him to pursue, but for the sake of glory, not for love.

And then Self-Righteousness, with eyes uplifted, told him how good he was to give himself upon the altar of the world. Then Pride with lofty head, assured him he was the greatest of all mortals ever born; while ignorant Delusion came creeping by, breathing her hot breath upon his face.

Seeing that the ten chief sins had not the power to shake him there came the giant Fear, dread monster at whose blighting touch all but the strongest tremble, and before whose fearful eye the lords of heaven and earth shrink back.

Still as the stars Buddha sat amid the tumult, and not a leaf upon the sacred tree was stirred; for all the tempting shapes were forced to halt outside the shadow of the tree. When they were fled, his soul was bathed in the light that shines not for mortals, and in its glow he saw the long line of the past lives he had lived, as one who on a mountain top looks down upon the zigzag pathway he has trod on the journey upward from the valley.

There came to him the boundless insight that plumbs the mysterious deeps of the universe, that shows the countless suns of countless unnamed systems "moving to splendid measures" through the void. And every sentient atom of the whole bared to his gaze its separate, secret life.

And Time and the Terms of Time drew the veil from their awesome faces so that he saw the dizzy cycles that no man has measured, the sands in the vast hourglass, each grain a year of the gods.

And he saw the workings of the great Law, the wheels within vaster wheels; and heard the measured tick of the stupendous machinery of destiny—the immutable power that is creator and destroyer in one. All secrets were bared to him: the Secret of Life whose mother is Desire; and the Secret of Pain that is the shadow of Life, never to be outrun while Life moves on in the pathway of Desire—Pain, the great teacher, that holds in her hands the veil of Delusion, lifting it to those who so command. The Secret of Karmá—the law of sequence, of cause and effect—was also bared to him, and he saw the reasons for all the puzzling inequalities of human life: why one man is born to be a king and another to be a beggar, why one heart is filled with light and love, and another abandoned to darkness, ignorance, and evil. He saw the past of every creature, from its small beginning away back in the dawn of time, through the pain and struggle and joy of countless lives on earth; and he saw its future—even to its end in the still rapture of Nirvana, its conscious union with the Infinite.

Then, having grasped all wisdom, and having purged from his heart all the desires of self whose shadow obscures the light of the soul, the Buddha had attained the right to enter the blessed rest of Nirvana.

And in the still dawn came the "Great Renunciation"* of the Buddha, who for Humanity's sake abandoned his right to eternal, dreamless sleep upon the bosom of the sea of being; for he felt now, as never before, the great need of the suffering world for his love and compassion. It is said that on that morning a great stillness filled the world; that evil hearts were softened; that the hunter spared his prey and the murderer his victim; that over every house of sorrow the veil of peace was drawn.

For many weeks thereafter he went about the country preaching, and sixty disciples followed him. These men, when he had taught them, he sent in all directions to preach the Truth that had been revealed to him under the Bo-tree. And in a little while nine hundred men had put on the yellow robe and were preaching Buddha's doctrine.

The old Rajah Suddhodana, Buddha's father, learning one day that his son was preaching in a bamboo-garden outside the city, sent nine messengers to him with tender words and invitations to come home; and Yasodhara, whose heart was filled with joy at the news of his nearness, also sent nine messengers to say that the mother of Rahula, Buddha's little son, pined for the sight of his face. These messengers, so the story goes, entered the bamboo-garden at the hour Buddha taught his Law,

*Some writers on the subject say that Buddha's "Great Renunciation" was his leaving the world and Yasodhara when he became a hermit, but the meaning here given to the Renunciation is that of the highest Buddhist teaching.

and so enraptured were they by his godlike face and the compassionate, enlightened words that fell from his lips, that they forgot to give their messages and, leaving all, mixed with the crowd that followed Buddha, while the king and the princess waited in vain for their return.

Then the king sent him who had been the prince's playmate in his boyhood, and he delivered the messages of Suddhodana and Yasodhara to Buddha. And Buddha said: "Go tell my father and the princess that I take the way forthwith."

But Yasodhara, wishing to be before the others, rode in her litter to the city gate to meet him. There she saw—not the splendidly appareled prince whom she had mourned for seven years, but one close shorn, girt with a rope about the waist, wrapped in a yellow robe, and carrying in his hands a begging bowl. But so lordly was his bearing and so sweet were his eyes that they who gave him alms gazed awestruck at him or bent in worship.

When he passed the litter of Yasodhara, she drew aside the curtains and stood before him with her face unveiled, then fell at his feet, where she lay sobbing. The Brahmin ascetic takes a vow to touch no woman's hand in love; but when Buddha saw the princess weeping at his feet he comforted her, saying to the two who were with him: "Let no man who has escaped the bonds of earthly passion vex a bound soul with boasts of liberty."

When Suddhodana heard how the prince was walking on the highway clad in the robe of a mendicant and begging his food from door to door, he was very angry, and mounting his war-horse he went thundering down to the city gate. There he met a great crowd following one in a yellow robe, girt with a rope about his waist. But when the king saw the gentle eyes of Buddha, his wrath melted and he asked him gently how one who was a prince could go about the world in beggar's garments asking his bread of the low-born.

"It is the custom of my race," answered Buddha.

"Thy race! Art thou not descended from a line of kings?" exclaimed Suddhodana.

"My noble father," Buddha said, "you and your family may claim the privilege of descent from kings; my descent is from the prophets of old, and they have always done as I am doing. But when a man has found a treasure, his first duty is to offer the most precious of the jewels to his father. Let me share with you the treasure I have found."

Then the king took the begging-bowl and carried it, while he and the princess and Buddha, hand in hand, paced the streets that lay between the city gate and the palace. And as they went, Buddha told them of the treasure he had found, the Four Great Truths and the Eight Precepts that lead to the perfect life and to Nirvana. The king listened spell-

bound to the mighty words, and that night both he and Yasodhara embraced the religion of Buddha.

For forty-five years longer Buddha lived and taught, and the followers of his faith now number about four hundred million souls, or one-third of the population of the world.

The philosophy he taught is not easily understood by the materialistic Western mind, and it has been sadly misinterpreted by many writers who have taken as abstractions and negations the lofty ideals of the pure Buddhist faith. The following skeleton of the philosophy, condensed from Edwin Arnold's poem, will serve to show its spirit:

OM, AMITAYA! measure not with words
Th' immeasurable: nor sink the string of thought
Into the Fathomless. Who asks doth err,
Who answers, errs. Say naught!

The Books teach Darkness was, at first of all,
And Brahm, sole meditating in that night:
Look not for Brahm and the Beginning there;
Nor him, nor any light

Shall any gazer see with mortal eyes,
Or any searcher known by mortal mind;
Veil after veil will lift—but there must be
Veil upon veil behind.

* * * * *

This is enough to know, the phantasms are;
The Heavens, Earths, Worlds, and changes changing them
A mighty whirling wheel of strife and stress
Which none can stay or stem.

* * * * *

What hath been bringeth what shall be, and is,
Worse—better—last for first and first for last,
The angels in the Heavens of Gladness reap
Fruits of a holy past.

The devils in the underworlds wear out
Deeds that were wicked in an age gone by.
Nothing endures: fair virtues waste with time,
Foul sins grow purged thereby.

Who toiled a slave may come anew a Prince
For gentle worthiness and merit won;
Who ruled a King may wander earth in rags
For things done and undone.

* * * * *

I, Buddh, who wept with all my brothers' tears,
Whose heart was broken by a whole world's woe,

Laugh and am glad, for there is Liberty!
Ho! ye who suffer! know.

Ye suffer from yourselves. None else compels,
None other holds you that ye live and die,
And whirl upon the wheel, and hug and kiss
Its spokes of agony,

Its tire of tears, its nave of nothingness.
Behold, I show you Truth! Lower than hell,
Higher than heaven, outside the utmost stars,
Farther than Brahm doth dwell,

Before beginning and without an end,
As space eternal and as surety sure,
Is fixed a power divine which moves to good,
Only its laws endure.

* * * * *

The Books say well, my Brothers! each man's life
The outcome of his former living is;
The bygone wrongs bring sorrows forth, and woes,
The bygone right breeds bliss.

That which ye sow ye reap. See yonder fields!
The sesamum was sesamum, the corn
Was corn. The Silence and the Darkness knew!
So is a man's fate born.

* * * * *

If he shall day by day dwell merciful,
Holy and just and kind and true; and rend
Desire from where it clings with bleeding roots,
Till love of life have end:

* * * * *

Never shall yearnings torture him, nor sins
Stain him, nor ache of earthly joys and woes
Invade his safe eternal peace; nor deaths
And lives recur. He goes

Unto NIRVANA. He is one with Life
Yet lives not. He is blest, ceasing to be.
OM MANI PADME OM! the Dewdrop slips
Into the shining sea!

* * * * *

This is the doctrine of the KARMA. Learn!
Only when all the dross of sin is quit,
Only when life dies like a white flame spent
Death dies along with it.

* * * * *

Ye that will tread the Middle Road, whose course
 Bright Reason traces and soft Quiet smoothes;
 Ye who will take the high Nirvana-way,
 List the Four Noble Truths.

The First Truth is of *Sorrow*. Be not mocked!
 Life which ye prize is long-drawn agony:
 Only its pains abide; its pleasures are
 As birds which light and fly.

Ache of the birth, ache of the helpless days,
 Ache of hot youth and ache of manhood's prime,
 Ache of the chill gray years and choking death,
 These fill your piteous time.

* * * * *

The Second Truth is *Sorrow's Cause*. What grief
 Springs of itself and springs not of Desire?
 Senses and things perceived mingle and light
 Passion's quick spark of fire:

So flameth Trishná, lust and thirst of things.
 Eager ye cleave to shadows, dote on dreams;
 A false Self in the midst ye plant, and make
 A world around which seems

Blind to the height beyond, deaf to the sound
 Of sweet airs breathed from far past Indra's sky;
 Dumb to the summons of the true life kept
 For him who false puts by.

* * * * *

The Third is *Sorrow's Ceasing*. This is peace,
 To conquer love of self and lust of life,
 To tear deep-rooted passion from the breast,
 To still the inward strife;

For love to clasp Eternal Beauty close;
 For glory to be Lord of self, for pleasure
 To live beyond the gods; for countless wealth
 To lay up lasting treasure

Of perfect service rendered, duties done
 In charity, soft speech, and stainless days:
 These riches shall not fade away in life,
 Nor any death dispraise.

Then Sorrow ends, for Life and Death have ceased;
 How should lamps flicker when their oil is spent?
 The old sad count is clear, the new is clean;
 Thus hath a man content.

* * * * *

The Fourth Truth is *The Way*. It openeth wide,
 Plain for all feet to tread, easy and near,
 The *Noble Eightfold Path*; it goeth straight
 To peace and refuge. Hear!

Manifold tracks lead to yon sister-peaks
 Around whose snows the gilded clouds are curled;
 By steep or gentle slopes the climber comes
 Where breaks that other world.

Strong limbs may dare the rugged road which storms,
 Soaring and perilous, the mountain's breast;
 The weak must wind from slower ledge to ledge
 With many a place of rest.

So is the Eightfold Path which brings to peace;
 By lower or by upper heights it goes.
 The firm soul hastes, the feeble tarries. All
 Will reach the sunlit snows.

The First good Level is *Right Doctrine*. Walk
 In fear of Dharma, shunning all offense;
 In heed of Karmá, which doth make man's fate;
 In lordship over sense.

The Second is *Right Purpose*. Have good-will
 To all that lives, letting unkindness die,
 And greed and wrath; so that your lives be made
 Like soft airs passing by.

The Third is *Right Discourse*. Govern the lips
 As they were palace doors, the King within;
 Tranquil and fair and courteous be all words
 Which from that presence win.

The Fourth is *Right Behaviour*. Let each act
 Assoil a fault or help a merit grow:
 Like threads of silver seen through crystal beads,
 Let love through good deeds show.

Four higher roadways be. Only those feet
 May tread them which have done with earthly things;
Right Purity, Right Thought, Right Loneliness,
Right Rapture. Spread no wings

For sunward flight, thou soul with unplumed vans!
 Sweet is the lower air and safe, and known
 The homely levels: only strong ones leave
 The nest each makes his own.

* * * * *

So shall ye pass to clearer heights and find
 Easier ascents and lighter loads of sins,
 And larger will to burst the bonds of sense,
 Entering the Path. Who wins

To such commencement hath the *First Stage* touched;
 He knows the Noble Truths, the Eightfold Road;
 By few or many steps such shall attain
 NIRVANA'S blest abode.

Who standeth at the *Second Stage*, made free
 From doubts, delusions, and the inward strife,
 Lord of all lusts, quit of the priests and books,
 Shall live but one more life.

Yet onward lies the *Third Stage*: purged and pure
 Hath grown the stately spirit here, hath risen
 To love all living things in perfect peace.
 His life at end, life's prison

Is broken. Nay, there are who surely pass
 Living and visible to utmost goal
 By *Fourth Stage* of the Holy ones—the Buddhas—
 And they of stainless soul.

Lo! like fierce foes slain by some warrior,
 Ten sins along these Stages lie in dust,
 The Love of Self, False Faith, and Doubt are three,
 Two more, Hatred and Lust.

Who of these Five is conqueror hath trod
 Three stages out of Four: yet there abide
 The Love of Life on Earth, Desire for Heaven,
 Self-Praise, Error, and Pride.

As one who stands on yonder snowy horn
 Having nought o'er him but the boundless blue,
 So, these sins being slain, the man is come
 NIRVANA'S verge unto.

Him the gods envy from their lower seats;
 Him the Three Worlds in ruin should not shake;
 All life is lived for him, all deaths are dead;
 Karmá will no more make

New houses. Seeking nothing, he gains all;
 Foregoing self, the Universe grows "I":
 If any teach NIRVANA is to cease,
 Say unto such, they lie!

* * * * *

More is the treasure of the Law than gems;
 Sweeter than comb its sweetness; its delights
 Delightful past compare. Thereby to live
 Hear the *Five Rules* aright:

Kill not — for Pity's sake — and lest ye slay
 The meanest thing upon its upward way.

Give freely and receive, but take from none
 By greed, or force, or fraud, what is his own.

Bear not false witness, slander not, nor lie;
 Truth is the speech of inward purity.

Shun drugs and drinks which work the wit abuse;
 Clear minds, clean bodies, need no Soma juice.

Touch not thy neighbor's wife, neither commit
 Sins of the flesh unlawful and unfit.

THE ZOROASTER LEGEND

By C. H. A. BÆRREGAARD

IT is commonly accepted as a historic fact that the primitive Aryan family of nations at some very remote period of history became divided into two branches. This event took place in central Asia, and from thence the one branch, the later Hindoos, migrated into Punjab and Hindostan, while the other, the Iranian, remained in the regions of the old home, or spread westward into Bactria and Persia. The date of this event is about the date of the beginning of history, or perhaps it is even prehistoric.



Zoroaster, or Zarathushtra, as is his Avesta name, arose in the Iranian branch of this Aryan family. He became a reformer of its old religion, but he was not its originator. He refers it to older times and antecedent revelations. "One thing is certain," said Samuel Johnson, "that in Iran there grew up what India never saw — a consciousness of the world-purpose, ethical and spiritual; a reference of the ideal to the future rather than to the past; a promise of progress." Zoroaster is that "consciousness of world-purpose, ethical and spiritual."

Zoroaster manifested this consciousness as an ethical reformer. His reform consisted in reducing to order the worship of the elemental powers of nature and subjecting them to man's conscious will. Zoroastrianism means supremacy of personal will, of conscience, and thereby the

elevation of man to dominion over nature; not to a dominion which depreciates nature, but to a dominion in allegiance with her. The whole Avesta consists of reverential prayers, hymns, and exhortations, to give nature her dues. By so doing, man attains freedom and power to use her. "Freedom in obedience," is the ideal of the Avesta and of Zoroastrianism. That sacred book abounds in attacks on "evil-doers" and deva-worshipers, by which in all probability are meant the Vedic, Aryans, or Hindoos. These latter remained nomads after the schism, and were worshipers of Varuna, the Night, namely, nature-worshipers.

The Zoroastrian confession of faith runs as follows: "The good, righteous, right Religion which the Lord has sent to the creatures is that which Zarathushtra has brought. The religion is the religion of Zarathushtra; the religion of Ahura-Mazda, given to Zarathushtra." This confession shows how intimately the prophet's name is connected with the creed and its practice. The office he filled was a great one, indeed. He is, in fact, a revolution, a miracle, and a savior, when studied from the primitive Iranian point of view. No wonder, therefore, that fancy and fable have embellished his memory and covered it so completely, that we scarcely know what is fact and what is fable. We cannot tell whether he lived six thousand years before Plato or in the middle of the seventh century, B. C. We cannot tell whether he is simply a symbolical name for Magian learning, Persian wisdom, or a real historic personage. He is not mentioned in ancient Persian inscriptions, nor by Herodotus, Xenophon, or Ctesias, yet the first of these historians informs us fully about the Magi. This we know, that the name Zoroaster stands for a powerful historical and ethical influence in Iran. Tradition says so. But let me tell the tale.

Zarathushtra's name is Wonderful, and has been explained in numerous ways. Its etymology renders various interpretations. It may mean "one whose camels are old," or more poetically "the star of gold," "the star of life," "the seed of Venus (Ishtar)." The sense of the name is that of "a spiritual elder," a name for an office like, for instance, that of The Buddha, The Messiah, etc. Most of the legends that cluster around the name tend to give it that significance.

Like that of all mythical heroes, his coming was predicted. In the Gathas we hear that three thousand years before "The Year of Religion," "the primeval bull" of wisdom spoke of his vision of the promised Zarathushtra. At another time, Jemshid warns the demons of their defeat at the coming of a glorious man-child.

His birth was miraculously prepared. His mother was overshadowed by the Glory of Ahura-Mazda, and archangels conveyed to the earth the three elements: the glory, the spirit, and the body, of the child. The mother's milk was mixed with the sacred Hōm. His birth took place

amid earthquakes, a star appeared and a comet blazed across the heavens; the whole of nature rejoiced and a thrill of expectancy passed through the world. Even Ahriman, the chief of the evil spirits, and his crew, trembled and hid themselves in deepest darkness, no more daring to "go about on the earth in the shape of men." The child did not cry at his birth, but shouted for joy; and Pliny tells us that his brain throbbed so violently in its fullness of power and wisdom that a hand could not be held still upon the head. Thus was born "the mightiest, strongest, most active, swiftest, and most victorious, among the heavenly beings."

His babyhood was characterized by a series of miraculous escapes from evils, and Providence led him safely away from murderers, fires, and wild beasts, that threatened him. Black art and magic could not harm him, and before he was fifteen he refuted the doctors and vanquished them in dispute.

At his fifteenth year, the magic year in the Avesta, Zoroaster chose a girdle as "his portion," — that is, he devoted himself to religion; and from that year to his thirtieth fell his religious preparation. At twenty he left father and mother, abandoned the world, seeking to "lay hold on righteousness." Some of his first acts were services to the poor, not men only, but also beasts. It is related by Zad-sparam that he ran to get bread for a starving bitch with five puppies. To this period of his life belong numerous legends and fables about supernatural occurrences around him; the Platonic story that he kept silence for seven years; that he returned to life on a funeral pile after being dead for twelve days; and also the report of Pliny that for twenty years he lived on cheese alone, and in desert places.

The thirtieth year of Zoroaster's life is known as "the Year of Religion." It was the year in which the archangel Vohu-Manah, or Good Thought, appeared to him in a vision and led him into the presence of Ahura-Mazda. The Zartusht Nāmāh tells us, "When Zarathushtra attained his thirtieth year he was relieved from danger and his works bore fruit. His heart was directed to Iran. He left his place, and some who were his relations accompanied him on his journey." This travel was marked out by miracles, such as, for instance, a sea having its waters lowered miraculously to allow them to pass freely. They halted in the plain of a river Aēvatāk, supposed to be one of the four branches of the Daitya, and there the first vision appeared. It was on May fifth that Zoroaster stood upon the bank of the third channel of the river, when he suddenly saw coming from the South the archangel Vohu-Manah, or Good Thought, bringing in his hand a glossy staff, "the spiritual twig of the religion." As Zoroaster crossed over to the fourth affluent, the image assumed colossal proportions, "nine times as large as a man," and began

to address Zoroaster, who was bidden to lay aside his "garment," namely, the body. After that, the great spirit led his soul into the presence of Ahura-Mazda and the archangels. So great was the glory of the assembly that he could not see "his own shadow upon the ground." Zoroaster offered homage, saying, "Homage to Ahura-Mazda and homage to the Amshaspands," and then he "sat down in the seat of the inquirers." Zoroaster asked: "Which thing is good, which is better, and which is the best of all habits?" Ahura-Mazda replied: "The title of the archangels is good, the sight of them is better, and carrying out their commands is the best of all habits." Other questions and answers related to "the duality of the original evolutions." The Zad-Sparam selections relate the following miracles as taking place at that time. "The archangels exhibited three kinds of achievements for the religion." Zoroaster walked on fire reciting the words "Good thoughts, good words, and good deeds," and was not burned. Hot metal was poured upon his chest and cooled thereby, not hurting him. After that he was cut with a knife so that the vital parts became visible "with flowing forth of blood," but "when the hand was rubbed over it, it became healed." Zoroaster was thus introduced to Heaven and instructed by Omniscient Wisdom and archangels in the main doctrines of the Faith.



Ahura-Mazda's doctrine is moral. It can make heroes, but never a monk. It knows not asceticism nor self-torture. It is the transfiguration of labor. Here is a bugle-call from the Vendidâd: "The cock lifts up his voice with every splendid dawn, and cries: 'Arise, ye men! Praise the Best! Destroy the deva that would put back the world into sleep! Long sleeping becomes you not. Turn not away from the three best things,—right thoughts, right words, right works; turn from the opposite of these!' 'Arise, 'tis day,' says one to his bedfellow; 'who rises first, comes first to Paradise. . . .'" How refreshing! How bracing! Its secret is the effort of will, the power of will. Will in Zoroastrianism is the "at-one-ing" element. It overcomes the hypnotic influence of Ahriman and unites the worshiper to Ahura-Mazda. Ahura-Mazda's doctrine forbids violation of the natural law, it teaches the dignity of labor and the holiness of truth. Its followers must therefore be of "pure mind and body" and must cultivate "purity of thought, purity of word, purity of deed." They must evoke water and fertilize the earth. The believer makes the following vow: "With purity and good-will, O Ahura, I will protect the poor who serve Thee!" He who does not pay a just debt is "a thief of a loan, a robber of what is lent to him." The Vendidâd condemns murder and infanticide, and commands that the father of an illegitimate child shall maintain it. Avesta morality calls

"the mistress of the house" to the sacrifice,—one of prayer and hymns, not of blood. No blood offerings are known. The gods do not want blood but souls. Avesta law is especially severe against the devas, their worshipers and all deva magic. Deva meant originally God, but the Vedic Aryans in those days (as well as in our days) misused the word in calling the creatures, such as wise men, for instance, devas. The Iranian Aryans for that reason rejected the word and condemned the worship of the objects signified by it.

Such were some of the main points of the Law of Truth which Zoroaster learned and to which he swore allegiance, offering the following vow to Ahura: "I believe in thee. I will destroy the wicked and comfort the good. Grant thou me goodness. I will proclaim the Best. May perfect Wisdom direct me: He whom my prayers seek, the Life of the good mind, word, and deed."

Zoroaster also learned the metaphysics of the good and evil principles in eternal conflict, and received the supernal formula or prayer "which was before the worlds," and whose recitation gives eternal life. "If any reciter leaves out any portion of it, he shall be cast into hell." The whole Yaçna (nineteen) is given up to a description of its wonderful qualities, though the prayer itself is not given. The prayer, however, is as follows: "Righteousness is the best good, a blessing it is. A blessing be to that which is righteousness toward Ashavahishta (perfect righteousness)!" There is only one other Zoroastrian prayer which has equal importance. It runs as follows: "As a heavenly Lord is to be chosen, so is an earthly master (spiritual guide), for the sake of righteousness, (to be) the giver of good thoughts, of the actions of life, toward Mazda; and the dominion is for the Lord (Ahura) whom he (Mazda) has given as a protector for the poor." The first prayer is called Ashem-Vohu; the second is Ahuna-vairya.

To Zoroaster was also revealed the twenty mystic names of Ahura-Mazda and the supernatural spell for averting evil; also seventy-two other sacred names.* He was pronounced to be the first of all priests, warriors, and husbandmen: "Hail, fire-priest, born for us, to offer sacrifice for us and spread abroad the holy rite and law!" He was made lord of earthly creatures, as Ahura-Mazda was of heavenly. All future saviors were to descend from him. Sosyosh, the latest and greatest, was miraculously born of a virgin, by his inspiration. Legend and fable have reveled in adoring him, and they ascribe to him all sorts of marvels; they make him author of millions of verses, covering, accord-

* The reader who is anxious to know them may learn them from the *Omazd-Yasht*, translated by E. W. West in *Pahlavi Texts*. *Sacred Books of the East*, edited by Max Müller.

ing to Arabic estimates, a thousand ox-skins. All these things happened or were revealed at the time of this vision, or at the other revelations. It is related that "on the same day also, the Omniscient Wisdom appeared three times."

The Dinkard recounts a large number of marvels about Zoroaster which here must be passed over; only one can be given, space forbidding more. It is related:—

"One marvel is this which is declared that, even before the coming of Zarathushtra to a conference (with the sacred beings), there is manifested in him a mind which is more capacious than the whole world and more exalted than every worldly possession, with an understanding whose strength is perfectly selected, an intellect of all-acquiring power, and a sagacity of all-deciding ability; also with the much heedfulness of the Kingly glory, and the full desire for righteousness, the efficacious diligence and authority, and even the superiority in mightiness and grandeur of the priestly office. Also the handsomeness of body and completeness^o of strength which are in the character of these four classes of his, which are priesthood, warriorship, husbandry, and artisanship; besides a perfect friendship for the sacred beings and the good, and an awful enmity for the demons and the vile."

When Zoroaster returned to earth he began immediately to preach as was the command of Ahura-Mazda. He exhorted the unbelieving kings and priests, the Ashemaogas (those who stir up strife among men and deceive them by excessive use of the Soma drink of intoxication), the Kavis (men who neither can nor will see anything good in the creation of Ahura-Mazda), and the Karjans (those who will not hear the precepts of Ahura-Mazda). The three had "united themselves in order through wicked deeds to destroy the world for men," and their souls, therefore, had "become hard." He preached to them the necessity of condemning the devas, of glorifying the archangels, and of practising the next-of-kin marriage.* It was in vain, however. For two years he wandered about dervish-like and preached to kings and princes, and was often on that account in danger of his life. During that period, however, he developed, and was vouchsafed many visions of the empyrean and granted many conferences with Ahura-Mazda.

The Dabistan relates that once he was in heaven and entreated God: "Close the doors of death against me; let that be my miracle." But God answered: "If I close the doors of death against thee, thou wilt not be satisfied; nay, thou wouldst entreat death of me." The archangels taught him the moral laws relating to their special spheres of activity, etc. The place where these revelations took place is localized by

* Marriage with near relatives was in high esteem as keeping the clan blood pure. Sisters and brothers married.

Professor Jackson south of the Caspian Sea, "the place of Zoroaster's apocalyptic visions of heavens," namely, the Holy Land of Zoroastrianism.

When Zoroaster was forty years of age, the triumph of the Faith was at hand in the conversion of King Vishtaspa, or Gushtārp. He passed through temptations more trying than those of ordinary mortals and suffered despondencies more discouraging than imagination can picture; but he came out of them all the greater hero and the stronger man. When Vishtaspa accepted the Faith, others followed. The king and his court became authority for it, and its advance was comparatively rapid. This praise of Vishtaspa is sung in the Farvadin Yasht:—

"It was this righteous and bold warrior,
The hero of redoubtable weapon,
The very incarnation of the Law
And devoted to the Lord—
It was he, who, with advancing weapon,
Sought out a broad path of Righteousness,
And, with advancing weapon,
Found the broad path of Righteousness.
He, it was, who became the arm
And the support of the Religion
Of Zarathushtra, of Ahura;
He, who dragged from her chains the Religion
That was bound in fetters and unable to stir;
And made her take a place
In the midst (of the nations),
Exalted with power, advancing and hallowed."

This praise intimates clearly that force became the method of propagation, and that from now on we deal more with Zoroastrianism than with Zoroaster. The Pahlavi writings deal more with Holy Wars than with the religion itself. We hear of Zoroaster from time to time; but not till his death, at the age of seventy-seven, does he come again prominently before us. His passing out is surrounded with fable and legend. He perished by lightning from heaven, and after his death he was called "the living star."

If Zoroaster was an historic personage, then he was a contemporary of Thales and Solon, a forerunner of Confucius and Buddha, and the teacher of those Magi that sought the Christ. As these sages were the religious heroes of their nations and age, so was Zoroaster of his. It can even be said that he was greater than these, because he transformed a religion of nature into a religion of freedom.

Be Zoroaster historic or not, he gave name to the faith held by Cyrus "the anointed of the Lord," and his name was connected with the scat-

tered fragments of the creed of Darius. It was Zoroastrianism which Alexander and his Greeks tried, without success to destroy.

If Zoroaster was no historic person, but the general name for Magian learning among the Medes and Persians, then he is their personal symbol for Fire, the Parsee emblem of immortality, and that is the reason why "that mighty flame" burns to this day,—

"Like its own God's eternal will,
Deep, constant, bright, unquenchable."

THE HOMER LEGENDS

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

THE STORY OF THE ILIAD

IN THIS way came about the great and terrible war of the Greeks against Troy, whereby the sacred city, loved of Zeus, was brought to destruction.

It chanced that Queen Leda, wife of Tyndareus, king of Sparta, was greatly beloved by the Father of the gods; and to him she bare a daughter, Helen by name, who was the most beautiful woman in the world. All the princes of Greece wooed her, and bound themselves by oath that, whomsoever she might choose for her husband, all the rest should respect her choice and protect her husband in his possession of so priceless a treasure. So she chose; and her choice fell upon Menelaus, king of Sparta, brother to Agamemnon, king of Argos, who was overlord of all the kings of Greece.

Then came to Sparta, from Troy, one of the sons of King Priam, Paris, the harper and archer, very famous for his beauty and his wiles. To him Aphrodite had promised the fairest woman on earth for his bride; and so he had come to Sparta, and King Menelaus did entertain him as became a king's son. But Paris betrayed his hospitality, won the love of Helen, and carried her off by stealth upon his ship, and much treasure with her.

Then the princes of Greece remembered their oath. At the call of King Agamemnon they gathered to take vengeance upon Troy and to win back the peerless Helen,—a mighty force, indeed, they gathered together, namely, one hundred thousand men, and ships eleven hundred and fourscore and six. The great leaders of the host were these: Agamemnon of Argos and Menelaus of Sparta, the



sons of Atreus; Ulysses of Ithaca, wise son of Laertes; Diomed, the son of Tydeus; Eumelus of Thessaly, son of Admetus and Alcestis, dear to the gods; Idomeneus of Crete; Thoas of Ætolia; the honey-tongued Nestor, son of Neleus, who had outlived three generations of men, yet was still mighty in battle as in counsel; Trepolemus of Rhodes, son of Hercules; the great Ajax, son of Telamon, and Ajax, son of Oileus, the swift footed; and, bravest and mightiest of all, the great Achilles, prince of Pthia, whom the silver-footed goddess Thetis had borne to his father, Peleus. Him at his birth his mother had dipped into the river Styx, making him invulnerable to mortal weapons save upon the heel whereby she had held him; and with Achilles went his dear comrade, Patroclus, his brother-in-arms.

Such, and so illustrious, the force that gathered at Aulis in Eubœa, and sailed across the sea and laid siege to sacred Troy, where she stood upon her plain beneath the mount of Ida, beside her rivers, Simois and Scamander. And for nine years did they besiege the city in vain, for the councils of the gods were divided, the one part favoring the Trojans, the other part hating the men of Troy and favoring the Greeks. The Greeks prevailed always on the open plain, for they were many more in number, and many more were their chiefs of prowess; but still the Trojans prevailed at the walls and held their gates secure. And at the end of nine years came the great quarrel between Agamemnon, the king, and Achilles, which wrought so many woes for the Greeks, and came near to overruling the Fates who had decreed the doom of Troy.

Now the quarrel was in this wise: The Greeks had sacked a city sacred to Apollo and carried off great spoil; and the fair Chryseis, daughter of Chryses, the priest of Apollo, they had given to King Agamemnon, who cherished her. When the maid's father came to the Greeks, wearing the garlands of the god and offering vast ransom for his daughter, then was King Agamemnon wroth, and drove him from the camp, thereby dishonoring the god. And Chryses went down by the shore of the many-sounding sea and prayed to the god of the silver bow; and Apollo, giving ear to him, sent a pestilence upon the Greeks, that they died like sheep. Then in a council of the princes the seer Calchas, to the great anger of Agamemnon, declared the cause of the pestilence; whereupon Achilles arose and advised that Chryseis be returned to her father. And Agamemnon answered revilingly, saying that he would indeed give back the maiden, that his people might not die, but that he would recompense himself forthwith by taking to his own tent the fair maid Briseis, who had been allotted to Achilles and whom the prince loved right tenderly. Then was Achilles furious, and he was minded to draw his mighty sword and slay the king where he stood; but Athene, the goddess, invisible to all the rest, came behind and seized him by the

hair, and restrained him with her wise counsel; and Achilles obeyed her and thrust back his sword into his sheath. But he reviled King Agamemnon very scornfully, and swore that he would go no more into the battle; not though the terrible Hector, bulwark of Troy, should slaughter the Greeks and burn the ships with fire.

Thereafter, when Agamemnon sent the heralds to fetch Briseis, Achilles withheld his mighty hand and let the maid go, yielding reluctantly to the command of Athene and to the law which the Greeks had made ordaining obedience to Agamemnon. But when the maid was gone whom he loved, then in bitterness he cast himself down by the sea's margin and called upon his mother, Thetis. And she heard him in her palace under the sea, and arose like a vapor, and came and stroked his hair, and asked, "What ails thee, my son?"

When Achilles had told of his wrong, he prayed his mother that she would go to Olympus and clasp the knees of Zeus, and entreat him to favor the men of Troy in battle, that they might terribly prevail; and that Agamemnon, seeing his people perish before the sword of illustrious Hector, might know what manner of man he had dared to wrong. And Zeus was consenting unto the prayer of Thetis, not only for her own sake, but for the sake of the men of Troy who were ever dutiful with sacrifice upon his altars; but Athene and Hera, who hated the Trojans, were very wroth, and would have hindered the Father of his purpose had they not been fearful of his anger.

Then did Zeus put a false dream into the mind of Agamemnon, urging him forth to battle, and deluding him so that he thought to capture Troy forthwith, Achilles being absent, and so gain for himself the greater glory. And the Greeks were aroused to the fight; and like the countless cranes that wheel and settle on the Asian fen by Cayster's turbid streams, or like the bees that swarm forth in spring, so thronged the Greeks to battle in the great plain beside the Scamander; and with shouts the Trojans, fewer in number but of high courage, ran to meet them.

Then between the hosts rushed forth Paris, carrying his bow and two spears; and he challenged to single combat the bravest of the Greeks. Glad was King Menelaus, and sprang to meet him. But Paris, when he saw the man whom he had wronged, was afraid, and stepped back among his people. Hector chided him for his cowardice; till Paris said: "Call a truce now between the hosts, and let Menelaus and me fight out this quarrel man to man, that the people perish not. And let it so be that if I fall, Menelaus shall take the fair Helen and her possessions, and depart with all the Greeks, leaving this land in peace; and if I prevail, then shall Menelaus and the Greeks depart without her."

Then was Hector glad, and right gladly did Menelaus and all the Greeks agree; and with sacrifices to the gods the covenant was sealed.



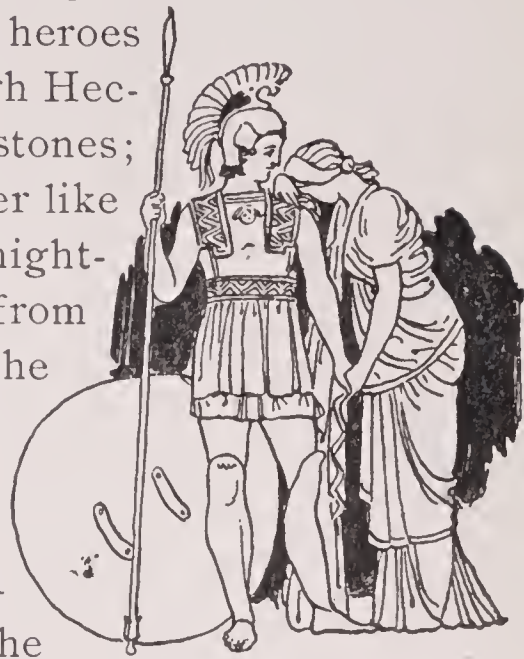
While this was doing came the divine Helen forth from her palace to where Priam and the old men, counselors, once mighty in war, sat upon the walls of Troy. And they all marveled at her beauty, and said one to another, "What wonder that men should suffer much for such a woman!" And from the walls Helen pointed out to them the chiefs of the Grecian host.

Now when Paris and Menelaus fought, Menelaus prevailed, and would have slain his betrayer but that Paris was dear to Aphrodite. And the goddess, hiding him in a cloud, snatched him away from death and carried him out of the battle to his own chamber. Then, Menelaus being victor, Agamemnon demanded of the princes of Troy that the compact be carried out forthwith; and the princes of Troy were not unwilling. But while they parleyed, one Pandarus, thinking to win favor in the eyes of Paris, drew his mighty bow of goat-horn and smote King Menelaus from afar with a black-barbed arrow. The king, indeed, was but wounded, taking no great hurt; but the truce was slain by the traitor arrow of Pandarus; and with the fiercer hate did the hosts clash together.

Then did Athene fire the spirit of Prince Diomed, so that he went through the Trojan host like a flame, and no one could withstand him. He slew Pandarus, him who had broken the truce; and he wounded Æneas, so that his mother, Aphrodite, was fain to snatch him out of the battle; and even the immortal gods, Aphrodite herself and fierce Ares, felt the bitterness of his spear. But when Great Hector, the bulwark of Troy, came thundering against him in his chariot, then did Diomed draw back into the press of common men. Then he encountered Glaucus, prince of the Lycians, the most powerful allies of Troy; and he and Glaucus, discovering that they, too, were hereditary guest-friends, by reason of ancient benefits between their houses, fought not, indeed, but exchanged arms and parted, vowing thereafter to avoid each other in the battle. And the armor of Glaucus was wrought of gold, worth an hundred oxen; but the armor of Diomed was common bronze.

Now Hector, seeing that the gods were favoring the Greeks upon the plain, went into the city to do sacrifice, and finding Paris resting at home with the fair Helen, he rebuked him; but to Helen he spake kindly. And his father and mother besought him to rest, but he would not. Then he went to bid farewell to his wife, Andromache, and to his little son, Astyanax, ere returning to the battle. Thereupon Apollo put it into his mind to challenge the bravest of the Greeks to single combat. And when the Greeks heard his challenge they all were silent, dreading the great prince. But at length nine of the mightiest of their leaders stood up,—Agamemnon, and Ulysses, and Ajax Telamon, and Ajax the son of Oileus, and Idomeneus, and Meriones, and Diomed, and Eurypylus, and

Thoas the son of Andræmon. And the lots being shaken in a helmet, the lot of Ajax Telamon leapt out, and Ajax was glad, vaunting himself; and he strode to meet Prince Hector. Then did the two heroes fight terribly with their spears, but neither prevailed, though Hector took a slight wound in the neck; and they hurled huge stones; and at length, drawing their swords, rushed upon each other like two wild boars raging furiously. But now, it being near night-fall, came the heralds of both hosts, bidding them cease from the equal strife; and the heroes obeyed, praising each the other's prowess; and they exchanged gifts, and parted. Then was a truce declared between the armies, that each might burn its dead.



Now when, on the following day, the two hosts again hurried together, the Greeks the more numerous but no whit the more valiant,—then did Hera and Athene greatly desire to aid their favorites against the men of Troy whom they hated so jealously. But Zeus did angrily constrain them, and they were afraid; so without them the Trojans prevailed, and wherever Hector drave through the press, there the mightiest of the Greeks gave way before him; and he drave even Diomed, shouting after him: “Run, girl! Run, coward! shalt thou climb our walls and carry away our daughters in thy ships?” And many illustrious heroes did he slay: and he wounded Teucer, so that hardly could his brother, the great Ajax, succor him and drag him out of the battle. Then were the Greeks driven like sheep before Hector, so that they were fain to hide within the wall and ditch which they had drawn about the ships; and had not the night come to shelter them, it had well happened that Hector had on that day burned the ships of the Greeks with fire. And that night the Trojans camped upon the plain, very near to the Grecian ships.

Now when it was dark the Trojans rested in triumph, but the Greeks, in sorrow of heart, expecting doom. And it repented King Agamemnon that he had wronged Achilles, whom now the people needed in their strait; and not only did he proclaim his repentance in the council, but he sent Ulysses and Ajax, and the old Prince Phœnix, with two heralds, to offer great restitution to Achilles and to entreat him to return to the battle. The fair Briseis did Agamemnon offer, and seven other damsels of Lesbos; seven sacred tripods; ten talents of gold;—with seven rich cities and his own daughter to wife after Troy should be taken. Achilles was playing upon a silver harp and singing the deeds of the heroes, while his comrade Patroclus sat beside him. Very courteously did he receive his guests; and he feasted them, and listened to their persuasions. But to the offers of Agamemnon he turned a deaf ear, spurning his gifts, and declaring his intention of leaving the Greeks and Trojans to fight out their

quarrel for themselves, while he returned to the fields of his fertile Pthia. So Ajax and Ulysses in sorrow went back with his answer to the king.

Now when day dawned, King Agamemnon set the line of the Greeks in order and rushed into the battle before all the other chiefs. And many princes fell under his spear; and he swept the Trojans before him as a fire sweepeth a wood, even up to the city gates; and because the gods were with him in that hour no man might stand against him.

But Zeus withheld Hector from the battle. Then at last the king was wounded in the arm, so that he withdrew from the battle; whereupon came Hector forth again, and chased the Greeks as a wolf chases the sheep. Then did Paris wound Diomed with an arrow; and Socus, dying, wounded Ulysses with his spear; and Paris again smote Eurypylus; and the great Ajax was daunted so that he withdrew sullenly from meeting Hector; and Paris again, for he was a wondrous bowman, pierced Machaon through the shoulder. Then did Fear stalk through the ranks of the Greeks, so that they were driven within their walls, and heard the mighty Hector's chariot-wheels thundering at their gates.

Now the fight at the wall was furious and slaughterous beyond telling, and on both sides fell many heroes. Mightily raged Hector to ruin the wall and burn the ships, and fearfully strove the Greeks to ward off this final ruin. Then great was the glory of Sarpedon and Glaucus, the high-hearted princes of the Lycians, friends to Hector, who withstood now the mightiest of the Grecian heroes. In this manner raged the battle at the wall, neither side prevailing; till Hector, lifting and hurling a huge rock, broke down the gate. Then, a spear in either hand, and his eyes as flames, he sprang into the breach; and the men of Troy, pressing after him, dashed upon the ships.

And now had the men of Troy prevailed, and the Greeks perished by the ships; but that Zeus turned away his face and saw not how Poseidon, who hated the Trojans, came quickly to the help of the Greeks. And the god put new courage into the breasts of the heroes, that they fought stubbornly; and on the right Hector raged in vain against Ajax the great, and Ajax the less, and Teucer the archer; while on the left, King Idomeneus of Crete, and Meriones and King Menelaus made head against Deiphobus and Paris and Æneas; till at length, Zeus sleeping and Poseidon helping the Greeks, the Trojans began to be driven back, and Hector was sore wounded by a stone which smote him on the neck. Then Zeus awoke and was wroth; and he roughly rebuked Poseidon, and sent Apollo to heal Hector of his hurt. Thereupon, with new strength did Hector rush into the battle; and the Greeks were afraid, for they thought he had been slain; and once more did the clamor and the blood and the fury of the fight close in about the ships.

Then did Patroclus, grieved at the slaughter of the Greeks and the peril into which they were come, strive to persuade Achilles that he should lay aside his wrath, and arm himself, and come again into the battle. "Or, if thou wilt not," said Patroclus, "then let me go, leading thy myrmidons. And let me wear thy armor, that the Trojans may be afraid and the Greeks have breathing space."

And to this, indeed, Achilles was consenting; though not yet would he lay aside his anger and go himself into the battle. But he gave to Patroclus his shining armor, and his chariot, and his immortal steeds, with Automedon, his charioteer. And even while Patroclus was arming himself, did Hector prevail over the great Ajax, so that Ajax was sore afraid and went back from him, uncovering the ships; and Hector applied the torch, and the flames shot up to heaven. Then, indeed, was Achilles troubled, and he bade Patroclus make haste. But he bade him content himself with driving the Trojans back from the ships, and not to approach the walls of Troy lest Apollo should slay him in wrath, loving the Trojans.

Now when Patroclus, in the armor and the chariot of Achilles, came thundering into the battle, then indeed were the Trojans greatly afraid, deeming that it was even Achilles himself. And they fled, carrying Hector in the midst of the press. And many chiefs of fame did Patroclus slay, so that it seemed that the spirit and the strength of Achilles's self were within him. And the great Sarpedon, chief of the Lycians and bravest of the allies of Troy, did Patroclus slay. Then did he forget the command of Achilles, and pursued the men of Troy up to the very walls, hoping that day to take the city by his own might. But thereat was Apollo wroth, so that he stirred up the spirit of Hector to go against Patroclus. Many and illustrious were the heroes whom Patroclus had slain that day; and now, aiming at Hector, he slew Prince Cebriones, Hector's brother and charioteer, and mocked him as he fell. But his vaunting was not for long; for Hector rushed upon him, and pierced him with his spear that he fell. Then did Hector strip him of the splendid armor of Achilles, and bear it away. But the body of Patroclus he could not bear away, for Ajax Telamon, and Menelaus, and a crowd of the Greeks, rushed to defend it against this dishonor.

And now about the body of Patroclus fiercely raged the battle, for neither would the Greeks yield it up nor would the Trojans suffer them to have it. And Hector put on the armor of Achilles, and went through the ranks of the men of Greece like a flame through stubble; and Æneas by his side did great deeds. Then the chiefs of the Greeks, seeing that they might no longer by themselves withstand Hector and Æneas, sent word to Achilles that Patroclus was slain, and urged him to come and save the body. And Achilles cried out in his grief for

Patroclus, and poured ashes upon his head, and would have slain himself but that his comrades held his hands. But he went not forth into the battle, because that Hector had his armor, and he dreaded not death but dishonor. Then his mother, Thetis, sitting in her cave of the sea, heard his cry and came to him. And when she learned of his sorrow and his strait, she promised that she would persuade Hephæstus, that he might forge him new and invulnerable armor against the morrow.

And now would the Trojans surely have prevailed and carried off the body of Patroclus, had not Zeus himself put a thought into the mind of Achilles. And about Achilles's shoulders did Athene throw her mighty ægis, and a halo of fire about his head; and he went forth to the trench and shouted in a terrible voice. Thrice did he shout across the battle; and the Trojans were smitten with fear, and they fled so that no man might stay them; and the Greeks with joy drew the body of Patroclus out of the press. Then did the Greeks stay close within the trench, glad of a respite; while the Trojans gathered themselves in council on the plain. And some of the Trojan chiefs were for returning into the city, behind the shelter of the walls thereof, now that Achilles was aroused again; but Hector would not. "If Achilles be indeed come forth from his tent, be it so," said he. "I will not shun to meet him, for now to one man and now to another does Ares give the victory."

Now did the Greeks mourn greatly over the body of Patroclus; and Achilles and King Agamemnon were reconciled in the council of the princes; and Achilles, for courtesy, accepted the gifts of the king, though he desired them not. And meanwhile was Hephæstus busy at the forges of the gods, making for Achilles the new armor which Thetis had begged of him. On the shield he wrought many wonders,—the earth, the sky, and the sea; the sun and moon, and all the stars; and two cities; and strange pictures from the life of man; and round about the shield the great river of ocean. And folds it had of bronze, and gold, and tin, so fashioned that weapon of mortal man might not pierce it. And a corselet he fashioned also, brighter than fire; and a helmet crested with gold; and greaves of tin, cunningly wrought. And this armor Thetis carried to Achilles; and into the nostrils of the slain Patroclus did she pour nectar, that it might not know decay until Achilles should be ready to pay it the due funeral rites. For Achilles proposed to be avenged on Hector ere he should pay the last rites to Patroclus.

Now on the following day, arrayed in the divine armor, Achilles went once more into the battle. Then did Prince Æneas confront him fearlessly, and smote him fair upon the shield, and pierced through two folds of the god-forged defense. And Achilles rushed upon him with his sword, while Æneas snatched up a great stone to cast at him. Then

had Æneas surely perished, but that Poseidon snatched him up and carried him away, for he was very dear to the gods. And Achilles sought for Hector, slaying as he went; and Hector sought for him, till Apollo bade him avoid the strife. And Hector obeyed, till he saw Achilles slay his young brother, the stripling Polydorus. Then in a fury he rushed at Achilles. But when he cast his mighty spear, Athene turned it aside with her breath. Then Achilles sprang upon him, but Apollo snatched him away; and they twain were separated, Achilles loudly vaunting. And Achilles slew the Trojans by the score; but twelve he took alive, that he might sacrifice them on the tomb of Patroclus.

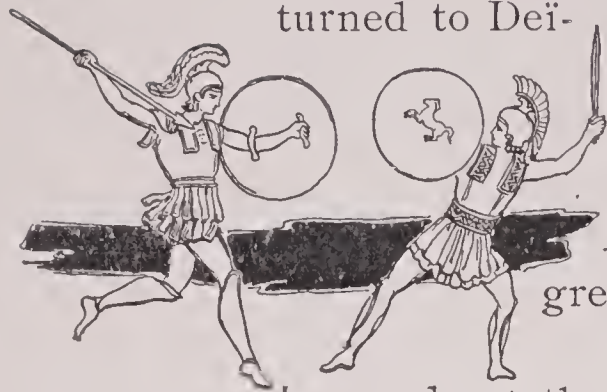
It chanced now that the river-god Scamander, whose course was choked with the bodies of the Trojans whom Achilles had slain, was wroth. He swelled his currents and fell upon Achilles, and was like to have overwhelmed him. But Hera saw it, and sent Hephæstus to dry up the streams of Scamander with fire, so that the river shrank into his bed; and the fishes were killed, and the trees along the bank were scorched and withered. Then were the gods divided among themselves, and their anger brake out against one another, while Zeus sat upon his throne and laughed. Then did Hera smite Artemis, who loved the Trojans, so that she fled weeping; and Athene smote Ares; and Hera again smote Aphrodite; and Poseidon challenged Apollo, but Apollo refused the combat. And ill was it for Troy in that hour, for the gods that were against her were mightier than those that were for her; and very bitter was their hate, especially that of Hera and Athene, whom Paris had slighted of old, giving the apple of beauty to Aphrodite.

And now did Achilles so mightily prevail that all the Trojans were driven within the gates, and the gates were shut. But Hector alone remained outside; for he would not fly, but was minded to try his fate against Achilles. But when Achilles came against him, then did the gods put panic into his heart, so that he fled; and thrice about the walls of Troy did Achilles pursue him fleeing; and now did Apollo leave him, seeing that Zeus had decreed his destruction. And Athene came to Achilles and said: "Now shall Hector die, and thou have the glory. Stay, and recover thy breath, for I shall go and hearten him with false hope, that he may stand against thee and be slain."

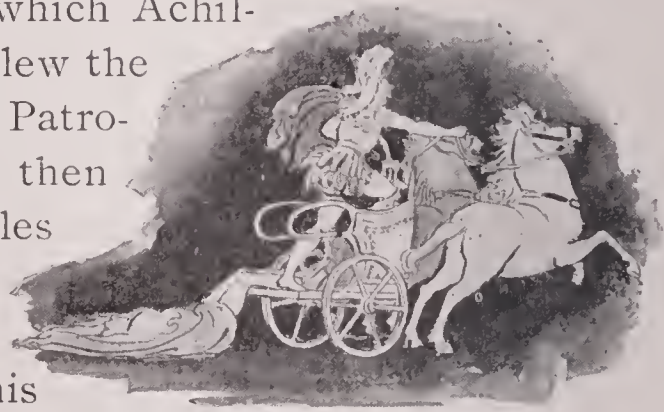
Then Athene in her guile took the shape of Deïphobus, best-loved and bravest of Hector's brothers. And the false Deïphobus said to Hector: "Come, let us twain make stand against this Achilles." And Hector said: "Deïphobus, now I love thee yet more, for that thou alone, while all others remained within, hast ventured forth to stand by my side."

And now Achilles came, and hurled his mighty Peleian spear; but it went over Hector's head, and Athene, Hector not perceiving, handed it

back to him. Then did Hector throw, and his spear struck true, but might not pierce the god-wrought shield of Achilles. And Hector turned to Deïphobus for another spear. But false Deïphobus had gone. Then did Hector know himself cheated and his great heart sank within him, and he rushed upon Achilles with his sword, but might not come nigh him, for Achilles pierced him with his spear, and he fell. When great Hector fell, then was the bulwark of Troy fallen.



And now Achilles, having stripped Hector of his armor, honored not the body, but dragged it behind his chariot to the ships, defiling it. Then did he make ready for the burning of Patroclus; and he held great games in honor of Patroclus, at which the greatest heroes of the Greeks contended for the prizes which Achilles set up; and on the funeral pile he slew the twelve Trojan captives, to do honor to Patroclus. But when the burning was done, then did Hermes take King Priam to Achilles secretly, by night, that he might ransom the body of Hector; and Achilles suffered the old man's grief to soften his



heart, and he took the gifts which Priam had brought, and gave him the body of his son to take back into Troy. Also, he consented to a truce of twelve days. So the men of Troy burned Hector with great honors. And they built over his ashes a vast mound, that all men might see the tomb of the mightiest of the Trojans, Hector, the Tamer of Horses.

But after these things the end of Troy was near. Achilles, boasting that he would of his own might break into Troy, was slain at the Scæan gate by an arrow of the archer, Prince Paris, which smote him in the heel. Then, at last, the Greeks devised a cunning device, being taught by Athene. They burned their ships, and made as if they had given up the strife, sailing away over the dark sea. But they went not far; and they left upon the shore a great horse of wood, wherein were hidden the bravest of their heroes. And the men of Troy, deluded by a false oracle from the gods who willed their destruction, came with ropes and drew the horse into the city. That night, as they feasted and rejoiced, deeming that the war was over, the chiefs came out of the horse and opened the gates. Then the Greeks, returning by stealth, entered and took the city. And so was wrought the destruction of sacred Troy, that the decree of Fate might be fulfilled.

THE STORY OF THE ODYSSEY

AS ONE that for a weary space has lain,
Lulled by the song of Circe and her wine
In gardens near the pale of Proserpine,
Where that Æean isle forgets the main,
And only the low lutes of Love complain,
And only shadows of wan lovers pine,
As such an one were glad to know the brine
Salt on his lips, and the large air again;
So, gladly, from the songs of modern speech
Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free,
Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers,
And through the music of the languid hours
They hear like ocean on a western beach
The surge and thunder of the Odyssey.

— ANDREW LANG.

THE ten years' war in Troy was over; and the city of Priam was in ashes. Helen, the beautiful bane of Greece, was retaken, and given back to her husband, Menelaus. The honor of the house of Atreus was avenged in blood and fire. The heroes who had not perished in those wild years of battle under the walls, were setting their faces and their hearts toward home.

Of them all, the most desirous of his home was Ulysses, the son of Laertes. Wisest in council of all the Greeks was he, eloquent, mighty in battle, and highly favored of Athene. Not for ten years had he seen his rocky island kingdom of Ithaca, nor his wife, the fair and prudent Penelope, nor his son Telemachus, whom he had left a child in arms when he sailed away to support the quarrel of King Agamemnon.

His oared ships laden with spoils, Ulysses and his men sailed away from the Trojan shores, trusting that a few days of voyaging would bring them back to the rocky uplands of Ithaca. But of all that joyous company it was decreed that Ulysses alone, and he after ten years' wandering, should come to the haven of his desire.

From Troy the wind carried him to the city of Ismarus, an ally of Troy, which he took by storm, putting its people to the sword, and adding rich plunder to his store. But his comrades delayed to revel; and in the night, while they drank and feasted, came the men of the mountains and overwhelmed them; and with the loss of half his men, Ulysses fled to his ships. Hardly had they made the open when a huge wind out of the north blew down upon them. When they would have rounded the southmost point of Greece and borne upward again toward their western isle, they could not prevail at all against this wind. For ten days it bore them south into the unknown; and on the tenth day, died into a golden

calm off the coasts of the Lotus-eaters. "All round the coasts the languid air did swoon"; and when the worn sea-farers landed, the gentle inhabitants came to them with branches of their enchanted fruit, whereof whosoever eats goes ever after in a dream, forgetful of all past pain and joy alike, nor cares for home or children any more. Ere many of his company had eaten, Ulysses led them back to the ships, they who had tasted of the sweet oblivion being bound and carried off in spite of tears. From this soft peril they rowed away, the wind having forgotten them; and after days of toil they came to the land of the Cyclops. In the harbor of an uninhabited island near the shore, Ulysses left eleven of his ships with their crews, to hunt the goats wherewith the place abounded, while he betook himself with the twelfth ship to learn what manner of folk might be found upon the mainland, where smoke arose at evening with the far-off noise of gathering flocks.

Now Ulysses was the most curious of men, ever seeking new wisdom in the face of whatever peril; but also he was the most prudent, else his curiosity had long ago brought him the final wisdom of death. He left the ship and crew in a secret haven, and taking twelve of the bravest of his comrades, journeyed inland. Carrying not only food, but a skin of wine of magic power and sweetness, they came presently to a great cave with laurels about its mouth. Within were pens for sheep and goats, baskets of cherries, and long rows of dishes filled with milk; and the strangers waited for the return of the absent shepherd. At sunset he returned, driving his flocks before him; and when they saw him the wanderers fled into the darkest corners of the cave. He was a giant, with but one eye, set in the middle of his forehead; and Ulysses knew him for the Cyclop Polyphemus, one of the sons of Poseidon, god of the sea. The giant closed the mouth of the cave with a rock of the bigness of a house, and milked his flocks; then he kindled a fire of pine-logs, whose leaping blaze revealed the strangers where they crouched.

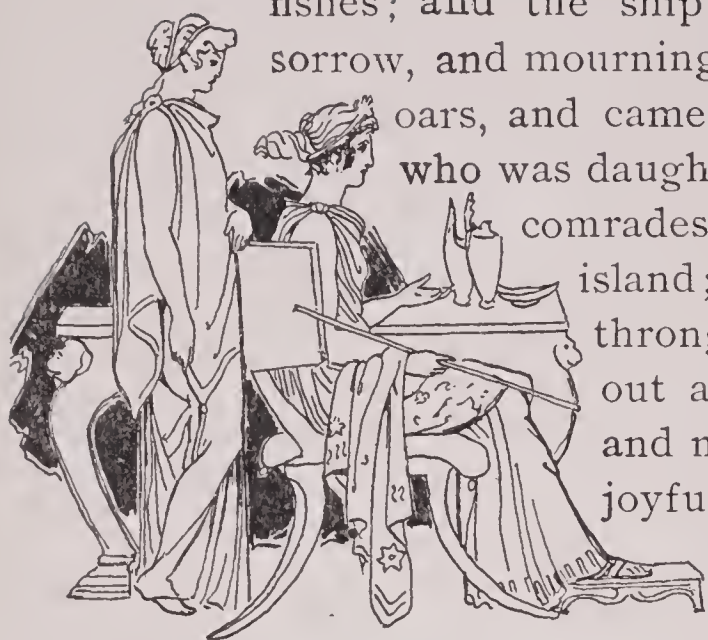
"Who are you?" roared the Cyclops. "Are you traders? Or pirates?" Ulysses, in replying, subtly withheld the matter of the ships, declaring that they were just escaped from shipwreck on his coast, and begging hospitality in the name of Zeus, protector of strangers. For answer, the giant snatched up two of the men, tore them to pieces, and devoured them, with buckets of milk, for his evening meal. Then he threw himself down among his flocks and slept, careless of the trembling strangers. The hero in his rage would have pierced him as he lay, trusting that his sword would be long enough to reach the monster's heart; but he bethought him that there would then be none who could move away the stone from the cave-mouth. So he waited, devising vengeance and escape together.

In the morning the Cyclops devoured two men, then drove off his flocks to the pastures, closing the cave securely. At evening when again he made his hideous meal, Ulysses approached him courteously with his skin of wine, whereof the odor was not to be resisted. The Cyclops drank heavily, till he fell into a deep sleep. Then Ulysses took a stake of green olive-wood, and heated the point thereof in the fire; and all the company bearing down upon it, they thrust it into the giant's single eye, where it hissed like red-hot steel in water. Roaring with the anguish, the giant sprang up, and groped with his hands for his enemies; but they hid themselves so that he found them not. Then he rolled away the stone from the cave-mouth, and sat therein with hands outstretched, trusting to catch them as they sought to escape. But the crafty Ulysses outwitted him. The rams of the flock were long-fleeced and of great stature. Under the bodies of the biggest of them the Greeks clung, hidden by the wool, and so were carried forth in safety, and escaped to their ships. Now when they had gained some oars' lengths from the shore, Ulysses cried out to the Cyclops, taunting him; whereupon the giant tore off the rocky peak of a hill near by and hurled it after the ships. It raised a mighty wave which bore the ships onward; and the Greeks rowed furiously till they were beyond the reach of these perils. And the baffled giant roared after them his curse, which was destined to bring down upon them many woes:—"Hear thou me, Poseidon, if thou be indeed my father, I thy very son. Let this Ulysses never come to his home. Or if the fates have decreed his return, let him return alone, his comrades lost, to find disaster in his house." And right well did Poseidon hear this prayer.



On the next day the Greeks came to the island of Æolus, Master of the Winds, a floating island, walled about with bronze. There they were royally entertained, for the fame of Ulysses was well known to all the Gods; and Æolus, to favor his voyaging, gave him an ox hide in which were all the winds imprisoned, save only the gentle west wind which was needed to carry him toward Ithaca. For nine days then they voyaged softly over the wine-dark sea, till the beacon lights of Ithaca appeared. For nine days had Ulysses steered, and now he fell asleep. While he slept, his comrades, thinking to discover what treasures of gold and jewels he had brought in the great ox hide, opened it; and all the contrary winds rushed out, and roared about them, and swept them away again to unknown seas.

After this they touched at the land of the Læstrygones, giants who fed on the flesh of men. And the Læstrygones hurled great stones upon the ships, so that they were broken; and the men they speared like



fishes; and the ship of Ulysses only escaped this doom. So in great sorrow, and mourning for their comrades, they smote the sea with their oars, and came at last to the Isle of Circe, that sorceress goddess who was daughter to the Sun. Then Ulysses sent one-half of his comrades, under the cautious Eurylochus, to search out the island; and they came to the palace of Circe, which was thronged about with lions and wolves. And Circe came out and spoke to them sweetly, and bade them within, and mixed for them a sweet drink whereof they drank joyfully at her fair hands. Then she smote them with her wand,—and lo, they became as swine, yet with the hearts and minds of men looking forth from their eyes.

But the cautious Eurylochus had stayed without the palace, fearing treason; and now he fled to Ulysses with the dreadful tidings. Then, in spite of the entreaties of his comrades, Ulysses slung his great sword about his shoulders and set out for the palace of the enchantress. As he went, burning with anger, the god Hermes met him in the way, and gave him to eat of the herb "Moly," a magic antidote against the bane of Circe's wine. And he came and stood in the palace porch, and called aloud; and the goddess came out and very courteously led him within. Having seated him in a great chair, she offered him her wine in a golden cup; and when he had quaffed it, her face changed, and she smote him with her wand. But when she saw that she had no power over him, then she loved him greatly, and knew him for the wise Ulysses. For his sake she restored his comrades whom she had made swine; and she sent for his other companions who were with the ship; and they all dwelt happily at the palace for one year.



At last the hearts of Ulysses and his comrades turned again with longing toward Ithaca; and the goddess reluctantly consented to their going. But first she sent Ulysses to the dwellings of the dead, there to consult the shade of the blind seer, Teiresias, as to how he should assuage Poseidon's wrath. Taught by Circe, he voyaged across the stream of ocean to a dark, waste shore of poplars, whence he journeyed to the meeting-place of two of the great rivers of Hades,—Phlegethon, river of fire, and Cocytus, river of wailing. There he sacrificed to the dead a black ram and a black ewe, letting their blood flow together into a trench. When the shades crowded about, craving to drink the fresh and vital fluid, he stayed them with his sword until Teiresias came and answered all his questionings, directing him as to his journey, and teaching him

how he might hope to propitiate the angry Poseidon. "Ye may yet come safe to your homes," said he, "if, when thou comest to the Isle of the Three Capes, and find there the herds of the sun, thou restrain thy comrades from evil doing. If the kine be not harmed, then mayest thou yet regain thine Ithaca, though after grievous toil." And much more said the seer, who, though blind, saw all the future as in a glass. Then, after talking with the shades of many heroes, both of those who had perished long ago and of those who had fallen on the plains of windy Troy, Ulysses journeyed back to the Isle of Circe, who feasted him, and sped him on his way with store of provision and plenitude of wise counsel.

Then once more the much-wandering heroes set sail, and voyaged over the dark sea rejoicing. And first they came to the Sirens' Isle, and, the wind dying, they were fain to put out the oars. Being forewarned by Circe, Ulysses straightway took wax and stuffed the ears of his comrades that they might not hear that song which no man could resist; and he bade them bind him to the mast, and heed his commands no more until they should be beyond hearing of the too-sweet voices. But his own ears he left unstopped. And when the Sirens sang to him, he strove in his bonds and made imperious signs to the rowers. And they, unheeding, but rowed the harder and put more bonds upon him; and so they came safely past that peril.

Not long thereafter they came to a narrow strait that was filled with smoke and roaring, where on the one side stood the rock of Scylla, and on the other the whirlpool of Charybdis. And the wise Ulysses bade steer the nigher to Scylla than to Charybdis. And while the men watched fearfully the yawning whirlpool, open to the floors of ocean, the six dreadful heads of Scylla, on their long snake necks, darted forth out of the rock, and snatched away six of the bravest of the comrades of Ulysses; and piteously did they call on him for aid, but in vain. Then the rest rowed furiously, while their hearts were as water in their breasts.

After this they came to the Isle of Three Capes, and heard the lowing of the sacred kine. Then Ulysses told them of the perils of the place, of the doom which should befall them if the flocks of the sun should take hurt at their hands; and counseled that, though weary, they should pass by the island. But they were instant to land, and would not be governed. And when they were come to shore, the winds changed and held them there close prisoners, till their food was consumed, and hunger gnawed upon them. Then one day, while Ulysses slept, they killed the sacred kine and feasted on the flesh,—and the flesh bowed upon the spits of the roasting, and the skies darkened ominously; and Ulysses smote his breast and made sacrifice. Presently a favoring

wind arose, and they all set sail; but when they had voyaged a space the anger of the gods was loosed against them, and a storm seized upon them, and a bolt from Zeus shattered the ship, and all the ship's company perished miserably save the wise Ulysses only. He, clinging to a portion of the ship's timbers, drifted on the sea for nine days, and came alive to the Isle of Ogygia, the domain of the goddess Calypso. And the goddess knew the wise Ulysses, and loved him; and she constrained him, so that he dwelt with her eight years.

But Ulysses, though he was loved by a goddess, who offered him immortal youth if he would abide with her, desired continually to see once more the high, bright pastures of his native land, and Penelope, his wife, and his son Telemachus. Then Athene, to whom of all the high gods was Ulysses most dear, persuaded Zeus that the hero had suffered too much from Poseidon's wrath. Thereupon Hermes was sent to tell Calypso that she must let Ulysses go. And Calypso, though grieved, taught him to build a strong raft, and gave him food and raiment, and sent a favorable wind into his sails to bear him home to Ithaca. And for seventeen days he sailed, and slept not, steering by the stars, till he saw, like a small blue cloud upon the horizon, the sacred land of the Phæacians, dear to the gods. But not yet was Poseidon's wrath appeased; and he gathered a storm and so smote the raft with his trident, that it broke; and the hero was cast into the sea. Yet was his mighty spirit not broken. For two days he swam, till he came to the land, where a river of sweet water flowed into the sea. And he made the shore, and crept into a thicket of wild olives, and slept as one dead till he was eased of his toil.

Now it chanced that the Princess Nausicaa, daughter of Alcinous, king of the Phæacians, came down to the river with her handmaidens to wash linen. And after the washing the maidens played ball, and their laughter and high voices awoke Ulysses. Then he came forth and knelt to Nausicaa, and besought her protection; and she knew by his speech that he was no common man. She gave him clothing, and bade him follow to the city and crave her father's hospitality. At the palace he was well received, though a stranger, for his voice and his presence won him favor with all men. When he had been entertained as became a king's guest, he told his name and related all his wanderings, during the ten years since windy Troy had fallen. And King Alcinous did him great honor, and, daring the wrath of Poseidon, sent him on one of the ships of the Phæacians, which were the swiftest and most marvelous ships in the world, homeward over the wine-dark sea to the high-pastured Ithaca. And when they approached the land Ulysses fell into a deep sleep. And the Phæacians carried him ashore, sleeping, in a secret harbor of Ithaca; and beside a sacred olive-tree,

by a cave of the nymphs, they laid him down and all his treasures with him. So Ulysses, all unwitting, lay asleep on his native soil.

Now, in the meantime, during those twenty years of the hero's absence, many things had been happening at Ithaca. The child Telemachus had grown to man's estate. Penelope, his mother, had been hard put to it to ward off the suitors who aspired to her hand and her possessions; for word had gone abroad that her mighty husband had perished by sea on his homeward voyage from Troy. This rumor the faithful Penelope had refused to believe. But the world believed it. And the people held it not well that the sovereignty of Ithaca should be held by a woman and a child. The wooers were very pertinacious; so that at length Penelope promised that she would make choice among them,—for they were all princes,—when she should have completed the web which she was weaving. Taught this guile by Athene in a dream, each night she would unravel all that she had woven during the day, and the suitors found themselves no nearer to their desire. At length the wooers grew very insolent and overbearing. They established themselves, one hundred and eight in number, in the palace of Ulysses, feasting and reveling in his undefended halls, consuming his flocks and his vineyards, and corrupting his servants. Still Penelope held haughtily aloof, while young Telemachus ate his own heart in his rage because he was not yet strong enough to defend his house and property from these robber princes. Of the rest of Ulysses's household there remained faithful to him only Eumæus the swineherd, and Philætiús the neatherd, and the old nurse Eurycleia, who had nursed him as a babe upon her knees.

Now when Ulysses awoke beneath the sacred olive, in the little harbor where the Phæacians had left him, he knew not the place nor whither he had come. But Athene, his protectress, came and advised him what he should do. And she bade him go first to Eumæus, the swineherd, but not reveal himself, and to abide there till she should come to him. To Telemachus he was to reveal himself, but to none other until the time was ripe to take vengeance upon the wooers, the despoilers of his house; and then to Eumæus the swineherd, he should reveal himself, and to Philætiús the neatherd, for these were faithful, and would aid him without fear. And she made Ulysses to have the likeness of an old beggar, that none might know him; and Eumæus knew him not, but entertained him kindly, and told him stories of Ulysses.

Now Telemachus had been away on a journey to Sparta, to make inquiry of King Menelaus concerning his father; and on the journey many good omens were vouchsafed to him. On his return, Athene, in the likeness of his friend and consulter, Mentor, sent him to the house of Eumæus when the swineherd was absent in the fields. Then Ulysses revealed himself to his son. And Telemachus at first doubted, thinking

him, rather, some god, such majesty did Athene shed upon him; but at length he was convinced. Then the twain wept upon each other's neck. And when they had talked over many things till the setting of the sun, then they planned together for the slaying of the wooers. At last Ulysses said:—

“Go home in the morning, and go among the suitors freely; and for me, I will come as an old beggar; and if they evil entreat me, be thou prudent and suffer it, for verily their doom is near. And when I give the sign, do thou take all the arms from the hall and hide them in thy room, saying to the suitors that arms are an incitement to strife when men are in their cups. But keep two swords, two spears, and two shields,—for thee and for me. And see thou tell no one, not Eumæus, nay, nor Penelope herself.”

Now when Ulysses went, as a beggar, to the palace, no man knew him. But the dog Argus, whom Ulysses had reared with his own hands, knew him. Old and lame and full of lice, the dog, though of noble breed, lay neglected on a dunghill; but at the sight of his master he arose, and whined, and wagged his tail. For twenty years he had waited; and now, having seen once more the master whom he loved, he lay down and died. Then the hero brushed away a tear, and entered the hall where the wooers sat feasting on his substance.

Now the wooers were insolent to the unknown suppliant, heaping abuse upon him, and thereby heaping up wrath against themselves. And, indeed, hardly could Telemachus restrain them from violence. Even the blows of one of them did the hero endure, curbing his rage against the vengeance to come. But when Penelope heard of the stranger's arrival, and that he was a much-traveled man, she sent for him, after her custom, to question him if haply he might have news of her husband. He went to her secretly in the evening, lest the wooers should prevent; and Penelope knew him not, but entertained him kindly. And he told her that her husband was yet alive, and would come to avenge himself terribly upon the wooers. Then Penelope bade the old nurse Eurycleia wash the stranger's feet; and because of an ancient scar upon his leg, and because of something in his voice, Eurycleia recognized her master. But when she would have cried out his name in her joy, Ulysses laid his hand upon her mouth, and she understood, and was silent.

Now it chanced that Penelope, unable any longer to put them off, had promised that on the morrow she would make choice among the suitors. She had said that she would bring them the great black bow of Ulysses himself; and whosoever of them all could bend it the most easily, and string it, and drive an arrow through the helve-holes of the twelve axes which Telemachus would set up for the trial, to that one would she give herself. Then in the morning all the suitors gathered

for the trial; and Telemachus set up the twelve axes in a row; but in the meantime he had carried away out of the hall all the weapons, save only those which he had kept near at hand, for the use of his father and himself at the great moment. Thereupon Penelope brought the great black bow, and a quiver full of arrows; and never before had she appeared to the suitors so tall and so beautiful.

While they gaped at her, and handled the bow, and softened the string with fat because it had been long unused, Ulysses went out and revealed himself to Eumæus, the swineherd and to Philætiüs, the neatherd. Right glad were they of his coming, and he bade them shut the women into their own apartments, and bar the great doors of the hall, and come and stand where they might be ready to help him.

Then first Leiodes, the priest, made trial of the black bow; but his tender hands could move it not even a little. And the rest were wroth, and strove mightily with it; but strove every one of them in vain, till none were left to strive save only Antinous and Eurymachus, the strongest and most arrogant of them all. Eurymachus tried, and the veins stood out upon his forehead; but he bent it not; and he groaned aloud, lamenting that they all should be so inferior to the great Ulysses. But as for Antinous, he refused the trial, saying that the gods were against them that day, but that he would try — ay, and bend the bow — on the morrow. Then Ulysses spoke, and said: —

“Let me try this bow, for I would know if my strength be yet as it was of old.”

And the suitors were wroth and would have prevented him; but Penelope said it should be even as he wished. And Telemachus said: —

“No man shall say me nay, if I will that this stranger try the bow. But do thou, Mother, go to thy chamber with thy maidens, and let men take thought for these things.”

This he said, knowing that the hour was come, and desiring to spare her a dreadful sight. Then Ulysses took up the great black bow and strung it with ease; and he tried the string and it sang, sweetly and terribly shrill. He fitted an arrow, and, sitting as he was, the arrow darted through the twelve rings and went deep into the wall beyond. Then Telemachus came to his side with spear and shield; and Ulysses spake to the wooers, saying: —

“This task is done. Let me try at yet another mark.”

And forthwith the great bow sang, and the arrow went through the white throat of Antinous as he lifted up his cup to drink.

And now the wooers sprang up, astonished, and Ulysses declared himself, showing them their doom. Then Eurymachus, though they all

were an hundred against Ulysses and Telemachus alone, sought to purchase peace. But Ulysses said: "My hands shall not cease from slaying till I have taken vengeance on you all." So Eurymachus and the others rushed upon him; but his arrows went through them as they came, and the spear of Telemachus smote them down, and terrible was the shouting. But while Ulysses and Telemachus donned their armor, at the same time, by the treachery of a servant, were spears and shields brought to the wooers where they gathered at the farther end of the hall. Then came in Eumæus and Philætius and armed themselves, and stood beside Ulysses; and the wooers rushed upon them in two bands; and dreadful was the encounter. But Athene, sitting upon a roof-beam in the likeness of a swallow, troubled the wooers and turned their weapons aside. And they were slain, every man.

Then Ulysses gave order that the bodies be removed, and the hall purified with water and with sulphur. And he sent for his wife, Penelope. And when he had convinced her that it was indeed he, and not some god come to avenge her on the wooers, then, indeed, did she fall upon his neck with tears of gladness. And so did Ulysses come back to his home after twenty years.

THE KORAN

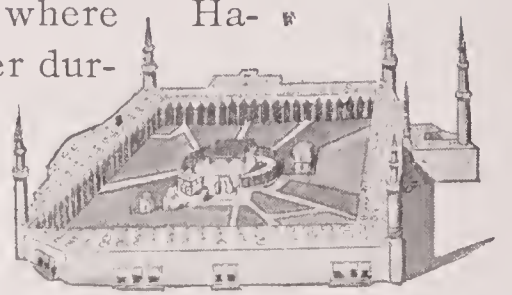
INTRODUCTION

MOHAMMED, founder of Islam, has been called the last of the prophets. Born in a time and among a people whose highest ideal was the observance of the mere forms of piety—the dry husks of religion—this rude, uneducated Arab, by the sheer force of his passionate faith, his will, and his personality, slowly gathered about him a train of followers whose devotion made them willing to fight and die for the prophet and his message. Unable to read, without the knowledge that is found in books, unlearned save in the school of human life and nature, this man yet left a book whose chances of immortality may be regarded as only less than those of the Bible and the Vedas. And he also left a power behind him, a living faith that sustains a very large part of the people of the world to-day, nearly thirteen hundred years after his death.

As George Sale says in the introduction to his able translation of the Koran: "They must have a mean opinion of the Christian religion . . . who can apprehend any danger from the book of Mohammed." We can therefore study it and its author without fear or prejudice; and both are well worth the time necessary to establish an acquaintance with them.



Mohammed was born in the year 570, at Mecca, in the noble family of the Koreish, that had been for generations the keepers of the Kaaba temple. This temple is built around the famous Kaaba stone, said to have been thrown down from heaven beside the well Zem-Zem, where Hagar and her little son Ishmael are believed to have found water during their sojourn in the wilderness after being cast out by Abraham. The stone is thought by scientists to be a gigantic aërolite, and its descent was very probably seen by those who first made the assertion of its heavenly origin.



The father of Mohammed, Abdullah, died before his son was born, and the mother of the child also died, when he was six years old. He was thus left to the care of his grandfather, a man more than a hundred years old, who on his death intrusted him to his son Abu Thaleb, half brother of Abdullah. We have not much information that can be relied upon in regard to the details of Mohammed's early life; but we are told that he journeyed to Syria in his boyhood, and that he made many other journeys with his uncle, who was a trader. At the age of eighteen he is said to have fought beside his uncle in war.

In his early twenties he became the steward of the rich widow, Kadijah, fifteen years his senior, whom he afterward married and who became the first convert to his new faith. Sir William Muir, in his able "Life of Mahomet," gives an interesting account of the wooing of the young Arab by the widow Kadijah, but space will not permit its retelling here.

Much doubt has been cast upon the sincerity of Mohammed, but this attitude toward him is no longer held by the best thinkers. Thomas Carlyle, in speaking of his sincerity, says: "A false man found a religion? Why, a false man cannot build a brick house! If he do not know and follow *truly* the properties of mortar, burnt clay, and what else he works in, it is no house that he makes, but a rubbish-heap. It will not stand for twelve centuries, to lodge a hundred and eighty millions; it will fall straightway."

Much of the young Mohammed's time was spent in solitude under the calm, mysterious sky of Arabia. He was given to profound meditation, to long silences. Feeling slowly toward the great Truth that he felt to be somewhere behind the visible universe, he lived year after year, a quiet, dreamy, abstemious life. It was not till he was forty years of age that he believed he had at last been granted a vision of the invisible. According to the Arab custom, Mohammed was wont to retire to the mountains for solitude and silence during the month now called Ramadhan. It was at Mount Hera, near Mecca, that the great event of his life took place. One day he told Kadijah that he had at last been granted a message from the angel Gabriel; that he had learned the great secret, which he was thenceforth bound to preach to all the world. This woman, with true wifely sympathy, and possibly also with a vague feeling of the tremendous

power and real greatness of this man whose life touched hers, professed herself a believer in the truth of the "message." It was about this time that he began to dictate the Koran.

But other converts came slowly; his claims to be a prophet of God were met with indifference or ridicule. He persisted, however, in preaching what he believed to be the truth, though it is said that he made only thirteen converts during the next three years, and most of these were members of his own family. He made plenty of enemies, however. Also, but more slowly, he made other converts. His marvelous account of the "night journey to heaven," during which he claimed to have worshiped the

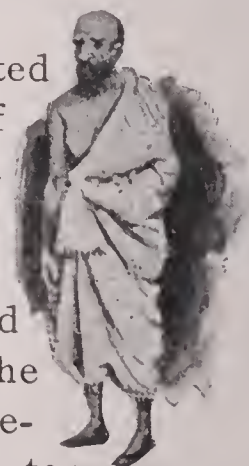
Almighty in the temple of Jerusalem, and to have been granted an intimate knowledge of the secrets of the archangelic hosts, while it attracted closer to him the more credulous and fanatical of his followers, it alienated many others who doubted the truth of the so-called vision. That Mohammed had a sincere faith in the truth of the



revelation is pretty generally believed. It is known that from childhood he had been subject to hysterical or epileptic fits, like so many modern spiritists who claim to have supernatural revelations. That there was something uncanny in these seizures of the prophet seems probable, as there is impartial testimony to the effect that during them the camels and other animals who witnessed the state of their master became highly excited and acted in a strange manner.

At length, with Abu Thaleb dead, and the good Kadijah dead, his enemies gained power against him. He was compelled to live in hiding, to escape in disguise, to fight for his life.

He was fifty-two years old when he found himself confronted by an organization of forty chief men, one out of each tribe of Arabs, sworn to take his life. Existence at Mecca was not possible for him any longer. He fled to Yathreb, now called Medina, City of the Prophet. This flight, called the Hegira, marked the era from which the whole Mohammedan world reckons its time, the year 622 of the Christian era being the year 1 of the Mohammedan. It was at this time that he determined to propagate his religion by the sword. He lived ten years longer, fighting, preaching, and dictating the Koran, which he claimed was whispered to him, chapter by chapter, by the angel Gabriel.



Chaotic, without art, flowery, and sometimes absurd, this strange book is yet alive with the spirit of true poetry. It is a subject for wonder that more has not been written about the wild, poetic gift of this Arab prophet. There are few works of imagination written since the Koran's day, that vibrate as strongly with the breath of real poetic creation.

ELSA BARKER.

THE KORAN

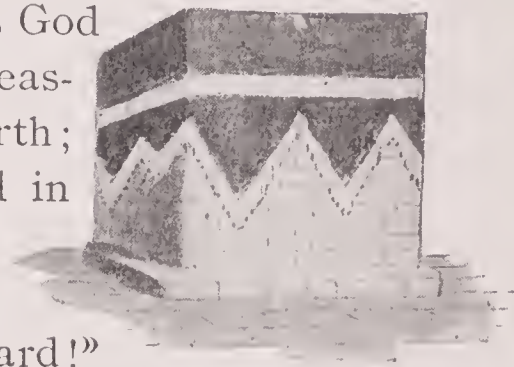
*Arranged by LESLIE F. CLEMENS*THE PREPARATION IN HEAVEN FOR THE CREATION
OF ALL THINGS

GOD, intending to make known to His whole choir of angels, high and low, His scheme concerning the creation, called the archangel Gabriel, and giving to him pen and paper, commanded him to draw up an instrument of fealty and homage, in which, as God had dictated to his secretary Gabriel, were specified the pleasures and delights He ordained to His creatures of the earth; the term of years He would allot to them; and how, and in what exercises, their time in this life was to be employed. This being done, Gabriel said: "Lord, what more must I write? Thy pen resisteth and refuseth to be guided forward!"

God then took the deed, and before He folded it, signed it with His sacred hand and affixed thereto His royal signet, as an indication of His incontestable and irrevocable promise and covenant.

Then Gabriel was commanded to convey what he had written throughout the hosts of angels, with orders that they all should fall down and worship it. The command was so replenished with glory that the angelic potentates universally revered and paid homage thereunto. Gabriel returning, said: "O Lord, I have obeyed Thy commands; what else am I to do?" God replied: "Close up the writing in a crystal, for this is the inviolable covenant of the fealty the mortals I will hereafter create shall pay unto me, and by the which they shall acknowledge me." No sooner had the blessed angel closed the crystal than a terrible and astonishing voice issued out thereof, and it cast so unusual and glorious a light that with the surprise of so great and unexpected a mystery, the angel for a time remained immovable.

When the omnipotent God was pleased to ordain that the first man should be invested with humanity and become an inhabitant of the earth, He previously commanded the chiefs of His angelic subjects to prepare a throne, a fabric, a habitation,—in short, a world for the reception and accommodation of the beings He was about to create. In obedience to the divine command and in the manner that had been specified to them, the holy angels formed a mass—a chaos, obscure and dark—void of all manner of light; which when they beheld, being ignorant of the secret cause, they were seized with wonder and amazement, and turning toward their Lord said unto Him: "O King of mysteries, what fabric



worthy of admiration is this which Thou hast ordered us to create? Have we, or any of us, been guilty of disobedience to Thy Divine Ordinances? Is this frightful place designed as a prison for us? O Monarch! We comprehend not the meaning of this so hideous and dismal an obscurity!" To whom God replied: "I tax none of you with disobedience; but I intend to form a perverse generation of creatures, of a singular composition, who will transgress my laws, and whose ways will be displeasing and abominable in my sight." Then said the angels: "Accompany not us, Lord, with such disloyal servants. Why wilt Thou create them? What use or occasion hast Thou for them? Are there not millions of legions of us, Thy incessant worshipers? Besides, Lord, what power, what possibility can these Thy intended creatures have of serving and adoring Thee, being involved in such astonishing darkness?" The Lord replied: "This mass which I commanded you to compose, shall have light sufficient to guide and direct the inhabitants thereof in all their necessities. And it is My will that henceforward you enjoy an everlasting and eternal rest, nothing to interrupt your repose, but your time be entirely occupied in contemplating My glory. As for those I shall next give being to, they shall undergo afflictions and joys, troubles and contents, bitters and sweets; they shall be liable to heat and cold, hunger, thirst, and weariness, with innumerable other calamities, during their whole life. Nevertheless, in all their actions, if commendable and worthy of reward, they shall enjoy liberty, nor shall anything disturb or control them in purposes. They shall be endowed with such knowledge of My ineffable power that they may be sensible that it is conducive and requisite to their future eternal happiness not to neglect or transgress these My precepts, which if they should inadvertently or rebelliously presume to do, as an atonement for their crime they may be trebly zealous in good and laudable works equivalent to the omissions, in hopes and with the prospects of regaining My grace and pardon and finding mercy and favor in My sight. Those among them who, with a firm and ardent faith, shall practise and obey these My ordinances, none among the nations of the earth shall be equal to them in dignity. Yourselves shall be their guardians and protectors, that no harm or injury befall or happen to them. You shall be the overseers of all their words, thoughts, and actions, keeping a just account of their deserts, which at the appointed time shall be exactly weighed, compared, and computed in My unerring balance, of all of which you are to be impartial witnesses at the tremendous tribunal of My justice, on the last day, when you shall pass a most strict examination before My divinity."

The angels, hearing these amazing mysteries, without further reply, returned to their usual occupation of chanting divine hymns.

God then began His creation.

THE CREATION OF THE EARTH

HE FORMED the world in the likeness of a ball, perfectly round in all its parts. He created the seven heavens. Nature herself had next her existence, which was to be as a common mother to all things. At the same time the sun, moon, signs, and planets were created, God ordering his angels that they might be so placed that the regular motions of the heavens might be governed and directed thereby. He then created the day and the night. The east and the west were allotted to be the limits or the walls thereof by which the one is separated from the other. To the moon was ordained her conjunctions, her increases and her decreases, by which time is yearly measured. The firmament was brilliantly adorned with brilliant stars, by whose directions the navigators are guided and conducted to the remotest and most occult corners of this capacious globe. The newly-created earth, beautifully embellished with all imaginable delights, was solely dedicated to man. He might take or leave, command or forbid, whatever his lordly and arbitrary will or his despotic uncontrolled fancy should dictate.

THE CREATION OF MAN

ALL being now completed and put in order, God said to his angels: "Which of you will descend to the earth and bring me up a handful thereof?" Immediately such infinite numbers of celestial spirits departed, that the universal surface was covered with them; where, consulting among themselves, they all unanimously confirmed their loathing and abhorrence to touch it, saying: "How dare we be so presumptuous as to expose before the throne of a Lord so glorious as ours is, a thing so filthy, and of a form and composition so vile and despicable." They all returned, determined not to meddle with it. After these went others, then more, but not one of them, either first or last, dared to defile the purity of his hands with it; when Azrael, an angel of extraordinary stature, flew down, and from the four corners of the earth brought up a handful of what God had commanded: From the south and the north, from the west and from the east, took he it; of all which four different qualities human bodies are composed.

Then God caused the earth which Azrael had brought to be washed and purified in the fountains of heaven, so that it became so resplendently clear that it cast a more shining and beautiful light than the sun in its utmost glory. Gabriel was commanded to convey this lovely though inanimate lump of clay throughout the heavens, the earth, the centers, and the seas, to the intent and with a positive injunction that

whatsoever had life might behold it and pay honor and reverence thereunto. The spirit conceived so mighty a love to the body that it longed with impatience to enter into it, which it had no sooner done than it miraculously became influenced and was distilled into every part and member thereof, whereby the body became animated.

A D A M

THE composition of Adam was of diverse and different materials, answerable to the different qualities and appetites which were to be incorporated in him. His face and head were formed from that illustrious and ever famous place where Abraham, the servant of God, built the Holy Chapel; the trunk of his body from that where since stood the great and most sanctified temple of Jerusalem; his two legs from that where the noble city of Grand Cano is situated; his feet and hands from Memphis—his right hand from the eastward part, his left from the westward; every part and member of him necessary, convenient, or subservient to human life, was contained and included in the handful of earth which was conveyed by Azrael. God furnished him with a tongue harmoniously sweet and elegant, and called him Adam, which means "Father." He was created by the supreme Monarch, who suffered none but Himself to touch him; He formed him after the image He thought best,—tall, proper, comely, and exceedingly beautiful,—surpassing the rising sun. His shape was the best and the most regular, and rays of light diffused so resplendently from his countenance that none of the angels were comparable to him.

F A I R Y L A N D

THE Mohammedans, like all other religionists, have their fairyland, which they call Jinistan. The inhabitants of their fairyland they hold to be neither angels, men, nor devils, but genii, demons, and a species of giant, not of human origin but composed of a more refined matter. Among them are some which are distinguished by the name Ner or Nere, and are regarded as more dangerous than all the others. These are males, and they are always at war with the Peri or females, who are not so wicked or mischievous, but are mild and harmless and do no evil unless provoked by very ill usage. These fairies, they hold, were created, and governed the world long before Adam, and the giants waged war with men in the first ages. Aben Giafar, in his chronicle, says that the Dives ruled the Universe seven thousand years, after which they, for their wickedness, had the monarchy taken from them by God, and

were succeeded by the Peri, who held the government two thousand years longer under the command of Gian ben Gian, their sole and sovereign monarch. But these likewise offended God, and He sent Eblis, or Satan, to have absolute command on earth, who then, being an angel composed of fire, and consequently of a nobler nature than they, had his abode in heaven. When he had received these orders from his Lord, he descended into this world and made war upon the Dives and Peri, who formed a confederation for their mutual defense. In these wars some of the Dives, siding with Eblis, were allowed to remain in this world, while the others, by far the greater part, being vanquished, were expelled and confined in Fairyland. Here they continued until the days of Adam, and after that down to the time of Solomon, who had them all under his subjection. But to return to Eblis. Being grown more formidable by the assistance of these newcomers, he attacked and defeated the monarch Gian ben Gian, and became absolute master of all the lower world, which had at that time no other inhabitants than those two kinds of creatures.

Eblis, though he was of the order of the angels, when he saw himself victorious, showed that he had no more wisdom than the other creatures, so far forgetting himself as to say: "Who is like unto me? I go up to heaven whenever I please, and the earth is entirely subject to my will!" God, offended at this his pride and insolence, resolved to humble him, and created man.

THE SACRED LIGHT

MOHAMMED'S direct ancestors back to Adam were known by the celestial light they wore on their foreheads. Seth was the first earthborn being to wear it. When God saw fit for the elected to come forth, he was no sooner conceived than the light passed away from Adam unto Eve and was fixed on her forehead. But when the glorified infant was born, it departed from her, and the beautiful forehead of the newborn child darted forth rays like those of the sun ascending to the highest heaven. From Seth it passed to Ishmael, the firstborn son of the patriarch Abraham. Ishmael was the father of twelve sons, of whom Cebid, a pious and accomplished chieftain, was elected to be the inheritor of the mighty kingdom and the standard-bearer of the mysterious light. By Cebid it was recommended to Kebil, from whom it was transmitted to Zelib, who was succeeded by Muhebid, who begat Emin, from whom it passed to Laguan, who left it to Azaret, after whom followed Munir, and after him Hamir, who transferred it to Zileb, whose successor was Gulad, after whom came Odmen, who was followed by Galib Mador, and next to him was Mador, whose son and successor was Amador, who was

the father of the sanctified Khedhir. It descended and was developed in its fullness in the prophet Mohammed. The miraculous light was always transmitted from the foreheads of those who carried that blazon to their wives from the moment they had conceived of him who was elected and deemed worthy to inherit the fame. The beautiful countenances of the mothers were, all the period till birth, brighter than the moon in her glory, and then the light departed and was fixed upon the illustrious newborn elected.

THE RESURRECTION

THE time of the Resurrection, the Mohammedans believe is known only to God, the angel Gabriel himself confessing his ignorance on this point when asked about it by Mohammed. They believe the approach of that day may be known from certain signs which are to precede it. These signs are of two kinds—the lesser and the greater. The lesser signs are:—

- (1) The decay of faith among men.
- (2) The advancement of the meanest persons to eminent dignity.
- (3) That a maid-servant shall give birth to her mistress or master, which means that toward the end of time mankind will be much given to sensuality, or that the Mohammedans shall take many captives.
- (4) Tumults and seditions.
- (5) A war with the Turks.
- (6) Great distress in the world.
- (7) That the provinces of Irak and Syria shall refuse to pay tribute.
- (8) That the buildings of Medina shall reach to Ahab or Yahah.

The greater signs are:—

- (1) The sun's rising in the west.
- (2) The appearance of the Beast, which shall rise out of the earth. This Beast, they say, will be sixty cubits high; though others, not satisfied with so small a size, will have it reach to the clouds and to heaven, when its head only is visible. It will appear for three days, but will show only a third part of its body. It will have the head of a bull, the eyes of a hog, the ears of an elephant, the horns of a stag, the neck of an ostrich, the breast of a lion, the color of a tiger, the back of a cat, the tail of a ram, the legs of a camel, and the voice of an ass. Some say it will appear three times in several places, and that it will bring with it the rod of Moses and the seal of Solomon.
- (3) War with the Greeks and the taking of Constantinople by 70,000 of the descendants of Israel. They will not take the city by force, but the walls will fall down while they cry: "There is no God but God; God is most great."

(4) The coming of Antichrist—the false or lying Christ. He is to be one-eyed, and will be marked on the head with the letters K. F. R., signifying Kafir, or infidel. He is to ride on an ass, and will be followed by 70,000 Jews of Ispahan; he will continue on earth forty days, of which one will be equal in length to one year, another to a month, another to a week, and the rest will be common days. He will lay waste all places; but will not enter Mecca, which will be guarded by angels. He will at length be slain by Jesus, who is to encounter him at the gates of Lud.

(5) The descent of Jesus on earth. He will appear near the white tower to the east of Damascus, when the people are returning from the taking of Constantinople. Under him there will be great success and plenty in the world. All hatred will be laid aside. Lions and camels, bears and sheep, shall live in peace, and a child shall play with serpents unhurt.

(6) War with the Jews, when there will be a great slaughter.

(7) The eruption of Gog and Magog. These barbarians will pass the lake of Tiberias, which the vanguard of their vast army will drink dry. They will then come to Jerusalem, and will greatly distress Jesus and His companions, till at his request God will destroy them. The earth will be filled with their carcasses which, after a period, God will send birds to carry away, at the prayers of Jesus and His followers. Their weapons of war, the Moslems will burn for seven years, and at last God will send a rain to cleanse the earth and make it fertile.

(8) A smoke which shall fill the whole earth.

(9) An eclipse of the moon. They have it that three eclipses will be seen before the last hour, one in the east, another in the west, and the third in Arabia.

(10) The return of the Arabs to the worship of their ancient gods. At this time God will send a cold wind, blowing from Syria Damascena, which shall sweep away the souls of all the faithful and the Koran itself, so that mankind will remain in the grossest ignorance for a hundred years.

(11) The discovery of a vast quantity of gold and silver by the retreating of the Euphrates, which will ruin many.

(12) The destruction of the temple of Mecca by the Ethiopians.

(13) The speaking of beasts and inanimate things.

(14) The breaking out of fire in the province of Hijaz.

(15) The appearance of a man of the descendants of Oalitan, who shall with his staff drive men before him.

(16) The coming of the Madhi.

These are the greater signs which precede the Resurrection, but the hour of its occurrence is uncertain. For the immediate sign of its coming will be the first blast of the trumpet, which they believe will be blown three times. The first blast they call the "Blast of Consternation," and at its warning all creatures in heaven and earth will be filled with terror, except those exempted by God. The earth will be shaken,

and not only the buildings but the mountains will be leveled. The heavens will melt; the sun will be darkened; the stars will fall; and on the death of the angels, whom the Mohammedans believe are suspending heaven and earth, heaven and earth will come together; the sea will be turned into flame, the sun, moon, and stars being thrown into it; and the Koran, to express the terror of that day, says that women who give suck shall abandon their babes. The second blast they call the "Blast of Examination," and at its warning all creatures, both in heaven and in earth, shall die, except those exempted by God from the common fate. This will happen in the twinkling of an eye, nothing surviving but God alone, with paradise and hell, the inhabitants of those two places, and the throne of glory. The last to die will be the angel of death. Forty years after this will be heard the "Blast of Resurrection." The trumpet shall be sounded by Israfil, who, with Gabriel and Michael, will be previously restored to life, and, standing on the rock of the temple of Jerusalem, he shall call together all the dry and rotten bones—even the very hairs—to judgment. Then Israfil, having by divine order set the trumpet to his mouth, will call together all the souls from all parts of the Universe. He will throw them into his trumpet, whence, on giving the last sound, they will fly forth like bees and fill the space between heaven and earth, and then repair to their respective bodies, which the opening earth will suffer to rise, and the first to so rise will be Mohammed. For this upheaval the earth will be prepared by a forty years' rain, supplied from the water under the throne of God, which is called living water, and through its virtue the dead bodies will spring forth as corn sprouts, and will become perfect.

The manner in which man shall be resurrected will be very different. Those who are to partake of eternal glory will rise in happiness and security; those who are doomed to perdition will come forth in dismal apprehension. They will be raised perfect in all their parts, and in the same state as they were born—barefooted and naked. Another tradition says mankind will be assembled in three classes. The first will go on foot; the second will ride; and the third will creep groveling on the ground. The first class will be those whose good works were few; the second class will be those who are in God's favor, and they will find, on emerging from their sepulchers, white-winged camels with saddles of gold, prepared for them; the third class will be the infidels, and this class is again divided into ten different classes. The first will appear in the form of apes—these are the professors of Zendicism; the second in that of swine—these have been greedy of lucre and have enriched themselves by public oppression; the third will appear with their heads reversed and their feet distorted—these are the usurers; the fourth will

be blind — these have been unjust judges; the fifth will be deaf, dumb, and blind, understanding nothing — these will be those who gloried in their own works; the sixth will gnaw their tongues, which will hang down upon their breasts, corrupted blood flowing from their mouths like spittle, so repugnant will be their appearance that everybody will detest them — these will be the learned men and doctors whose actions contradicted their sayings; the seventh will have their hands and feet cut off — these are they who have injured their neighbors; the eighth will be fixed to the trunks of palm-trees or stakes of wood — these will be the false accusers and informers; the ninth will stink worse than a corrupted corpse — these are they who have indulged their appetites and sensual passions; the tenth will be clothed in garments daubed with pitch — these are the proud, the vainglorious, the arrogant.

They will all assemble on the earth, but where, it is not agreed; some suppose it will be another earth made of silver, whence the expression, "On the day wherein the earth shall be changed into another earth." As to the length of the day of judgment, the Koran in one place tells us that it will last 1,000 years, and in another 50,000 years; but some again believe that it will last no longer than while one may milk an ewe, or the space between the two milkings of a she-camel. Explaining those words so frequently used in the Koran, "God will be swift in taking an account," many believe that He will judge all creatures in the space of half a day, and others in less time than the twinkling of an eye.

At the judgment, Mohammed will act as intercessor, after the office shall have been declined by Adam, Noah, Abraham, and Jesus, who will beg only for the deliverance of their own souls. God on this occasion will come from heaven in the clouds surrounded by angels, and will produce the Book wherein the actions of every person have been recorded. Rewards and punishments will be meted out according to the deeds of the earthly life, and all people must defend themselves as best they can.

THE BRIDGE OF HELL

THE Mohammedans hold that those who are to be admitted into paradise will take the right-hand way, while those who are destined to hell-fire will take the left; but both must first pass over the bridge which is laid over the midst of hell — a bridge finer than a hair and sharper than the edge of a sword. They likewise declare that this bridge is beset on each side with briars and hooked thorns, which will, however, be no impediment to the good, who will pass over with wonderful ease and swiftness — like lightning or the wind, Mohammed

leading the way. The wicked, through the slipperiness and extreme narrowness of the path, the entangling thorns, and the extinction of light which directed the faithful, will soon miss their footing and fall headlong into hell which is gaping beneath them.

PARADISE

PARADISE they believe is situated above the seven heavens, next under the throne of God; and to express the amenity of the place, they tell us that the earth of it is of the finest wheat flour, or of the purest musk, or as some will have it, of saffron. Its stones are pearls and jacinths, and the walls of its buildings are enriched with gold and silver. The trunks of all the trees are of gold, among which the most remarkable is the tree called Tuba, or the tree of happiness. This wonderful tree stands in the palace of Mohammed, and a branch of it will reach the home of every true believer. It will be laden with pomegranates, grapes, dates, and other fruits of surprising bigness, and of tastes unknown to mortals. If a man desires to eat of any particular kind of fruit, it will immediately be presented to him; or if he chooses flesh, birds ready dressed will be set before him, according to his wish. The boughs of this tree will spontaneously bend down to the hand of the person who would gather of its fruits, and it will supply the blessed not only with food, but also with silken raiment, and beasts to ride on ready saddled and adorned with rich trappings. All this will burst forth from its fruit. The tree is so large that a person mounted on the fleetest horse would not be able to gallop from one end of its shade to the other in a hundred years.

The rivers of Paradise are its principal attraction. Some flow with water, some with milk, some with wine, and others with honey,—all taking their rise at the root of the tree Tuba. Lest these should be insufficient, Paradise is watered with a vast number of springs, whose pebbles are rubies and emeralds, their earth of camphire, their beds of musk, and their sides of saffron. But all these glories will be eclipsed by the resplendent and ravishing girls of Paradise, called from their large, black eyes, "*Hur al oyun*," the enjoyment of whose company will be the principal felicity of the faithful. These are not created of clay as mortal women are, but of pure musk, being free from all natural impurities; they are of the strictest modesty, and secluded from public view in pavilions of hollow pearls so large that one of them is sixty miles long and as many broad.

REWARDS OF THE FAITHFUL

FOR the first entertainment of the blessed on their admission into Paradise, they say that the whole earth will be as one loaf of bread which God will reach to them with his hand, holding it like a cake; and that for meat they will have the ox Balam and the fish Nun, the lobes of whose livers will suffice 70,000 men. From this feast every one will be dismissed to the mansion designed for him. He will there enjoy felicity according to his merits, which in the meanest sense will be beyond comprehension or expectation, as the lowest in Paradise will have eighty thousand servants, seventy-two wives of the girls of Paradise besides the wives he had on earth, and a tent erected for him of pearls, jacinths, and emeralds, of a very large extent; and according to another tradition, he will be waited on by three hundred attendants while he eats. His food will be served in gold dishes, whereof three hundred shall be set before him at once, containing each a different kind of food, the last morsel of which will be as welcome as the first. He will be supplied with as many kinds of liquors in vessels of the same metal, and to complete the entertainment there will be no want of wine, which, though forbidden in the earthly life, will be allowed to be drunk freely in Paradise.

SUFFERINGS IN HELL

THE Koran is very exact in describing the various torments of Hell which the wicked will suffer, both from intense heat and excessive cold. The degrees of these pains will also vary, in proportion to the crimes of the sufferer and the apartment he is condemned to. He who is punished most lightly of all will be shod with shoes of fire, the heat of which will cause his skull to boil like a caldron. The condition of these unhappy wretches cannot be properly called either life or death; and their misery will be greatly increased by their despair of ever being delivered from that place, since, according to a frequent expression in the Koran, "they must remain therein forever." It must be remarked, however, that the infidels alone are liable to an eternity of damnation, for the Moslems, or those who have embraced the true religion and have yet been guilty of heinous sins, will be delivered after they shall have expiated their crimes by their sufferings. As to the time and manner of the deliverance of those believers whose evil actions shall outweigh their good, they shall be released after they shall have been scorched and their skins burned black. They shall afterward be admitted into Paradise; and when the inhabitants of that happy place shall in contempt call them "infernals," God will, on their prayers, take from them that appellation.

THE KORAN'S ADVICE TO THE FAITHFUL

OBSERVE the stated times of prayer and pay your legal alms, and bow yourselves down with those who bow down.

WOE unto every slanderer and backbiter who heapeth up riches, and prepareth the same for the time to come.

SERVE God, and associate no creature with him; and show kindness unto parents, and relations, and orphans, and the poor, and your neighbor who is of kin to you, and also your neighbor who is a stranger, and your familiar companion, and the traveler, and the captives whom your right hands shall possess.

GOD loveth not the speaking ill of any one.

THESE (the just) fulfill their vow and dread the day, the evil whereof will dispense itself far abroad; and give food unto the poor, and the orphan, and the bondman for his sake, saying, " We feed you for God's sake. "

WHEN ye are saluted with a salutation, salute the person with a better salutation, or at least return the same, for God taketh an account of all things.

DEAL not unjustly with others and ye shall not be dealt with unjustly. If there be any debtor under difficulty of paying a debt, let his creditor wait until it be easy for him to do it; but if ye remit it with alms, it will be better for ye, if ye knew it.

COVET not that which God hath bestowed on some of you preferably to others.

A FAIR speech and to forgive is better than alms followed by mischief.

THE hypocrites shall be in the lowest bottom of hell fire, and thou shalt not find any to help them thence.

O MY people, give full measure and just weight, and diminish not unto men aught of their matters, neither commit injustice in the earth, acting corruptly. The residue which shall remain unto you as the gift of God, after ye shall have done justice to others, will be better for you than wealth gotten by fraud, if ye be true believers.

MAKE not God the object of your oaths, that ye will deal justly and be devout, and make peace among men; for God is He who heareth and knoweth. God will not punish you for an inconsiderate word in your oaths; but he will punish you for that which your hearts have assented to.

BE PATIENT and strive to excel in patience, and be consistent minded, and fear God, that you may be happy.

DISTORT not thy face out of contempt to men, neither walk in the earth with insolence; for God loveth no arrogant, vainglorious person.

It is not righteousness that ye turn your faces in prayer toward the east and the west, but righteousness is of him who believeth in God and the last day, and his angels, and the Scriptures, and the prophets; who giveth money for God's sake unto his kindred, and unto orphans, and the needy, and the stranger, and those who ask, and for redemption of captives; who is constant at prayer and giveth alms; and of those who perform their covenant when they have covenanted, and who behave themselves patiently in adversity and hardships, and in time of violence; these are they who are true and these are they who fear God.

THE KALEVALA

By EPIPHANIUS WILSON

THE Finnish poem, "Kalevala," cannot be styled an epic, in the fullest and strictest sense. Its art does not consist in its form, for two or three of the runes, or cantos, are taken up with irrelevant episodes, and the work does not close with a catastrophe or a *dénouement*, like the deaths of Hector and Turnus, one of which ends the siege of Troy, and the other the war in Latium, or like the return of Ulysses. Both the "Ramayana" and "Mahabharata" are more properly epical in their satisfactory endings. In the sense that an epic poem must be the genuine reflection of a certain definite period and phase in national civilization, and must embody the religious and ethical beliefs and ideals of a single people, the Kalevala may have some title to be ranked with the great national poems of Greece and India. Yet it is very like a string of loosely connected ballads, dealing with half-divine figures of the northern heroic age, and may, indeed, justly be styled the Nibelungenlied of the eastern Baltic coasts. We find in it the genuine utterance of national feeling, superstition, and aspiration, though it lacks any strong framework,

based on such a limited poetic thesis as the death of Ravana or the wrath of Achilles. It is unique and original as a spontaneous burst of northern poetry, and its completeness and truthfulness of detail are such that it is not difficult to reconstruct from it a full account of the life and ideas of the Finnish nation three thousand years ago.

It is epical in another respect, in that it deals with war, and tells of the struggles between the Finns and their northern enemies the Laps. The dwellers in Suomenmaa, the land of fens which we know by its Swedish name of Finland, were constantly invading the territory which they called Sariola and spoke of contemptuously as the Dark Land, or the North Land, "never pleasant." It was from Lapland that they brought their beautiful brides, and tried to carry off the talismanic jewel which the smith Ilmarinen forged from magic metals, and which was known as the Sampo. After casting the metals into his furnace, and rejecting one after another the crossbow, boat, gold-horned heifer, and plow, which in turn emerged from the ore, Ilmarinen,



"Bending low to view his metals,
Sees the magic Sampo rising;
Sees the lid in many colors.
Quick the artist of Wainola*
Forges with his tongs and anvil,
Knocking with a heavy hammer,
Forges skilfully the Sampo;
Well the Sampo grinds when finished,
To and fro the lid is rocking,
Grinds one measure at the daybreak,
Grinds a measure fit for eating,
Grinds a second for the market,
Grinds a third one, for the storehouse."

This Sampo is a possession which brings good fortune to those who own it; and the northern maiden accepts it from the smith, but refuses to be his bride. Then,

"Ilmarinen, the magician,
The eternal metal forger,
Cap awry and head dejected,
Disappointed, heavy-hearted,
Empty-handed, well considers
How to reach his distant country,
Gain the meadows of Wainola,
From the never pleasant Northland,
From the darksome Sariola."

* A village in Finland.

He laments because as he says:—

“Louhi has the wondrous Sampo,
I have not the Bride of Beauty.”

Another epical characteristic of the Kalevala is its claim to be in its present form the work of one and not of many poets. The poem begins:

“Mastered by desire impulsive,
By a mighty inward urging,
I am ready now for singing,
Ready to begin the chanting
Of our nation's ancient folk-song,
Handed down from bygone ages.
In my mouth the words are melting,
From my lips the tones are gliding;
Songs of ancient wit and wisdom,
Hasten from me not unwilling.”

The bard goes on to say that the legends are old:—

“These are words in childhood taught me,
Songs preserved from distant ages,
Legends they that once were taken
From the belt of Wainamoinen,
From the forge of Ilmarinen,
From the sword of Kaukomieli,
From the bow of Youkahainen,
From the pastures of the Northland,
From the meads of Kalevala.”

I am, however, inclined to think that the person who speaks thus in the Proem was merely the last compiler of the folk-songs, and it is not easy to say how ancient or recent this part of the “Kalevala” is. There is no necessity for considering this introduction a pious fraud, however. We know that the songs were collected by the efforts of Dr. Elias Lönnrot, a native of Finland, who in 1828 penetrated from Helsingfors to the central city of Kajana, for the purpose of gathering them. Sitting in the smoky cabins of old men and women, some of them the last depositories of these memorial ballads, joining the fishermen in their cruises, rowing over lakes and rivers with the peasantry, and wandering on the hills with shepherds, he heard recited these tales of bygone incidents and adventure. On a second journey this patriotic savant passed still further north, traversing the wild fens, moors, forests, and snowy steppes of Archangel, on horseback, or in sledges drawn by reindeer, in the hope of completing his cycle of epic incidents. His labors were entirely successful, and he was enabled to arrange his gleanings in the form of an epic, the “Kalevala,” which was published by the Finnish Literary Society

in 1835-6. The "Kalevala" in its present form is, however, the result of a second redaction rendered necessary by the addition made by other scholars to the available materials; this second edition appeared in 1849, under the direction of Dr. Lönnrot. It was translated into English by John Martin Crawford, who has employed the meter of the original. It is from Crawford's admirable version that quotations are made in the present article.

If we are to consider Dr. Lönnrot as the man who takes in the literary publication of the "Kalevala" the course that was taken by the last redactors of the Homeric and Hindoo epics, this imparts a new interest to the Finnish poem. We are told that in some parts of the world the aborigines are still in the stone age, and that, in others the transition from stone to metal in the fabrication of arms and utensils has but recently begun. There is a stone age in literature, when poetry is still, as it were, in solution, and its utterances sporadic or discoverable only in insulated groups. There is at this period no one great national poem. This was somewhat the condition in which Pisistratus found the Homeric poems in the seventh century before Christ, and in which the Hindoo epics appeared to have remained until early in the Christian era. This is precisely the condition in which Dr. Lönnrot found the scattered fragments, runes, tales, and legends, of his own national poetry. It is thus a remarkable confirmation of literary history in the past that many men now living have seen the stone age of national European literature transformed, by the Herculean efforts of a Finnish redactor, into an era of higher development. Here they see repeated in their own time, at Helsingfors, the work of Pisistratus at Athens, as well as that of the last Vyasa, or compiler of the "Ramayana" at Delhi or Benares.

The "Kalevala" is divided into fifty runes, or mystic songs, and the three principle heroes celebrated in it are Wainamoinen, Ilmarinen, and Lemminkainen, brother of the former, and known also as Kaukomieli. These mighty men of valor make an expedition to Sariola (Lapland) as suitors of the Maid of Beauty, daughter of the hostess of the Northland, Pohyola. Ilmarinen, the eternal blacksmith, is successful in winning her, and takes her away to his own country. The heroes return with a view to gaining possession of the Sampo; they are enabled to seize the treasure and sail away with it, but in a violent storm the talismanic jewel is swept into the sea.

The first rune contains an account of the creation of the world, one of the wildest of extant cosmogonies. In primeval times the daughter of Ether grew weary of her solitary place in the expanse of heaven, and descended to the ocean, making the waves her couch and her pillow. Tossed upon billows which the storm wind lashes into foam, she becomes with child; this child is Wainamoinen. But before he is born, the earth

in which he is to play so great a part is to be produced. The Water-Mother floats hither and thither for seven hundred years, and then asks Ukko, ruler of the Universe, to deliver her from her pangs. At this moment a beauteous duck comes seeking a place for nesting, but can find no grassy hillock, no fitting and protected spot. At last she alights on the knee of the Water-Mother, daughter of Ether, and there nests and lays seven eggs, which fall into the water, sink to the bottom and are broken. All the fragments come together forming but two pieces, from the lower piece solid Earth springs into being, and from the other the overarching sky.

Then follows the birth of Wainamoinen, who, yet,—

“Rested five years in the ocean.
Six long years, and seven long years,
Till the autumn of the eighth year,
When at last he leaves the waters,
Steps upon a promontory,
On a coast bereft of verdure;
On his knees he leaves the ocean,
On the land he plants his right foot,
On the solid ground his left foot,
Quickly turns his hands around him,
Stands erect to see the sunshine,
Stands to see the golden moonlight,
That he may behold the Great Bear,
That he may the stars consider.”

On the island which now becomes his home, Wainamoinen, “the wonderful enchanter,” finds no verdure, and after the lapse of many summers and winters goes for help to Pellerwoinen, the sower of forests, who straightway plants the country with trees, by scattering seeds of various kinds:—

“Seeds in every swamp and lowland,
Forest seeds upon the loose earth,
On the firm soil sows the acorns,
Fir-trees sows he on the mountains,
Pine-trees also on the hilltops,
Many shrubs in every valley,
Birches sows he in the marshes.”

He thus plants trees of all kinds, and all spring up except the oak, which alone does not leave its acorn-dwelling until the ocean giant Tursus burns up the hay which the five water-brides are harvesting,

“On a point extending seaward,
Near the forests of the islands,”

and sets the acorns in the ashes of the windrows. From this sowing an oak of a hundred branches springs up to the clouds, shutting out the light of sun and moon. A pigmy rises from the ocean, and waxing into a mighty giant whose head pierces the clouds, strikes the oak with his axe. The oak falls,—

“Shaking earth and heaven in falling;
Whoso'er a branch has taken,
Has obtained eternal welfare;
Who secures himself a tree-top,
He has gained the master magic;
Who the foliage has gathered,
Has delight that never ceases.”

The falling of the oak makes room for groves of varied beauty, peopled by thrushes and cuckoos. Flowers and berries cover meadow and mountain. But there is yet no barley. Wainamoinen finds some barleycorns washed ashore from the ocean, and plants them, and they thrive. Then follows a life of full contentment to the aged musician:—

“On the meadows of Wainola,
On the plains of Kalevala.”

This condition of felicity is interrupted by a visit from the singer Youkahainen, “Lapland's young and reckless minstrel.” He had come

“ . . . to vie in battle
With the famous Wainamoinen.”



But he is vanquished, and successively offers—although in vain—as ransom for his life, two magic cross-bows, two magic shallops, two magic race-horses—stallions fleet as lightning—gold, silver, and corn-fields. At last he makes another offer:—

“I will give my sister Aino,
Fairest daughter of my mother,
Bride of thine to be forever.”

This offer is accepted and Youkahainen escapes. When, however, the news of her own espousal is told to Aino, she is filled with sorrow, although her mother favors her marriage with “decrepit Wainamoinen.”

Early next morning she hastens to the forest, where Wainamoinen, “trimly dressed in costly raiment,” meets and accosts her. She repels him, and returns home, where she stands weeping in the courtyard. Her soliloquy is very pathetic. At last she reaches the seashore and sees in the ocean four water-maidens,—

“Sitting on the wave-washed ledges,
Swimming now upon the billows,
Now upon the rocks reposing.”

She hastens to join the mermaids, first stripping herself of her silk robes and ornaments. Seeing in the distance a rock of rainbow colors, she swims toward and mounts upon it. Suddenly it crumbles away, and, sinking to ocean's bed, buries Aino beneath its ruins. This episode of Aino is full of the beauty of northern sea-scenes and sea-sounds, and is intensely pathetic in its wild and melancholy imagery. Its closing lines are striking: —

“Grow three hillocks clothed in verdure;
From each hillock, speckled birches,
Three in number, struggle skyward;
On the summit of each birch tree
Sits a golden cuckoo calling,
And the three sing all in concord:
‘Love! O Love!’ the first one calleth;
Sings the second, ‘Suitor! Suitor!’
And the blind one calls and echoes,
‘Consolation! Consolation!’
He that ‘Love! O Love!’ is calling,
Calls three moons, and calls unceasing
For the love-rejecting maiden,
Sleeping in the deep sea-castles.
He that ‘Suitor! Suitor!’ singeth,
Sings six moons, and sings unceasing
For the suitor that forever
Sings and sues without a hearing.
He that sadly sings and echoes,
‘Consolation! Consolation!’
Sings unceasing all his lifelong,
For the broken-hearted mother,
That must mourn and weep forever.”

After the flight and death of Aino:—

Wainamoinen, brave and truthful,
Straightway fell to bitter weeping;
Wept at morning, wept at evening,
Sleepless wept the dreary night long,
That his Aino had departed,
That the maiden thus had vanished,
Thus had sunk upon the bottom
Of the blue sea, deep and boundless.”

But a strange thing happens to him one day when in his boat of copper. He casts his line into the ocean to fish with a hook of gold. He draws up a singular fish, and exclaims:—

“This the fairest of all sea-fish,
Smoother surely than a salmon,

Brighter spotted than a trout is.
 Grayer than the pike of Suomi."

He draws out his knife ensheathed with silver—

"Thus to cut the fish in pieces."

But as the creature feels the touch of the knife,—

"Quick it leaps upon the waters,
 Dives beneath the sea's smooth surface;
 In the waves at goodly distance,
 Quickly from the sea it rises
 On the sixth and seventh billows,
 Out of reach of Wainamoinen."



Then the fish tells the minstrel that it is his lost Aino,
 who will not come to be caught, cooked, and eaten; but,—

"Hither have I come, O minstrel,
 In thine arms to rest and linger,
 And thyself to love and cherish,
 At thy side a life-companion,
 And thy wife to be forever."

Wainamoinen is filled with bitter grief at this second loss of his
 well-loved Aino. "Never," he says,—

"Never shall I learn the secret
 How to live and how to prosper,
 How upon the seas to wander;
 Only were my ancient mother
 Living on the face of Northland,
 * * * * *
 Surely she would well advise me."

Although she was dead,—

"In the deep awoke his mother,
 From her tomb she spake as follows :
 * * * * *
 Hie thee straightly to the Northland,
 Visit thou the Suomi daughters,
 Thou shalt find them wise and lovely,
 Far more beautiful than Aino,
 Far more worthy of a husband."

This advice leads to the most romantic episodes in the poem, for it
 is in Lapland that the principal events of the "Kalevala" take place.
 On coming

"To the land of cruel winters,
 To the land of little sunshine,
 To the land of worthy women,"

he first encounters Youkahainen, "Lapland's minstrel," in many respects a sort of sub-arctic Ulysses, by whom he is plunged into the sea, but is saved by a huge eagle upon whose feathered shoulders he rests himself; an incident which resembles that of Sindbad and the Rock.

It was then that Pohyola, Northland's young and slender maiden, with complexion fair and lovely, after her day's tasks, standing,—

"Near the singer of the Great Sea,
Hears a wailing o'er the waters,
Hears a weeping from the seashore,
Hears a hero voice lamenting."

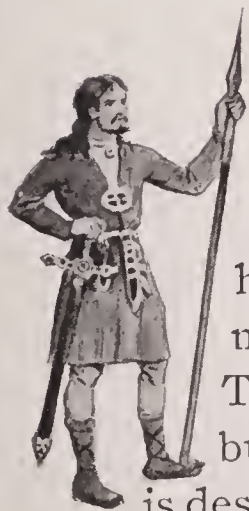


She rows her boat swiftly to the deliverance of the afflicted one;—

"Comfort gives she to the minstrel,
Wailing in her grove of willows,
In his piteous condition,
'Mid the alder-trees and aspens,
On the borders of the salt sea."

She takes him to her house as Nausicaa took Ulysses to the house of her father, Alcinous, and her mother offers to guide him home to his native land, giving him her daughter as bride, if he will make for her the Sampo. The minstrel and magician admits his inability to forge this talisman, but adds: —

"Take me to my distant country,
I will send thee Ilmarinen.
He will forge for thee the Sampo,
Hammer thee the lid in colors,
He may win the lovely maiden;
Worthy smith is Ilmarinen,
In this art is first and master,
He, the ore that forged the heavens,
Forged the air a hollow cover;
Nor where see we hammer traces,
Nor where find a single tongs' mark."



Louhi, the mother of Pohyola, assents. Ilmarinen is to have her daughter, if he will forge for her the Sampo. In the meantime Louhi will take back the minstrel to his native land. The Sampo, as we have seen previously related, was duly forged; but Louhi imposes still severer tests upon the suitor of her who is described as the Bride of Beauty, the Fairy Maiden of the Rainbow.

It is noticeable that in the Greek and Roman epics the character of the hero is always to be perfected by the illumination received from a visit to the underworld, the world of the dead, of those whose lot is cast, not in the light and stirring bustle of earthly adventure, but in the

dreary or dazzling scenes of Tartarus or Elysium. Virgil has given the most complete and finished picture of this unseen realm, whose melancholy twilight is pervaded by a spirit of wistful prophecy, and echoes to the sound of prophetic voices. The glories of the future Roman empire and republic were thus revealed to Æneas, and the counsels which were the ruling principles of Roman domination were whispered into his ear amid the gorgeous and inspiring visions of great men and goodness as exemplified in Roman character. The advantages to the development of character afforded by a visit to the world of spirits give the motive to the "Divine Comedy" of Dante; and when the Christian creed sums up the life of Him who was made perfect through suffering, the pithy Anglo-Saxon words say, "He descended into hell," and elsewhere we are told, "He visited the spirit in prison."

The underworld of Finnish mythology is Tuonela, which is ruled over by Mana. To this realm Ilmarinen is sent by Louhi, to muzzle the bear of Tuoni and conquer the wolf of Mana, as a further condition of his marriage with the Rainbow Maiden.

"Then the blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
Forged of steel a magic bridle,
On a rock beneath the water,
In the foam of triple currents;
Made the straps of steel and copper,
Straightway went the bear to muzzle,
In the forests of the Death-land."

He first invokes the aid of Terhenetar, daughter of the fog and snowflake, and she answers his prayer by concealing his approach to the Death-forest, amid a cloud of fog and skurrying snow.

"Thus the bear he safely bridles,
Fetters him in chains of magic,
In the forests of Tuoni,
In the blue groves of Manala."

A further test is imposed upon him, and he descends to the death-forest and succeeds in catching the water-monster, the pike of Mana, whose back is as wide as seven sea-boats. This capture is accomplished with the assistance of the eagle forged by himself from the fire of ancient magic. His talons were of iron, and his beak of steel and copper.

A great part of the poem is taken up with a description of the wedding of Ilmarinen and his northern bride. At these festivities an ox is slaughtered, whose size may be judged from this descriptive touch:—

"One whole day a swallow journeyed
From one horn-tip to the other;
Did not stop between for resting."

The episode of the marriage gives occasion for a description of the Brewing of Beer, and an account of the discovery of fermentation. The beer in its restless overflow and intoxicating effects alarms the first brewer.

“Asnotas the beer-preparer,
Kapo, brewer of the barley,
Spake these words in saddened accents:
Woe is me, my life hard-fated,
Badly have I brewed the liquor,
Have not brewed the beer in wisdom,
'Twill not live within its vessels,
Overflows and fills Pohyola.”

But this opinion evidently was not general, for we read that

“The heroes came in numbers,
To the foaming beer of Northland,
Rushed to drink the sparkling liquor.”

Asnotas is, moreover, the bride-adviser, being herself Kalevala's fair and lovely virgin, a wisdom-maiden, whose address to the bride shows that the ancient Finns took an exalted as well as serious view of wedlock. The account of the marriage closes with the bride's farewell, a burst of natural and pathetic poetry:—

“Fare thee well, my dear old homestead,
Fare ye well, my native bowers;
It would give me joy unceasing
Could I linger here forever.

* * * * *

All ye aspens on the mountains,
All ye lindens of the valleys,
All ye shade-trees by the cottage,
All ye junipers and willows,
All ye shrubs with berries laden,
Waving grain and fields of barley,
Arms of elms, and oaks and alders,
Fare ye well, dear scenes of childhood,
Happiness of days departed.
Floating on the vernal breezes
To the distant shore of Northland.”

Want of space forbids me to continue a detailed account of the action. The “Kalevala” must be read to be appreciated as a poem, and it must be studied deeply if its treasures are to be fully grasped. It contains a most interesting collection of northern myths, a complete mythology, a cosmogony, and a description of actual social life. The land of a

thousand lakes, as Finland was called, was the home of a people who were keenly alive to the beauty as well as to the terror of nature. They realized the difficulties and dangers of life, and if the sun and moon, and the long night, and the thunder of the sky, became to them personified, and Ukko, the supreme God, was the leader of the clouds in their march before the wind, armed with arrows of copper and sword of lightning,—no less really were there Hisi, Juntas, and Lempo, the Finnish devils of human life. There were dwarfs and giants and magicians, impersonations of all those obstacles and disappointments that thwart success and bring about disaster and despair. Tapio was indeed the forest friend, the kind divinity of the woodland, as Mielikki was the mother-honey, who guided the hunter to the natural hive of the hollow-tree; but there was also Untar who brought the fog and blinded the wanderer on his way; there were the water people, malignant spirits of sea, rivers, cataracts, lakes, and fountains, from whose power no human skill availed to save human life. Especially eminent among the terrors of the sea was Iku-Turso, son of old age, who lived in a castle at the bottom of the ocean, from which he occasionally emerged to wreck the seafaring ship, carrying down to his hold the travelers and devouring them at his leisure.

The "Kalevala" is interesting and valuable as contributing materials for a history of civilization. There is an account in it of the origin of agriculture in Finland, the discovery of bronze and iron, the beginning of shipbuilding and brewing. These discoveries and inventions are related with the most fantastic adjuncts of mythological incident. In fact, everything in the poem that concerns the vital interests of life and death, and the most important points in the fable, is involved in such a mist and vapor as the Finnish mariner may have seen on the headlands of Dragsford, and the hunter watched as it crawled down the mountain side at Tenola. A refracting light, which sometimes distorts, sometimes tinges, common things with prismatic iridescence, plays over the picture of human love and enterprise. The forms of men and spirits, of birds and beasts, are changeful in proportion and shape as the clouds, now dwindling into dwarfish dimensions, now soaring to the skies and vanishing in impalpable unreality. There is something Oriental in the reckless and unrestrained spirit of exaggeration to which the Finnish poet on every possible occasion abandons himself, and this seeking for sublimity in attributes of mere material bulk and vastness is certainly one of the features of the Finnish epic, which links it with the "Mahabharata" and the "Ramayana," and furnishes one of the arguments on which the learned base the speculative view that the ancient Aryans arrived at the upper waters of the Ganges after a migration which had started from the cradle of their race in Finland.

THE NIBELUNGENLIED

By LESLIE F. CLEMENS

THE "Nibelungenlied" is the Iliad of Germany. It is not so highly finished in form nor so exquisitely wrought as is the Grecian song of heroism, which is but natural, for when the Iliad of Greece was written, that country had already passed through a long period of culture and was the home of art and science, while the "Nibelungenlied" was raised from unbroken soil and written at a period when Germany was on the verge of becoming Christianized. Taking into consideration that it is the production of a semi-civilized people, that it is the mental overflow of a nation uncouth, untrained, uncultured, it is a wonderful work, and will forever rank high among the great epics of the world.

The mass of the German people was heathen at the time of its writing, but Christianity was at work molding and forming the general mind. The heathenish gods, with all their splendor, had been reduced to a considerable extent, and throughout the poem we meet with only mountain and river-gods — the others had lost their prestige.

What the "Nibelungenlied" lacks in symmetrical form and poetical finish it makes up in bold, heroic dash, in force, and in grand — almost sublime — outline. Its unknown author, though not a Shakespeare, possessed a deep poetic soul, wherein things discontinuous and inanimate shaped themselves together into life, and the Universe with wondrous purport stood significantly imaged. Unlike so many old and pretentious works, the "Nibelungenlied" has a basis and an organic structure, a beginning, a middle, and an end; and there is one great principle and idea set forth in it, around which all of its multifarious parts combine in living unity.

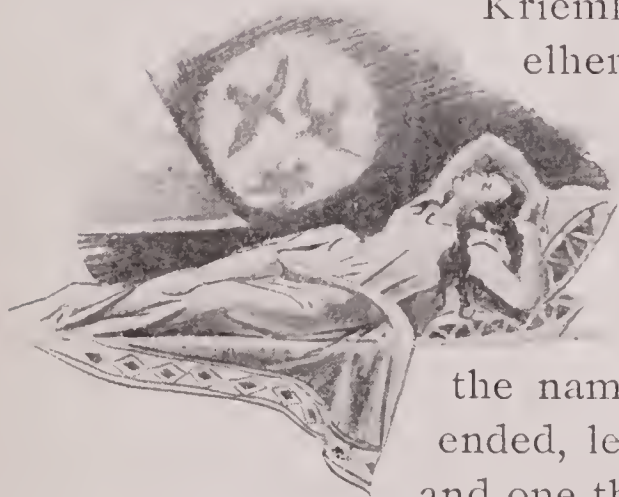
Apart from its antiquarian value, — for it must be remembered that it was written some time between the ninth and the eleventh centuries, supposedly by Knight Von Kurenburg, — this "Nibelungenlied" has an excellence that cannot but surprise any reader; and with little preparation any student of poetry, even in these days, will find it entertaining and instructive. It has an internal coherence and completeness; it is a whole, and the spirit of music informs it. These are among the highest characteristics of a true poem.

No less striking than the verse and language, is the quality of the invention manifested in this poem. In narrative it has almost the highest merit, so daintily, so firmly is it put together, with such felicitous selection of the beautiful and the essential, and the no less felicitous rejection of whatever is unbeautiful or extraneous. The reader is not bored with

a chaotic brood of fire-drakes, giants, and malicious turbaned Turks,—no, all this is excluded, or only hovers in faint shadows afar off. It is not without its share of wonders; for it is poetry not prose, and in it the supernatural encompasses the natural, and, though at rare intervals and in a calm manner, reveals itself there. It is truly wonderful with what skill the simple, untaught poet dealt with the marvelous, admitting it without reluctance, yet precisely in the degree and shape that would best avail him. Its story is fateful, mysterious, guided on by unseen influences; yet the actual marvels are few and are done in the far distance; its dwarfs, cloaks of darkness, and treasure-caves are heard of rather than beheld—the tidings of them seems to issue from unknown space. Thus the “Nibelungenlied,” though based on the bottomless foundations of spirit, and not unvisited by heavenly messengers, is located on a real, rounded, habitable earth, where firm footing may be found, and the wondrous and the common live together. It would be impossible to find a poet of ancient or modern times who, through this trying problem, has steered his way with greater delicacy and success.

KRIEMHILDA'S DREAM

IN THE city of Worms, the capital of Burgundy, there grew up a maiden whose beauty was unsurpassable; in no land was there to be found a fairer damsel, and through her died many warriors. She was Kriemhilda, the only sister of Günther, Gernot, and Giselher, the reigning monarchs of Burgundy; and knights in plenty wooed her, for her virtues were the adornment of all womanhood. She was called the Princess, and at Worms, by the Rhine, she and her family dwelt in might with many a proud lord for vassal.



Their mother was a rich queen, Dame Uta, and the name of the father was Dankrat, who, when his life was ended, left to his family all his lands. A strong man was he, and one that in his youth won great renown.

One night Kriemhilda dreamed that she had carefully trained a falcon, sharp-eyed and of glossy hue, and when fondling it one day in her bower two eagles swooped down and killed it. The dream weighed on the maiden's spirits, and when day broke she sought her mother and told her about it. The listener interpreted the falcon to be the dreamer's predestined husband, whom two enemies would slay. Kriemhilda burst into tears and vowed she would never marry, since she was doomed to suffer woe through man.

But alas for such a vow! Already there were forces working to destroy it.

SIGFRIED'S CAREER BEGINS

WHILE in Germany, Sigfried encountered the dragon who had in its possession the magic ring of the Nibelungen, and in a terrible combat slew the monster. Sigfried then bathed his body in the dragon's blood, through which he became invulnerable, save in one spot between his shoulders upon which a leaf had fallen. He then gathered up the dragon's treasures and went to the castle of Helfering near by, and here the treasures were carefully stowed away, with the exception of the magic ring which Sigfried placed on one of his fingers. While relating his adventures with the dragon to Helfering, in a forest near the castle, lo! there appeared a splendid horse equipped with saddle, harness, and a hood of delicate texture hanging from the mane. Sigfried placed the hood on his head, and at once became invisible. Helfering called out to him, but Sigfried could not be seen till he took the hood from his head. Thus they discovered the magic power of the hood which they called "Tarnkappe."



After Sigfried mounted the steed, it dashed through the forest and brought him to a paradise land, where, in a bower of roses on a marble block that was shaped like a coffin, there slept a knight in an armor of massive silver. The form began to move, but was riveted to the marble. Then a sweet voice whispered, "Has the night passed away? Has my redeemer come?" Sigfried, not being able to sever the armor from the marble, opened the breast-plate, then the visor, and then the body of the armor, when lo! instead of a knight, a lovely young maiden, with raven locks that fell down to her knees, deep dark eyes, matchless in beauty, and a heavenly form, stood before him.

In modest simplicity she asked, "Who art thou, who has thus awakened Brunhilda out of her terrible trance?" She was the daughter of the daring Helgis, king of Iceland, and had been doomed to a trance until some brave knight should release her. Fifty years had she passed in oblivion—still in her wondrous beauty, still youthful and of bewitching simplicity.

Sigfried at once proposed to make her his bride, but she returned to the land of her birth; and Sigfried, with her love and blessing, returned to Burgundy.

HOW SIGFRIED CAME TO WORMS

KRIEMHILDA'S beauty was rumored far and wide, and the fame of her virtues brought many strangers into Günther's land. Yet though many

wooed her, Kriemhilda was firm-minded to wed none. The man who was to win her was yet a stranger. To distant Netherland had her fame gone, and Sigfried, the only son of the wealthy king of that land, determined to win her as his bride. Regardless of the warnings of his parents, both of whom, on hearing of this new determination, became possessed of forebodings on his account, the warrior prince left Netherland with only eleven champions. They rode northward seven days before they reached the gates of Worms, and here they asked a Burgundian knight, whom they met, the way to Günther's palace, then rode on through the city. Their foreign air and their magnificent attire did not fail to awaken the curiosity and admiration of the splendor-loving inhabitants, and the news of the strangers' arrival spread until it reached the palace. Here in the great hall the king and many of his retainers were assembled when the little band of foreign knights was seen approaching.

A question then arose as to the nationality of the strangers, and when no one was able to answer it, Günther sent for his Russian Hagan, who had seen all lands and all peoples, to settle the dispute. When he laid his eyes on the strangers, Hagan recognized them as from Netherland, and declared that the stately warrior at their front could be none other than the renowned Sigfried, the mightiest of warriors and the conqueror of the Nibelungen. The court had never heard of this mighty champion before; and asked Hagan to tell them more about him. So he related that once when Sigfried was riding alone in the country of the North, he came to a dark ravine in which a company of giants was assembled round an enormous heap of gold. When they saw the stranger, they asked him to come and divide between their two kings, Shelling and Nibelungen, the treasure they had just brought out of the cavern near at hand. Sigfried good-naturedly dismounted and undertook the task, but so vast was the heap of golden treasure that he failed to finish dividing it. This provoked the kings who suddenly sprung up to slay him; but undaunted the knight stood his ground, and so great was his power in swordsmanship that he slew one after another of his antagonists. Then he overcame the keeper of the golden hoard, Alberic the Dwarf, from whom he took the magic cloak of the Nibelungen. Sigfried was then acknowledged king of the Nibelungen Land, which made him the richest and most powerful of all the knights.

Hagan told another adventure of Sigfried with a fire-spitting dragon which all the country feared; how he slew the monster and bathed himself in its blood, which caused his skin to turn to horn, so that no weapon could ever after harm him.

Hagan's tales were scarcely ended when the strangers were announced. When presented to King Günther, who was prepared to give

his guests a friendly welcome, Sigfried threw back his princely head and said that he had come to conquer Burgundy's kings by his good sword, adding that if he should fail, the hoard and kingdom of the Nibelungen Land should become theirs. Clear and rapid was the champion's speech; and the monarch on the throne and the warriors about it, as they listened, flushed with the various passions of anger, admiration, and suspense. Keen-minded Hagan was the first to detect the real meaning of Sigfried's desire for conquest, and whispered something in the ear of the monarch, whose countenance became milder as he listened; and when Sigfried ceased speaking, Günther made pleasant answer to the impetuous youth's address. He said the desired combat between them could be put off till the morrow; in the meanwhile his noble guests were welcome to Burgundy and to the best the king's palace afforded.

Following the arrival of the Netherland warriors, numerous tournaments and other games took place, in which Sigfried was always victorious. But his heart was not in them. His eye had a searching look, alert for the appearance of the fair Kriemhilda. She was not permitted to appear at the court nor to be present at the games in which the strangers took part, but she nevertheless saw them from her window in the castle tower, and, alas for her vow! unconsciously her heart began to feel keen interest in all the movements of the stranger champion, and to delight in all his conquests.

A year was thus spent by the court in pleasure—by Sigfried in passionate suspense. One day messengers arrived from the kings of the Danes and Saxons with a declaration of war against the Burgundians. Sigfried, overjoyed at the news and longing for excitement, petitioned Günther to let him march against their enemies. He declared that with the help of ten thousand warriors he would overcome the foe. The monarch gratefully accepted the offer, and so great was the confidence of the Burgundians in the stranger that the desired number of warriors enlisted their services. In a few days all preparations were made and the army marched out of Worms toward the enemies' country. They met the foe, and dreadful were the combats that followed. Mighty wonders were wrought by the Burgundians, and in a bloody hand-to-hand encounter the kings of Danemark and Saxony were captured. News of the victory was immediately sent to Burgundy, and Worms was already astir with joyful excitement when Kriemhilda summoned the herald to her presence in the palace. General news did not satisfy her; she longed to hear particular intelligence of the brave Netherland prince. Who had fought most bravely? Had any of their friends been slain? To these short-breathed questions the herald promptly replied that the Netherland prince had fought most bravely; then he related Sigfried's bravest deeds and the

particulars of his present welfare; to all of which the maiden listened with absorbed attention.

A few days later the victors arrived at Worms bringing with them their captives. In their honor a grand festival was announced to take place, to which the ladies of the court were bidden. On this auspicious festive day Sigfried for the first time beheld the object of his passion. Among her maidens Kriemhilda looked like the moon among the stars, and her dazzling beauty overcame the warrior who gazed at her spell-bound. While he was still absorbed in his passion, a message was brought to him from Günther, bidding him come to the royal circle to receive the salutations of the queen-mother and Kriemhilda, which favor his recent good services had earned. With palpitating heart Sigfried approached and received, according to the manners of the time, the kiss of salutation from the king's sister, which inflamed still more ardently the hero's breast and bound him still more passionately to the peerless maiden's service.

HOW GÜNTHER WON BRUNHILDA

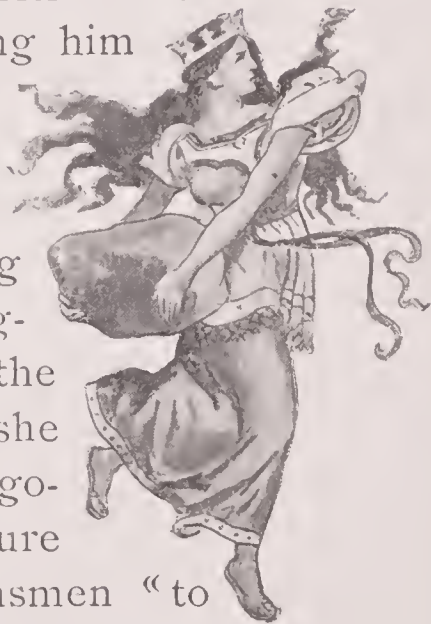
MEANWHILE a rumor reached Worms of the wondrous beauty and strength of Brunhilda, the virgin queen of Iceland, and of how every suitor for her hand was obliged to abide three combats with her, or else straightway perish. Günther, who was unmarried and fond of adventure, determined to try his fortune with the martial queen, and asked Sigfried to accompany him to Iceland. The hero consented to go, and promised to win the maid for his friend if he would give him Kriemhilda. Günther agreed to this proposition; and before long, with a chosen band of warriors and two princes, they set out on their journey.



A voyage of twelve days brought them to the coast of Iceland. Leaving their boat on the shore, they proceeded directly to Brunhilda's castle, which rose prominently before them a short distance from the rocky beach. As they approached, they saw the queen sitting with her maids of honor in an open lofty hall, and Günther at the sight of Brunhilda became enamored of her beauty and expressed his feeling to Sigfried. As if conscious of the strangers' glances, the queen shielded herself from view, and telling her maidens it ill befitted them to stand as a show to the rude eyes of men, she dismissed them. The fair ones immediately repaired to their chambers where they decked themselves in their richest robes, then hastened to the windows to watch the movements of the strange warriors. The Burgundians were welcomed by

the liegemen of the queen, to whom they announced the object of their visit. They were then presented to Brunhilda, who accosted Sigfried by name and welcomed him to Iceland. In response the hero bowed deferentially, telling her he was only a vassal of Günther, whom she should first have deigned to greet: it was the Burgundian monarch, not himself, who was come to win her hand.

On hearing the words of Sigfried, the queen without further ceremony ordered the lists to be opened and her harness fetched. When she was fully equipped in armor, four attendants approached, carrying a shield of hammered gold of such immense size and weight that they staggered under it. At the sight the Burgundians were lost in astonishment, and "began to believe the queen was the devil's wife." But Brunhilda, unconcerned, lifted the massive shield with one hand, and then gave the signal for the beginning of the first trial of skill, which was the hurling of the javelin. Günther trembled as he moved to his place opposite the martial maid. He did not think of Sigfried, or of the assistance he had promised, but the hero stood by his side in his magic cloak, which rendered him invisible and strong as twelve men. At this critical moment, after announcing his presence to Günther and bidding him make the proper gestures, he snatched the buckler and received the queen's mighty blow; then raising Günther's javelin, he hurled it with such force that Brunhilda staggered backward. Then followed the two other feats—the throwing of the stone which twelve men could hardly lift, and the springing after it so as to reach the spot the same instant it touched the ground. In both the martial maid was vanquished. At first she scarcely grasped the fact, and stood silently gazing at her antagonist—now her lord. Suddenly raising her hand with a gesture of mingled despair and command, she bade her men and kinsmen "to follow her example, and bow low to her better." Brunhilda was won, and reluctantly left Iceland for the country beyond the Rhine.



A CONSUMMATION

THEY were welcomed back to Burgundy with great pomp and magnificence. At the banquet given in the palace on the evening of the arrival of the bridal party, Sigfried found occasion to remind Günther of his promise concerning Kriemhilda. The king asserted his willingness to fulfill it at once, and summoned the princess to his presence. When she appeared, he told her of his promise to the Netherland prince and asked her to fulfill it. Kriemhilda in response said that whatever her brother commanded her to do she would willingly perform,—a

reply at once characteristic of a social custom of the time, and of a woman's delicate art; for in consenting to marry Sigfried she carefully concealed her own feelings, and affected sisterly obedience as the sole motive of her conduct. But Sigfried was satisfied; and with soft emotion the enamored warrior threw his arms around her and kissed her before the court.

A WOMAN'S WAR

BRUNHILDA was not present at the wedding, and when later in the evening she saw Sigfried seated at the side of Kriemhilda, she asked Günther in a haughty tone why a lowly vassal was placed so near the sister of the king. Brunhilda, like Kriemhilda, loved Sigfried, and when the monarch evaded a direct reply, the queen threatened and insisted, till he confessed that Kriemhilda had just been wedded to Sigfried, adding that in his own country the knight was a mighty king. He dared not deceive her on the point of Sigfried being no vassal of his, lest she suspect him of being guilty of other deceptions. But Brunhilda suspected that something was being withheld from her, and she decided to punish her husband when they should retire to rest that night. When an opportunity came, she bound him hand and foot with her magic girdle, and hung him on a nail in the wall, and in this uncomfortable position the king remained until morning. At daybreak Brunhilda released him, but whatever freedom was given to his limbs did not ease his heart or lighten his spirits. The king's dejection became the gossip of the court, but only Sigfried divined the cause of the trouble. He spoke to Günther about it, and told him that Brunhilda's magic strength was derived from her girdle and the ring she wore on her right hand. If she could be disarmed of these, she would be incapable of resisting him, and he proposed a plan to get possession of the charmed objects. Günther agreed, and that night, in his magic cloak, Sigfried entered Brunhilda's chamber, where, after a long and desperate struggle, he overcame her and snatched from her the magic mediums. Brunhilda thought she was again contending with Günther, and again "bowed low to her better." Shortly after, Sigfried, in a fit of tenderness, gave the trophies to his wife; and after the wedding festivities they both set out for Netherland where they were received with great rejoicing.

Meanwhile Brunhilda's passion knew no limit, and she determined at any cost to lower Sigfried's pride. With this idea animating her, she sought Günther and tried to awaken in him a sense of hatred toward Sigfried for his wanton disregard of his duties as their vassal. But the king only laughed at her fretting, and smiled secretly at the idea of the king of Netherland and Nibelungen Land being his vassal.

His indifference and paltry excuses for Sigfried's conduct irritated the queen to an intense degree, and strengthened her determination to carry her point. Concealing her rage under a mask of wounded affection, the artful Brunhilda drew near to her lord, and locking her arms around his neck, she bent her beautiful head, caressed him, and with fond looks entreated him humbly to grant her the favor she asked—the pleasure of once more greeting his lovely sister. She reminded him that their marriages were celebrated on the same day. Günther softened into compliance with his wife's views, and Netherland being not far distant from Burgundy, nothing, he thought, should prevent intercourse between the two courts. Brunhilda at once dispatched messengers with an invitation for the king of Netherland and his consort to the next midsummer's festival at Worms.

Sigfried accepted the invitation, and at the appointed time came to Worms, accompanied by King Sigmund, his aged father, and a long train of magnificently dressed retainers. For some days after their arrival, the games and festivities occupied the time and minds of all. Brunhilda alone was moody, and was constantly brooding over the lofty bearing of her guests. One day it happened that Brunhilda and Kriemhilda were watching the champions tilting in the courtyard of the castle, and Kriemhilda, growing excited over the mighty feats accomplished by Sigfried, who was among the players, declared that he, who was ever victorious and mightiest, should rule Burgundy. In response Brunhilda sarcastically remarked that, were none other living, the adorable Sigfried might doubtless rule; but as long as Günther lived, he was but a vassal of the Burgundian king. That the king of Netherland was her brother's liegeman Kriemhilda stoutly denied, and the dispute growing warmer and warmer, Kriemhilda declared she would assert her independence that very day by entering the minster before the Burgundian queen. She carried out the threat. When the hour of vespers came, Kriemhilda commanded her maidens to put on their most gorgeous robes and to ride to the cathedral where Brunhilda awaited their arrival. Dismounting, Kriemhilda, without deigning to greet her hostess, was passing into the minster when the Burgundian queen commanded her: "Halt! no vassaless precedeth the lady of the land." Overcome with rage, Kriemhilda turned and uttered an insult, the most opprobrious that can be applied to a wife, which cut deep into the queen's soul; then Kriemhilda rushed into the minster, leaving Brunhilda overcome with shame and anger. When she came out again, the queen demanded proof of the foul charge. Kriemhilda, prepared to give it, drew from her finger the ring and from her robe the girdle which Sigfried had given her, and which, if found in the possession of any but the lawful husband, was considered irrefutable proof of guilt. Brunhilda was thunderstruck;

then, remembering the incident following closely her wedding night, she declared that Sigfried had robbed her of her girdle. She then sent for Günther to compel Sigfried to confess his crime, but Sigfried refused. He denied Kriemhilda's charge, and before the assembled warriors took an oath with uplifted hand to render his denial more emphatic; while the Burgundians, who had learned to love and admire the noble champion, dismissed the matter as a woman's quarrel.

TREACHERY TRIUMPHANT

HAGAN, the fierce knight of Trony, was not inclined to be satisfied by the fair words of Sigfried, whom he had cause to hate. Sigfried's superior prowess and his wonderful influence over King Günther made Hagan his relentless enemy; and when Sigfried's companions moved away, Hagan approached the weeping queen and swore to avenge her wrongs.

Hagan, having conceived a plan of revenge, confided it to Günther. At first the king refused to have anything to do with the scheme; but Hagan artfully suggested that in case Sigfried should perish, he would possess the hero's kingdom. This induced the king to yield his assent, and the scheme was put into working order. Messengers were hired to come from a distant part of the country with a pretended declaration of war from their old enemies, the kings of Danemark and of Saxony. When Sigfried heard the news, he offered his aid to Günther who accepted it with many expressions of gratitude. Preparations of war were made on a grand scale; and on the day before the army set out for the field, Hagan presented himself before Kriemhilda under the pretext of bidding her adieu. She was overcome with grief, and the cunning knight, by praising Sigfried's well-known courage, intensified this grief into fear for his safety, and by his professions of good-will touched Kriemhilda's susceptible heart. In an outburst of grief and terror she entreated Hagan to do all in his power for Sigfried's protection, and in response to Hagan's inquiry as to how he could best serve her by protecting her husband, Kriemhilda referred to Sigfried's adventure with the dragon, and said:—

“When from the dragon's death wounds came pouring the hot blood
And therein he was bathing himself, the warrior good,—
There fell between his shoulders a large-sized linden leaf,
On that spot one may wound him; 'tis this doth cause me grief.”

Sigfried's secret was told, and to make her well-meaning plan complete, she, at Hagan's suggestion, promised to embroider a little cross on

Sigfried's surcoat above the vulnerable spot, so that he might know exactly where to protect him from the flying javelins. Hagan, elated at the success of his ruse, hastened to Günther, whom he persuaded to allow matters to go on as previously planned. The next day was the one appointed for the departure of the warriors, but with the morning the pretended messengers again appeared. This time they brought friendly messages, which the king accepted by declaring that further hostilities on his part should cease. The assembled warriors, whose enthusiasm had been aroused, received this intelligence with unconcealed disapprobation; but to satisfy them, Günther proposed a grand hunt in the royal forests to which he particularly invited the Netherland prince. All that day was spent in exciting sport, and at its close the hungry sportsmen sat down to a repast prepared by the king's domestics. Never before were hunters better served, but to the abundant cheer wine was lacking. Sigfried was the first to speak of this want, and in reply Hagan stated that it was his fault; that he had thought the repast would be spread in a distant part of the forest, and had sent the wine thither. He added that a little way off there was a spring of cold water, and proposed they should run a race for it. Sigfried good-naturedly accepted the challenge, and with Günther and Hagan started on a race to the stream. He was the first to arrive on the spot, but waited for the king to come up and drink before satisfying his own thirst. When Günther was done drinking, the hero laid aside his weapons and knelt down beside the spring. A rapid sign passed between Hagan and the king, and the latter hastily moved the hero's sword and shield beyond his reach, while Hagan seized his spear and hurled it with all his power at the faint cross embroidered on Sigfried's surcoat. The weapon pierced the corselet and remained sticking between the shoulders of the warrior. With a cry he stood up and grasped for the sword that had been removed. But his shield was within reach, and in an instant the weapon went whirling through the air after the flying assassin. Hagan was felled by the blow, which resounded through the forest and brought the other warriors to the spot. But the dying hero had spent his last strength in the tremendous blow; now writhing in pain, he fell among the flowers. Once starting up, he motioned Günther to approach, and entreated him as a brother and knight to protect Kriemhilda, the wife he was leaving behind. Death froze the hero's lips while his tender entreaty still lingered on them.



Silently the warriors gathered about the dead Sigfried, and Hagan boldly proclaimed himself the avenger of Queen Brunhilda; but they suspected the part that Günther had played in the traitorous deed and so constrained their feelings of horror and sympathy.

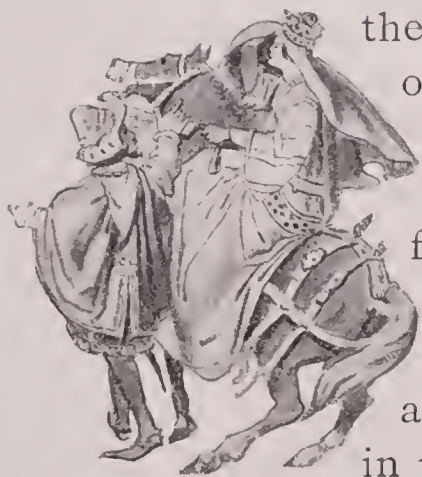
KRIEMHILDA'S SORROW

AT NIGHTFALL the whole party, with Sigfried's body, returned to Worms. All the ladies of the court had retired for the night, and the fierce Hagan, who was bent on making his revenge as fearful as possible; commanded his men to throw the body of the dead hero before the door of Kriemhilda's chamber. At daybreak on the following morning when Kriemhilda, preceded by a chamberlain, stepped across the threshold of her chamber on her way to early mass, she was horrified. The chamberlain stumbled, the light he held went out, and the good Kriemhilda by its last flicker discerned the outlines of the object at her feet. Quick as a lightning flash, that last interview with Hagan darted through her mind—the thoughts of the secret she had revealed, of the man she had unconsciously betrayed, combined to overwhelm her. Uttering a cry of remorse and despair that penetrated the walls of the castle and made the blood of every occupant run cold, she dropped unconscious on the body of her murdered husband.

Dark were the days of woe and mourning that followed. The stricken Kriemhilda remained at the bier of her dear lord till they forcibly led her away in order to bury him from her sight. When the last ceremonies and mourning were over, the hero's kinsmen and followers departed for Netherland. But Kriemhilda could not be persuaded to accompany them; she refused to leave her lord's grave even for his child, and remained to weep his loss and to avenge his death.

KRIEMHILDA REMARRIES AND PLANS REVENGE

THIRTEEN years was passed by Kriemhilda in secluded widowhood, and during this period Sigfried's murderer had forced from his widow the precious Nibelungen hoard and greatly intensified her hatred of him. About this time ambassadors from the king of Hunland arrived at Worms. They were sent by Etzel, who had recently lost his wife, to sue for the hand of the still beautiful Kriemhilda. She at first refused their suit with contempt; but at last the devoted margrave of Austria, by promising that her past wrongs should be amended, drew from her a reluctant consent to his master's proposals. After a short delay spent in preparing suitable vesture, Kriemhilda set out with the Hunnish knights for Etzel's land, and on their arrival her marriage with the barbarian king was celebrated. Several years were spent by the royal couple in harmony, and Kriemhilda, by suiting her habits to her



Hunnish kinsmen, by generosity and affability, became the idol of her husband's people.

Finding herself thus a beloved queen, wife, and mother, Kriemhilda, whose heart was in Sigfried's grave and her whole mind bent on revenge, at last attempted the accomplishment of her plans. One day when her husband was caressing her in a fond mood, she tenderly upbraided him for never showing her Burgundian kinsmen how honored in Hunland was Etzel's wife. The king protested and declared he would send for them at once to visit his court, that they might see how innumerable were the redoubtable champions who did service at their throne.

In spite of Hagan's protestations,—for he saw mischief in Kriemhilda's invitation,—Günther returned word by the Hunnish messengers that he and his kinsmen would accept the invitation to come to Etzel's land. Brunhilda declined to go, but Hagan persuaded the king to take with him a large number of warriors as a body-guard. Hagan, though convinced that all were going to destruction, joined the party as guide, for he alone knew the way to Etzel's castle in Hunland. For many days they traveled eastward, and at last arrived at their destination and were received by the Hunnish king with great cordiality. But Kriemhilda deigned to greet none but Gishelher. Hagan marked the slight, and took warning from it. An occasion offering itself, he showed his anger and contempt for the queen by remaining seated in her presence, and persuading his companion Folker, the minstrel, to follow his example. The Huns, who witnessed the insult to their mistress, were overcome with indignation; but their loyalty paled before the fear the two strange warriors inspired. The next morning the festivities held in honor of the visitors began with a grand tournament. So skilled in arms were Günther's men, that all the Hunnish warriors who ventured in the lists against them were vanquished. Hagan at length grew tired of the easy sport, and scoffed at King Etzel's men. Insult was heaped on insult, and the Burgundians seemed to invite destruction.

Kriemhilda's opportunity was approaching, and by every means in her power she tried to irritate her Hunnish liegemen; and by recounting the wrongs she had received at the stranger's hands, she endeavored to win to her service the chief of her husband's kinsmen. The lofty-minded Dietrich of Bern and Margrave Rudiger refused to take any part in her plot, and threatened to reveal her traitorous designs; but Bloodel, King Etzel's brother, promised he would attack the strangers at the first opportunity, on the pledge by Kriemhilda to bestow on him a beauteous bride and a much-coveted castle.

Evening found King Etzel and his court, with the most noble of his guests, in the grand banquet hall of the castle. Those whose rank did not entitle them to a seat at the royal board, were entertained in

Greek or Hebrew. A Danish scholar was the first to bring the poem within reach of the learned world of Europe. In 1815 Thorkalin published the work to which he had devoted twenty years of desultory study. His addition was accompanied by a Latin translation. The great advance made within the last few decades in philological knowledge has called the attention of all scholars to the signal importance of this Anglo-Saxon epic, which, apart from its literary beauties, supplies a mine of material for linguistic investigation.

The author of the poem is not definitely named in history, but it has been suggested by Professor Earle of Oxford that Hygeberht, bishop of Litchfield, who was a statesman as well as a churchman, and resided at the court of Offa II., king of Mercia, wrote it as an allegory with an ethical meaning. Offa is mentioned approvingly, but without flattery, in the course of the poem, whose motif lies in the axiom that the stability of human society depends upon mutual help. There is, indeed, a profound undercurrent of thought running through the whole work, and the writer seems to aim at establishing the thesis that, while force is the final arbiter of man's destiny in the primitive stages of human development, there is something higher than mere force, for above and supreme over Might stands the fixed and divine authority of Right.

The poem begins with a short account of the line of Danish kings down to Hrothgar. Very beautiful is the account of the funeral of one of the latest predecessors of this monarch:—

“Then at the fated hour, Scyld, full of exploits, departed, to go into the keeping of the Lord; and they, his fast friends, carried him to the water's edge, as he himself had asked when he, protector of the Scyldings, governed by his commands; when, dear ruler of his country, he had long held sway. There, at the landing-place, the ring-prowed vessel stood; the prince's ship, bright and eager to start. They laid then the beloved chieftain, bestower of rings, on the ship's breast—the glorious hero by the mast. There were brought many treasures, ornaments from foreign lands. Never have I known a keel more fairly equipped with war-weapons and battle-trappings, swords, and coats of mail. Upon his breast lay many treasures, which were to travel far with him into the power of the flood. Certainly they furnished him with no less of gifts, of tribal-treasures, than those did who, in his early days, started him over the seas alone, child as he was. Moreover, they set besides a golden banner high above his head, and let the flood bear him,—gave him to the sea. Their soul was sad, their spirit sorrowful. Who received that load, men, chiefs of councils, heroes under heaven, cannot for certain tell!”

The story of Hrothgar begins with his successes; in war, he was not only victorious, but popular, and built a vast banquet-hall for the entertainment of his nobles. In the words of the poem:—

"Then was success in war granted to Hrothgar, glory in battle, so that his faithful tribesmen served him willingly, till the young warriors increased, a mighty troop of men.

"It came into his mind that he would order men to build a hall-building,—a festive-chamber greater than the sons of men had ever heard of,—and within to give all things to young and old, whatever God had given him, except domination and the lives of men.

"Then on all sides I heard the work was being put on many a tribe throughout this middle-earth,—to adorn the people's hall. In time—quickly, by mortals' reckoning—it befell that the greatest of palace-halls was quite ready for him. He who by his word had empire far and wide, devised for it the name of Heorot. He did not break his promise, but he gave out ornaments and treasure at the banquet.

"The hall towered lofty and gabled; it awaited the hostile surges of malignant fire. Nor was it long time after that the murderous vindictiveness twixt son-in-law and father-in-law was to arise,—the sequel to a deadly quarrel.

"The daily revelry in hall enraged the soul of a monster named Grendel. That was the fiend who, after God had created the world and given men the joys of light and life, began his evil plots.

"Then for a time the mighty spirit who dwelt in darkness bore it angrily, in that he heard each day loud revelry in the hall; there was the sound of the harp, the bright song of the minstrel.

"He who would recount the origin of men from distant ages spoke,—he said that the Almighty made the earth, the beauteous plain which water belts around, and triumphing in power, appointed the effulgence of the sun and moon as light for the land-dwellers, and decked the earth-regions with leaves and branches, and fashioned life for all the kinds that live and move.

"So then brave men lived prosperously in joys, until a certain fiend in hell began to compass deeds of malice."

Grendel is thus described:—

"The grim stranger was called Grendel, the well-known border-hunter, who held the moors, the fen, and fastness; the hapless being occupied awhile the lair of monsters, after the Creator had banished them. On Cain's kindred did the everlasting Lord avenge the murder, for that he (Cain) had slain Abel. He took no pleasure in that quarrel, but he, the Creator, drove him far from mankind for that misdeed. Thence all evil broods were born, monsters and elves and sea-devils,—giants also, who long time fought with God, for which he gave them their reward."

One night he goes forth and finds the Danes asleep after their banquet. His raid is thus described:—

"So, after night had come, he (Grendel) went to the lofty house, to find out in what sort the Ring-Danes had quartered in it after their beer-ca-

rouse. Then found he there, within, a band of noble warriors, sleeping after the banquet; they knew not sorrow—misery of men.

“Soon was the grim and greedy demon of destruction ready, wild and furious, and seized thirty Thanes in their resting-place. Thence started he off again, exulting in plunder, to go home, and to seek out his abode with that fill of slaughter.

“Then in the morning light, at break of day, was Grendel’s warcraft manifest to men; then was a wail, a mighty cry at morn, upraised after the meal. The famous prince, the long-distinguished chieftain, sat down-cast, the strong man suffered, he endured sorrow for his lieges when they surveyed the traces of the foe, the cursed spirit; that anguish was too strong, too loathly, and long-lasting.”

These ravages went on for twelve years, when Beowulf, a Thane of Hygelat, King of the Goths, hearing of Hrothgar’s calamities, took ship from Sweden, with fourteen warriors as companions. It is characteristic of the days of the Vikings that when they reached the Danish coast they should be mistaken for pirates. Eventually they were permitted to reach the royal hall, and Hrothgar entertained them with lavish hospitality. At nightfall the king left the hall and Beowulf, with his companions, took charge of it. The sequel is thus related by the poet:—

“Then the brave-in-battle laid him down; the pillow received the impress of the noble’s face, and around him many a keen sea-warrior sat upon the chamber-couch. Not one of them supposed that thence he would ever revisit his sweet home, his folk and the castle in which he was brought up; nay, they had learned that in time past murderous death had taken off far too many of them, the Danish people, in the wine-hall. But to them, the people of the Weder-Geats, the Lord gave fortune of success in war, help and support, so that they should all overcome their enemies through the power of one man, through his personal strength. It is known for certain that the mighty God has always ruled over the race of man.

“The shadowy visitant came stalking in the dusky night. The warriors that had to guard that pinnacled hall slept,—all except one. It was well known to men that the worker of ill might not hurl them to the shades below when the Creator did not will it. Still, he, defiantly watching for the foe, awaited in swelling rage the issue of the combat.

“Then came Grendel, advancing from the moor under the misty slopes; God’s anger rested on him. The deadly foe thought to entrap one of the human race in the High Hall; he strode beneath the clouds in such wise that he might best discern the wine-building, the gold-chamber of men, plated over with decorations. Nor was it the first time that he had visited Hrothgar’s home. Never in the days of his life, before or since, did he discover a braver warrior and braver hall-guards.

“So this creature, deprived of joys, came journeying to the hall. The door, fastened by forged bands, opened straightway when he touched it

with his hands. Thus, bent on destruction, for he was swollen with rage, he burst open the entrance of the building.

"Quickly after that the fiend stepped onto the checkered floor,—advanced in angry mood; out of his eyes there started a weird light, most like a flame. He saw many men in the hall, a troop of kinsmen, a band of warriors, sleeping all together. Then his spirit exulted; he, the cruel monster, resolved that he would sever the soul of every one of them from his body before day came; for the hope of feasting full had come to him. That was no longer his fortune, that he should devour more of the human race after that night. The mighty relative of Hygelac kept watching how the murderous foe would set to work with his sudden snatchings. The monster was not minded to put it off, but quickly grasped a sleeping warrior, as a first start, rent him undisturbed, bit his bony frame, drank blood in streams, swallowed bite after bite, and soon he had eaten up all of the dead man, (even) his feet and hands.

"Forward and nearer he advanced, and then seized with his hands the doughty warrior,—the fiend reached out toward him with his claw. He (Beowulf) at once took in his evil plans, and came down on his (Grendel's) arm. Instantly the master of crimes realized that never in this middle-world, these regions of earth, had he met with a mightier hand-grip in any other man. He became affrighted in soul and spirit, but he could get away no faster for all that. His mind was bent on getting off,—he wished to flee into the darkness and go back to the herd of devils. His case was unlike anything he had met with in his lifetime there before. Then Hygelac's brave kinsman was mindful of his evening speech; he stood erect and grasped him tight,—his fingers cracked. The monster was moving out; the chief stepped forward, too. The infamous creature thought to slip further off, wheresoever he could, and to flee away thence to his fen-refuge; he knew the power of his fingers was in the foeman's grip. That was a dire journey which the baleful fiend had made to Heorot!

"The splendid hall resounded; there was panic among all the Danes, the castle-dwellers, and among the heroes and the nobles every one. Both the mighty wardens were furious; the building rang again. Then was it a great wonder that the wine-hall was proof against the savage fighters,—that the fair earthly dwelling did not fall to the ground; yet it was (made) firm enough for it, inside and out, by means of iron clamps, forged with curious art. There, where the foemen fought, many a mead-bench adorned with gilding started from a sill, as I have heard. Before that, veterans of the Scyldings never weened that any man could shatter it, splendid and horn-bedecked, by might, or loosen it by craft, although the embrace of fire might swallow it in smoke.

"A sound arose, startling enough; a horrible fear clung to the North Danes, to every one who heard the shrieking from the wall,—(heard) the adversary of God chant his grisly lay, his song of non-success,—the prisoner of hell wailing over his wound. He held him fast who was strongest of men in might in this life's day!

"The defender of nobles would not by any means let the murderous visitor escape alive,—he did not count his (Grendel's) life of use to any of the peoples. There many a noble of Beowulf's company brandished an old ancestral weapon—they wished to protect the life of their lord, of their famous chief, if so be they might. They did not know, brave-minded men of war, when they took part in the contest, and thought to hew him on every side, and hunt out his life, that no war-bill on earth, no best of sabers, could get at the ceaseless foe, for that he used enchantment against conquering weapons, every sort of blades.

"In the time of this life his breaking up was to be pitiable—the alien spirit was to journey far into the power of friends. Then he who of yore had in wantonness of soul done many outrages to mankind, he, the rebel against God, discovered this—that his bodily frame was no help to him, but that the bold kinsman of Hygelac had him by the hands. While he lived, each was abhorrent to the other. The horrible wretch suffered deadly hurt; on his shoulder gaped a wound past remedy, the sinews sprang asunder—the fleshy covering burst. Glory in fight was granted to Beowulf; Grendel, sick to death, must needs flee thence under the fen-fastnesses—seek out his joyless dwelling; he knew too well that the end of his life had come, the number of his days. After that bloody contest, the desire of all the Danes had come to pass!"

Grendel escaped to the fens only to die there. The Danes joyfully renewed their festivities in Heorot. But the next night Grendel's mother came to avenge her son, and carried off, in the absence of Beowulf, Æschere, the friend and counselor of Hrothgar. Beowulf went to the lake-dwelling of Grendel's mother and put her to death. Eventually Beowulf succeeded to the throne and reigned prosperously for fifty years, till a dragon, who had been ravaging the country, destroyed his palace by fire. Beowulf accordingly took twelve men and proceeded to the cavern where the dragon was brooding over hidden treasure. He advanced alone to the mouth of the den, and through the cowardice of his companions was wounded to the death. The poem closes with an account of his funeral, which is thus described:—

"The people of the Goths then made ready for him on the ground a firm-built funeral pyre hung round with helmets, battle-shields, bright corselets, as he had begged them to. Then the sad men-at-arms laid in its midst the famous prince, their much-loved lord. The warriors then began to kindle on the mount the greatest of bale-fires; the swarthy wood-smoke towered above the blazing mass; the roaring flame mixed with the noise of weeping—the raging of the winds was stilled—till it had crumbled up the bony frame, hot to its core. Depressed in soul, with moody care, they mourned their lord's decease. Moreover, the aged woman, with hair bound up, sang a doleful dirge, and said repeatedly that she greatly feared evil days for herself, much carnage, the dread of warriors, humiliation, and captivity.

"Heaven swallowed up the smoke.

"Then people of the Storm Goths raised a mound upon the cliff, the which was high and broad and visible from far by voyagers on sea, and in ten days they built the veteran's beacon.

"The remnant of the burning they begirt with a wall in such sort as skilled men could plan most worthy of him. On the barrow they placed collars and fibulæ—all such adornments as brave-minded men had previously taken from the hoard. They left the wealth of nobles for the earth to keep,—(left) the gold in the ground, where it still exists, as unprofitable to men as it had been before.

"Then the brave in battle, sons of nobles, twelve in all, rode round the barrow; they would lament their loss, mourn for their king, utter a dirge, and speak about their hero. They revered his manliness, extolled his noble deed with all their might; so it is meet that man should praise his friend and lord in words, and cherish him in heart when he must needs be fleeting from the body and go forth.

"Thus did the people of the Goths, his hearth-companions, mourn the downfall of their lord, and said that he had been a mighty king, the mildest and the gentlest of men, and keenest after praise."

THE ARTHURIAN LEGEND

By BLISS CARMAN

THE story of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table is more truly a myth than an epic. It lacked, in our early history, the genius of a Homer or a Virgil, to give it unity and definiteness. So that while the great Greek epic is a single consistent tale, told by a master, the English romance is made up of a series of conflicting stories, from various sources, with confusion of names and contradictory details. For ourselves the chief authorities of these traditions are "The Mabinogion" and the "Morte d'Arthur."


The former of these sources, "The Mabinogion" (or Romances) is a collection of Welsh legends, contained in an ancient manuscript called the "Red Book of Hengest." And although these tales are much the oldest legends of King Arthur that we possess, strangely enough they were not translated into English until 1838, when Lady Guest's valuable work was published. The second source of our knowledge, though much later in origin, was much earlier in coming into publicity. Sir Thomas Malory's famous "Morte d'Arthur" was compiled about the year 1460 and printed by William Caxton, the first English printer, fifteen years later. "This noble and joyous book," as Caxton calls it, although wholly a compilation and translation from various sources, is a veritable prose epic, by virtue of its style and spirit, and lacking only in unity of plot.

In these national legends, names of persons and places are variable, and one tale often overlaps another. The story of Peredur in "The Mabinogion," for instance, appears in Malory as the story of Perceval. And this fragmentary character of the stories, while perhaps, it has lessened their fame as a great racial epic, has made them only the more popular with poets of succeeding centuries. In our day alone, we have them retold in the "Idylls of the King"; we have Arnold's beautiful "Tristram and Iseult," and Richard Hovey's unfinished dramas "Launcelot and Guenevere."

The "Morte d'Arthur" of Malory, as printed by Caxton, contains a preface in which that worthy printer summarizes the work under his hand and concludes, "The sum is twenty-one books, which contain the sum of five hundred and seven chapters, as more plainly shall follow hereafter." But, as in these numerous episodes there is no single thread of continuous narrative other than the fact of the existence of Arthur's Court, for the purpose of a brief survey we may most profitably trace the two or three more prominent legends.

KING ARTHUR

FIRST, of King Arthur himself. In the days of Uther Pendragon, when he was king of all England, a duke of Cornwall made war against him. And him Uther Pendragon overthrew, and took his wife Igraine to be his queen; and of these two was Arthur born, and given to Merlin to rear. And Arthur was given by Merlin to Sir Hector, whose foster-son he became, and foster-brother of Sir Kay. And it happened

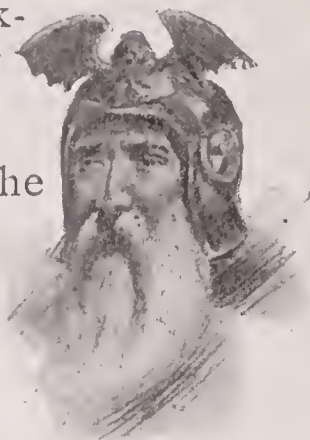


that when King Uther died all the knights of the realm were gathered together in London in a great church to pray and take counsel for the government of the kingdom. Then in the churchyard near the high altar appeared a great stone four square, and on the stone an anvil, and thrust through the anvil a sword, bearing the words, "Whoso pulleth out this sword of this stone and anvil is rightwise king born of all England." Then they all marveled and essayed to pull out the sword, but of no avail. None could move it. But at the New Year's Day following there was a great jousting, and Sir Hector and Sir Kay and young Arthur rode to the joust. And it chanced that Sir Kay had forgotten his sword, and asked young Arthur to return for it, and he did so willingly. But when he came to the house of Sir Hector all were out to see the joust; and Arthur was angry and declared that his brother Sir Kay should not go swordless, but he would go to the church and draw out the sword that was in the stone and take it to his brother. And so he did. And Arthur was

known then to be the king of England, and he was crowned at Carleon, in Wales.

After his coronation, Arthur found himself opposed by a number of discontented nobles and a large army. These he defeated, always acting with Merlin's advice. And then he took the field against the Saxons who were in the land, and defeated them in the battle of Mount Badon.

Of Guenevere, Arthur's queen, it is told that she was the daughter of Leodegrance, King of Cameliard, and with her Arthur received the Round Table and a hundred knights from her father. And to these he added fifty knights of his own, to bring the number up to a hundred and fifty which the Table was made to accommodate. By a miraculous power, the name of every lawful possessor of a seat at the Round Table appeared in letters of gold in his proper place (or "siege," as the seat was called), while to any one occupying a place wrongfully, disaster was sure to come.



MERLIN

"IN THE beginning of Arthur," says Malory, "he was chosen king by adventure and by grace; for the most part of the barons knew not that he was Uther Pendragon's son, but as Merlin made it openly known. But yet many kings and lords held great war against him for that cause, but well Arthur overcame them all; for the most part of the days of his life he was ruled much by the counsel of Merlin."

In the "Morte d'Arthur" we meet Merlin almost on the first page, where he contrives the fraudulent meeting of Uther Pendragon with Igraine, wife of the Duke of Tintagil, only three hours after the death of her husband. By the craft of Merlin, Igraine is led to believe that Uther is the duke; and when Arthur is born of this union he is given to Merlin to be reared, according to stipulation.

Merlin was a wise counselor and also a wonder-worker, with power to appear and disappear at will by means of his arts. And later, when Arthur would have had himself crowned at Carleon, and had moved into Wales for the purpose, and made a great feast for the occasion, and when many of the visiting knights withheld their allegiance and protested against Arthur's assumption of the throne, Merlin came among them. "Then all the kings were passing glad of Merlin, and asked him: 'For what cause is that boy Arthur made your King?' 'Sirs', said Merlin, 'I shall tell you the cause, for he is King Uther Pendragon's son.'"

Again, in battle Merlin once appeared on a great black horse and bade King Arthur stay his hand from killing. It was after this battle

that Merlin, according to Malory's account, went to "see his Master Bleise, that dwelt in Northumberland," and told him of all that had happened in the fight, with the names of all the knights that were there. Then followed two sentences that convey a piece of curious information, not usually remembered in connection with Merlin. "And so Bleise wrote the battle word by word, as Merlin told him, how it began and by whom, and in likewise how it was ended, and who had the worse. All the battles that were done in Arthur's days Merlin did his Master Bleise do write; also he did do write all the battles that every worthy knight did of Arthur's court."

Another significant passage in Malory, which throws Arthur's character into an unusual light, tells how Merlin advised Arthur in the choice of a wife. He had advised the king to marry, and had asked him if he had any preference. When Arthur confessed that he loved Guenevere, daughter of Leodegrance of Cameliard, Merlin "warned the king covertly that Guenevere was not wholesome for him to take to wife, for he warned him that Launcelot should love her, and she him again." The beauty of Guenevere, however, was too strong for the king.

But Merlin himself finally fell a victim to love in his old age. As Malory expresses it, he "fell in a dotage on the damosel that King Pellinore brought to court, and she was one of the damosels of the lake, that light Nimue. But Merlin would let her have no rest, but always he would be with her. And ever she made Merlin good cheer till she had learned of him all manner of thing that she desired; and he was assotted upon her, that he might not be from her." And although he knew her deceit and her desires upon him, he had not the strength to withstand her, apparently; for she persuaded him at last to teach her such enchantments, that she was able to cast a spell upon him in the forest and to place him under a stone there; whence he was never able to be released.

THE STORY OF TRISTRAM

THE story of Tristram of Lyonesse, though not closely connected with King Arthur's personal history, is yet so popular and occupies so large a part of early works that it calls for a considerable place in any sketch of the Arthurian legends. Tristram's mother was Isabella, sister of King Mark of Cornwall. Her husband, Meliadus, was enchanted by a fairy who had fallen in love with him, and who enticed him away while he was hunting. His queen went in quest of him, and upon her journey gave birth to a son in the lonely forest. Dying in this sad plight she named the boy Tristram. Meliadus, after seven years, married again,

but the new queen was jealous of Tristram and laid plots for his life. Whereupon a squire fled with the boy to the court of the King of France, who received him kindly. Here Tristram grew up, learning skill in all the knightly arts of arms and of music and chess. He became particularly skilled in the arts of the chase, and of all knights was most distinguished for his knowledge of woodcraft and hunting.

Belinda, the daughter of the King of France, fell in love with Tristram, and because her love was not returned she denounced him to her father, who thereupon banished him from the kingdom. His own father, Meliadus, was now dead, and his stepmother held the throne, so that Tristram did not dare to return to his own house. He went, therefore, to his uncle Mark, King of Cornwall, who gave him a kindly welcome. Here, at the court of King Mark, at Tintagel, he was distinguished for his valor and skill. And when Mordaunt, a celebrated champion, brother of the Queen of Ireland, arrived to demand tribute of Mark, Tristram encountered the outlander and defeated him, leaving a fragment of his sword in Mordaunt's head.

Tristram, however, had been so sorely wounded that he begged to go to Loegria in search of aid, and thither he set out. Driven from his course, he was carried to the shore of Ireland. Landing on a beautiful summer evening, he began to play on his harp, glad to have escaped the peril of the sea. As it chanced, he was overheard by the King of Ireland and his beautiful daughter Iseult, who were looking from the castle window. The king at once sent for the strange harper, who, when he found himself in Ireland, concealed his name. He was taken in care by the queen, who restored him to health; and he became the instructor of Iseult in minstrelsy and poetry. It happened, however, that a damsel of the court came upon Tristram's arms, and perceived a nick in his sword which she thought resembled the fragment taken from the skull of Mordaunt. This was pleasant news for the queen. Tristram was cited before the court, and acknowledged that he had been the death of the queen's brother. On this he was bidden to leave the kingdom, never to return.

Going back to Cornwall, Tristram related his adventures to King Mark. His description of Iseult was so vivid and fascinating that the king's interest was aroused. He craved a boon of Tristram, and when it was granted, asked him to go to Ireland and fetch Iseult to Cornwall to be his queen. This was a sorry undertaking, but Tristram must keep his word. After many adventures he succeeded in obtaining the fair Iseult for his uncle. On the eve of their departure for Cornwall, Brengwain, Iseult's maid of honor, knowing the love of her mistress for Tristram, obtained a love philter (at the instance of the queen mother) which she would give to Iseult and King Mark on the eve of their marriage.

Fate, however, had other uses in store for the potion. For on the voyage, one hot day, as Tristram and Iseult sat in the ship, they were very thirsty, and Tristram descried the bottle containing the love-draught. This he promptly shared with Iseult, and the mischief was irreparably done. On their arrival at Mark's court, that king was so delighted with his bride that he made Tristram the chamberlain of his palace.

Soon after this there arrived at the court an unknown minstrel, who refused to play for the king until he should have been granted a boon. When the king consented, the minstrel asked for Iseult as the promised gift. Now, by the laws of knighthood, the king could not refuse, and in the absence of Tristram, the stranger carried off the lady. Tristram, on his return, seized his harp and hurried after the pair. They had already embarked, but Tristram played so wonderfully that Iseult persuaded her captor to return to the shore, that they might discover who the unknown musician could be. On a favorable opportunity, Tristram seized Iseult's horse by the bridle, and dashed away with her into the forest, leaving the foreigner to go his way alone. After living some days in concealment, Tristram restored Iseult to her grateful husband.

Iseult and Tristram, however, were destined to be separated. The king in a fit of jealousy banished Tristram. And that hero wandered about the country performing many wonderful feats of daring and chivalry. At last, following his own great fame, he came to Camelot to King Arthur's court, and became a Knight of the Round Table. At his installation, Arthur took him by the hand and led him to his seat. This was the seat formerly occupied by Mordaunt of Ireland, and it had now been vacant for ten years. And over it the name of Mordaunt had remained ever since he had been slain by Tristram. But as Arthur and Sir Tristram approached the seat, exquisite music was heard, the hall was filled with delicious perfumes, Mordaunt's name disappeared, and Tristram's appeared in bright shining letters.

It was soon after this that Sir Gawain, the bravest of all the knights, after Sir Launcelot, returned to England from Brittany, with the story of an adventure which befell him in the forest of Breciliand. Merlin, he said, had there spoken to him and sent a message to Arthur, charging him to undertake the quest of the Holy Grail. While Arthur debated, Tristram was off on the quest. He first went to Brittany to consult Merlin. On his arrival, however, he found king Hoel at war with a rebellious underling; proffered his aid to the king; was accepted; and succeeded in gaining a complete victory for his new friend. King Hoel, full of gratitude for this service, and learning Tristram's lineage, offered him his daughter in marriage. The princess was beautiful, gentle, and accomplished, and bore the same name as the queen of Cornwall,

Iseult. These two are distinguished by romancers, as Iseult of Ireland or Iseult the Fair, and Iseult of the White Hands.

Tristram, weary of strife, and knowing the hopelessness of his love for Iseult the Fair, married her younger rival. Happy and tranquil, he passed many months at the court of King Hoel. Then the war broke out afresh; Tristram must come to the rescue of his father-in-law. Brave and venturesome as ever, he led the attack on a city. Mounting a scaling ladder, he was severely wounded and thrown to the ground. Carefully and gently he was nursed by the loving hands of the patient Iseult, and seemed in a fair way to recover. A reverse set in, however, and Tristram seemed in peril of his life. Then it was that his old squire reminded him of the skill of that other Iseult, and how she had once nursed him back to health. Tristram called to him his wife, Iseult of the White Hands, told her of the former cure, and asked that Iseult be sent for to Cornwall. This was done. Tristram gave the messenger a ring to take to his former sweetheart; that she should know his need. In the absence of her husband, King Mark, Iseult quitted Cornwall for the coast of Brittany, and arrived at Tristram's castle only in time for him to die in her arms. Then she too died, fallen prostrate on the body of her lover. It was Tristram's wish that his body should be sent to Cornwall for burial, and that his sword, with a letter, should be sent to King Mark. And thus it was ordered. Both Iseult and Tristram were put on ship and brought back to the land of Cornwall; and at the order of the king the lovers were given burial in his own chapel.

It was the story of Tristram in Brittany, in his last sore sickness, that Matthew Arnold chose for the subject of his one poem of the Arthurian cycle, perhaps the most tender and the loveliest of all modern renderings of the old romance.

LAUNCELOT OF THE LAKE

OF ALL the Knights of the Round Table the most famous was Launcelot of the Lake. His story is this: King Ban of Benwick, a friend of Arthur, was warred upon by his enemy Claudas, and so worsted that at last he was reduced to the possession of only one castle. Being besieged here, he resolved to ask aid of Arthur, and so fled by night with his wife and his infant son, Launcelot. As he was departing he saw the flames rising from his castle, which had been betrayed into the hands of his enemy, and straightway died of a broken heart. His queen, in her distraction, abandoned her son for a moment, and the child was carried away by a nymph. This was Vivian, the enchantress of Merlin. The Lady of the Lake, she was called, for she dwelt in a palace which seemed to

be in the midst of a lake. This mirage was her magical device for evading pursuit; and to her stronghold she carried Launcelot. Now when Launcelot of the Lake had reached the age of eighteen, the fairy carried him to the court of King Arthur, that he might be admitted to the great company of Knights. So fair was the young man, so graceful, and also so skilled and full of courage, that he instantly obtained favor on all sides. But especially was the Queen Guenevere attracted to him, and he to her. So that from the first arose that love between these two which was to be so memorable in all after times, and to become the thread of the world-wide story of unhappy fate. From this time the figure of Launcelot is never absent from the history of King Arthur, and his bravery and deeds of courage are on almost every page of old chroniclers and recent bards. He was never overcome, and in generosity, as in valor, he surpassed all other knights. For Arthur and Guenevere, he conquered Northumberland and brought many knights into subjection, upholding the weak and punishing the ruthless and cruel.

Of all the adventures of Launcelot, the best known is that which relates to Elaine, the Lady of Shalott. King Arthur had ordered a tournament to be held at Winchester, and had set out to witness the preparations for the festival. Sir Launcelot, for a feigned sickness, remained behind, intending to appear later at the tournament in disguise, and to win fresh honors as an unknown adventurer. Then he mounted his horse and set out in the guise of an old man. He passed for an aged knight going to view the sport, even Arthur and Gawain, whom he passed upon the road, being deceived in him. According to some accounts, however, he betrayed himself to the king at this time; for his horse stumbled, and Launcelot recovered him with such strength and peculiar skill that his identity was revealed.

Be that as it may, he came the same evening to the castle of Shalott, and was there royally entertained by the lord and his beautiful daughter. Now it so happened at that time that the two sons of the lord of Shalott (who was called King Pellès), had long been preparing for the tournament, but one of them had been taken sick and could not go to the festival. His brother very gladly accepted Launcelot's offer to attend him as his companion, in the armor of the sick man. Meanwhile their sister Elaine had been looking at Launcelot, and was deeply enamored of him, so much so that she must retire to her own chamber in tears. When Launcelot perceived this he sent to her a message, that his heart was already another's, but that he would gladly be her knight at the coming tournament. Of this she was glad, and gave him her scarf to wear as a favor.

Thus Launcelot and the young knight set off for the place of the tourney. The next day Launcelot, with Elaine's scarf in his crest, over-

threw in the lists some of the strongest knights, Gawain, Bors, and Lionel, so that all were astonished, and questioned who he could be, for none but Launcelot, they thought, could do such deeds. Yet Launcelot was never known to wear any badge save that of his sovereign lady. At last, however, Launcelot met his brother Hector in combat, and they were both severely wounded and neither had the victory; and Launcelot departed, still undiscovered, back to Shalott, where he was cared for by Elaine.

Soon after this Launcelot returned to the court of Arthur; but the fair Elaine pined away of love for him, and died at the end of summer. And one morning, as Arthur looked from a window above the river, he saw a barge slowly rowed down the stream, and on it the body of a beautiful girl, dead, and holding in her hands a letter. In this letter, intended for the king, was set forth all her hopeless love for Launcelot; and when the king had read it, he ordered her to be buried with all honors befitting her rank.

At another time Launcelot did valiantly for the sake of Guenevere, to clear her name of calumny and disgrace. There was a young squire at the court who hated Sir Gawain and determined to kill him. With this intent he poisoned an apple and placed it on the top of the dish, thinking that the queen would pass it to Gawain, one of the most eminent of the knights. It chanced, however, that there had come to court a Scottish knight who sat next the queen; and to him she gave the apple. When he had eaten it he immediately fell senseless, and in spite of all they could do, he died there in the hall. Soon after this came his brother, Sir Mador, searching for him. And though a magnificent funeral and monument had been given the dead man, Sir Mador was not to be satisfied. He accused Guenevere of treachery, and insisted that she be given up to punishment, unless on a given day a champion be found for her who would risk his life to prove her innocence. Now at this time Launcelot was away, for the queen had accused him of faithlessness and of love for Elaine, and in anger he had betaken himself to the forest. When the news of Sir Mador's challenge reached him, he cast about for a means of accepting it. Finally, on the appointed day, as all were assembled at the court, a knight fully armed and bearing no badge rode into the hall, and being questioned, declared himself ready to champion the accused queen. So the lists were prepared, and from noon until evening the stranger and Sir Mador fought with terrible strength and courage, until at last Sir Mador began to fail, and the stranger rushed in and overcame him, so that he sued for mercy. Then the stranger undid his helmet, and they beheld that it was none other than Launcelot who had delivered the queen. And Guenevere herself swooned for joy at her deliverance and his return.

For this deed King Arthur bestowed upon his friend the Castle of Joyeuse Garde.

Of Launcelot we shall hear again, for until the close of the history of Arthur, he is never far from the doings of the court and of the knights.

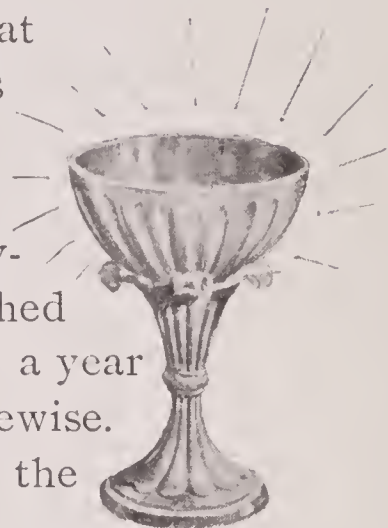
THE STORY OF PERCEVAL

THE father of Perceval was King Pellinore, who had seven sons. And when King Pellinore and six of his sons had been slain in battle, it came to the heart of his queen that she might save her youngest, Perceval, from so terrible a pursuit as war. Therefore she took him away into retirement and brought him up in ignorance of all skill in arms and chivalry. At last, however, there came riding by five knights in full armor. Said Perceval to his mother: "What are those yonder?" "They are angels, my son," said she. "By my faith," said the lad, "I will go and become an angel with them." Then he went and met the knights, and learned of them of all their gear and the trappings of their horses and how they used their arms. And when they departed and Perceval would go with them, his mother gave him good counsel and let him go. And Perceval took a stray horse and twisted twigs into a bridle for him, and folded a pack for a saddle, and rode after the knights. After adventures of many kinds he came to Arthur's court at last, in his ridiculous guise. When it was asked of him what he wanted, he answered that he was come to receive knighthood from King Arthur, as his mother had instructed him. Thereat there was jeering and merriment in the court. But Perceval heeded not, only he rode forth and for a long while did such deeds of chivalry that the fame of him came back to the king, and Arthur desired to have him in his court. So that at last Perceval was found by the king himself, after he had defeated many of the other knights in combat, and was led back joyously to the court at Carleon.

THE HOLY GRAIL

THE Sangreal, or Holy Grail, was a cup from which our Savior drank at the last supper. Tradition said that he had given it to Joseph of Arimathea, who carried it away to Europe, and by whose descendants it was guarded for generations. The only obligation laid upon the possessors of this relic was that they should lead a life of purity. And the Holy Grail for long years was visible to pilgrims. At last, however, one of its keepers failed of the blameless life required of him, and thereafter the blessed cup vanished from the sight of men, and became an object of quest.

As we have told, it was Merlin who had sent a message to King Arthur that he should undertake the recovery of the Holy Grail. And it was known that the knight who should achieve success upon this quest must be unblemished and innocent. It happened that after Merlin's message had come, King Arthur and his knights were assembled about the Round Table at the vigil of Pentecost, when suddenly there was a great noise and a flash of light, and while all were still with astonishment, the Holy Grail, covered with a white cloth, passed through the room and vanished from their sight. Then Sir Gawain arose and vowed that for a year and a day he would seek the Grail, and the others did likewise. But King Arthur was sad, for he foresaw that his company of the Round Table would be broken up.



Yet all the knights were steadfast in their vows and departed from the court upon the blessed quest. And many adventures were encountered by Perceval and Launcelot and Bors and Gawain. But the most famous knight in the search for the Holy Grail was Galahad, for he alone succeeded and was blessed with a vision of the marvelous vessel. And Galahad was but new at Arthur's court.

Soon after the knights had taken their resolution, there came into the hall an old man with a young knight. And the old man said to King Arthur: "Sir, I bring you here a young knight that is of king's lineage, being the son of Elaine, the daughter of King Pellès." Then Sir Launcelot beheld his son and had great joy of him. And Arthur said: "God make him a good man, for beauty faileth him not, as any that liveth." Then the holy man led the young knight to the Siege Perilous (that place at the Round Table where none dare sit for fear of the inevitable mischance) and lifted up the cloth that covered the seat, and found there these letters: "This is the seat of Sir Galahad, the good knight." Then all the knights marveled and said: "This is he by whom the Sangreal shall be achieved." In the jousting that followed, Galahad overcame all the knights save Sir Launcelot and Sir Perceval. Then Galahad and Perceval and Bors set out together, and in a far country, after wonderful adventures, came upon trace of the Grail, and Galahad beheld the sacred cup. But as he did so his soul departed from his body, and his fellows buried him. And Sir Bors brought back news of his death to Camelot, and of the death of Perceval, and he brought this message also to Sir Launcelot, "Galahad, your own son, saluteth you by me, and prayeth you to remember this uncertain world."

MORTE D'ARTHUR

AFTER the end of the quest of the Holy Grail, such knights as were still alive returned to the court of King Arthur, and there was great rejoicing among them. But afterward there arose dissension and treachery, and when Arthur was away at war in a foreign country, Sir Modred usurped the power and drew many after him. News of this being brought to King Arthur, he returned and met Modred and his host at Dover and overthrew him in a great battle, so that the rebels were forced to retreat to Canterbury. Yet they were not wholly conquered, and it was agreed they should meet again to do battle at Salisbury. Meanwhile there appeared to Arthur, as he slept, a vision which warned him not to fight with Modred until Launcelot should return, for he would surely be killed. Therefore the king made a treaty with Modred that they should abide a month and a day longer before the battle.

But when Arthur and fourteen of his knights went out to meet Modred and fourteen of his knights, and they were come together for parley, an adder out of the bush stung a knight in the foot, and the knight drew sword to kill it. Thereat of a sudden both the hosts, mistaking the gleam of the sword for the beginning of treachery, were caught in a sudden anger and rushed into conflict.

All day the battle raged, and at length King Arthur looked about him, sore weary, and beheld only two of his knights left, Sir Lucan and Sir Bedevere. And Sir Modred he saw leaning on his sword among the slain. "Now give me spear," said Arthur, "for betide me life, betide me death, he shall not escape my hands." And the king took his spear and rushed upon Modred, crying: "Traitor, now is thy death-day come," and gave him his death wound there. But Modred, ere he died, smote the king and wounded him also to death. So Lucan and Bedevere raised up their king and bore him dying from the field to a place beside a lake. And the king bade Sir Bedevere take his sword, Excalibar, and go and fling it into the lake. And as he did so, there came up out of the lake a hand which took the sword and drew it under the water. Then Sir Bedevere came to the king again and told what he had seen, and Arthur said to him: "Help me hence, for I fear I have tarried too long." So Bedevere took the king on his back and bore him to the water side, where they found a barge waiting. In the barge were a company of fair women, and three queens, who wept when they beheld King Arthur. And they laid King Arthur in the barge and rowed away, leaving Bedevere alone by the shore. Then, as the barge moved off, Sir Bedevere cried: "Ah, my Lord Arthur, what shall become of me now ye go from

me?" And the king replied to him, "Comfort thyself, and do as well as thou mayest, for in me is no trust for to trust in. For I will go into the Vale of Avalon, to heal me of my grievous wound. And if thou hear never more of me, pray for my soul."

And when Queen Guenevere heard that King Arthur and his knights were slain, she took five of her ladies and stole away to Almesbury, and became a nun, wearing only the sober habit of black and white, and doing penance. And none could make her merry again.

Launcelot, over sea, when news came to him that Modred had had himself crowned king, and had made war on King Arthur, prepared a host and sailed to England to aid his sovereign. But when he arrived he found both Arthur and Modred killed, and Gawain killed, and sorrow possessed him. And he turned and rode westerly, and after some days came to the nunnery at Almesbury where Guenevere was. And it was in his mind to take her away with him back to his realm across seas. But the queen would not, for she could not put off her sadness. Yet she loved him well, and said to him, "Sir Launcelot, wit thou well I am set in such a plight to get my soul's health; therefore I require thee and beseech thee heartily, for all the love that ever was betwixt us, that thou never see me more in the visage. For as well as I have loved thee, my heart will not serve me to see thee."

Then Launcelot departed, and at last in his grief did penance six years, and took the habit of priesthood, and with all his knights read books, and rang bells, and did all manner of bodily service, for they "took no regard of no worldly riches," as the old chronicle says. And there came to Launcelot by night a vision, which bade him for the remission of his sins haste to Almesbury, where he would find Queen Guenevere dead. So Launcelot took his seven fellows and went on foot to Almesbury, and when they had come there they found that Queen Guenevere had died half an hour before. And Sir Launcelot saw her visage, "but he wept not greatly, but sighed." And he performed all the offices of the burial himself for her, and brought her on a horse-bier from Almesbury to Glastonbury, and there laid her in the grave beside her lord, King Arthur.

Thereafter Sir Launcelot began to sicken and pine. And so thin and shrunken he grew that one might hardly know him for the man he was. And always he was given to prayers day and night, sometimes slumbering in a broken sleep. Then when he was aware of his own end approaching, he prayed his bishop to give him his rights as a Christian man, and gave orders that they should bear him when dead to his own castle of Joyeuse Garde.

Soon after, one night his friends came to the bedside of Sir Launcelot, and found him stark dead, "and he lay as he had smiled." Then

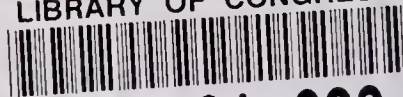
they took up his body and brought him to Joyeuse Garde, and buried him there.

And as they were at the service, before they had laid him to rest, there came his brother, Sir Ector de Maris, who had been long seeking him. And when Sir Bors told him how his brother Sir Launcelot was dead, and Sir Ector beheld him crying there: "Ah, Launcelot," he said, "thou were the head of all Christian knights; and thou were the truest friend to thy lady that ever bestrode horse; and thou were the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman; and thou were the kindest man that ever strake with sword, and thou were the meekest man and gentlest that ever ate in hall among ladies; and thou were the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in rest."

Thus they buried Launcelot with great devotion. And Sir Bedevere was a hermit to his life's end. But Bors and Ector and Blamor and Bleoberis went into the Holy Land, and fought there against miscreants and Turks. "And there they died upon a Good Friday, for God's sake."



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